SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LX SEPTEMBER, 1916 NO. 3

SHANGHAIED

By Charles Moreau Harger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. SCHMIDT

A LAW should be enacted prohibiting railroads from building all water-tanks on the same plans and specifications. Such a statute would have saved John McAdams, crack engineer of the Golden Belt Railway, from dismissal in disgrace. It would have saved Chester Cameron, vice-president, the greatest anguish of his long and active life. It would—well, it also would have spoiled the best story of the year for a dozen enterprising papers of what New Yorkers call "the interior."

The Golden Belt was in a somewhat primitive stage. For two hundred miles it touched mostly at whistling stations—all cities in embryo, of course, but as yet larger in hope than in accomplishment. Also it was lax in discipline, poor in pocketbook, and short on equipment. It, too, lived in hope—of the years to come when the rich prairies should be transformed from pastures to gardens, from expansive wheat-fields to modest homesteads.

Because the water-tanks stretching in a long line on its right of way, like an elongated row of tenpins, were all exactly alike, McAdams could not determine which was full and which empty. When he drew the vice-president's special train over the division at the nearest to break-neck speed the track allowed, he was as likely to stop at an empty one as at a full one—more likely than not, for in the heat of summer more than half the tanks were without water. Besides, more than half the little tank stations had no agent on duty, those time-weary individuals having mostly gone over to the village to wait for the hour of the regular train.

That was where the agent of Spivey loitered away a midsummer afternoon when out of the baking horizon came sweeping down the special, unannounced so far as he knew. There was nothing with which it could collide for a hundred miles. It slowed, stopped, started a little, then halted, with McAdams looking anxiously up at the dull-red water-tank just opposite his cab.

Gregg Cameron, the vice-president's son, weary of the long ride, climbed over the observation-car's brass rail and leaped to the station platform. He walked around the depot until he reached a door where hung a battered sign, "Gents' Waiting-Room," and entered. He tapped on the ticket window, received no response, and impatiently called the operator. Silence.

He went back to the door and hurried to the depot front—the car was gone. He looked toward what had been the sun-burnt side of the special train, and his eyes had only a vision of leagues of wheat-fields and distant farmhouses. The brass-railed, canvas-shaded observation-platform, empty as before, was far down the track, with McAdams up in front hurrying on steam to get back to his regular gait. And McAdams would drive on and on and on past how many little stations before he came to another water-tank!

Nobody in the train cared how far. The vice-president had gone to his com-

Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partment for a nap; the clerks were playing pitch in the forward Pullman.

Gregg gazed absently at the telegram he had intended to send to his sister, tore it in pieces, and started on a tour of exploration.

As he rounded the building he came plump on a queer-looking buggy—the oldest he had ever seen, he thought. Driven to it was hitched a sleek farm-horse and in the front seat were two young women. Each wore a sunbonnet, one white, the other blue.

"Get right in; we came after you," said the white one, urging the horse nearer the platform.

"But—I—I—" he stammered.

"Never mind; we are in a hurry. It will soon be sundown," added the blue one.

It seemed best to obey, especially as he knew he was marooned for several hours—and why should a college senior hesitate, anyhow?

"We were sure some one would come," said the white one, turning to face him. "We have been having the greatest time—and every day counts when the wheat is ripe."

The horse was making surprising progress—not in the direction of the village, set, like most prairie towns as far from the railway as possible, but out toward the open country.

Soon they were between hedges; then the road wound by a little stream, almost dry, and the town and the railway had been lost.

"You may have to drive a team, you know," came from the blue sunbonnet.

"But I don't know how to drive anything but a touring car," protested Gregg, wondering what his seat-mate was discussing.

The young women laughed merrily. "We'll tell Aunt Evaline that. She will enjoy it."

"Enjoy it? Are you going to make a hired hand of me?"

"Well, in a way. You'll find out when we get there."

It seemed an interminable distance, when a turn in the road showed a low-built farmhouse set well back among the trees along a creek bottom. On three sides spread wheat-fields, and in them were men and wagons and horses and strange-looking machines with waving arms—reapers shearing the golden fleece. The horse needed no guiding, but drew up in the wide yard, and Gregg gallantly assisted his companions—the blue one and the white one, he had named them—to alight.

"Come right in; aunt will want to see you."

They led him into a cool sitting-room where old-fashioned furniture was set in formal primness against the walls.

"Aunt Evaline, this is Mr.— What did you say your name was?" It was the blue one talking.

Gregg bowed to a serene, white-haired woman whose face expressed determination in every line. "Hurd—Frank Hurd," he stammered, taking, on inspiration, the name of one of his fraternity chums.

"Mr. Hurd; and he thinks he can suit you."

"Maybe I can," thought the involuntary guest, "but I am blessed if I know how."

"I just had to get an assistant," began the Aunt Evaline. "You see, the farm is so large, and we have so many men working, that our foreman cannot keep track of the wages, and he does not manage very well. So I sent for a secretary—but, of course, you will be expected to help what you can."

"Yes'm," mumbled Gregg, not knowing what else to say.

"And now, if you will come into my office-room I'll show you what to do."

With a despairing look at the blue one and the white one, who were smiling at his dejection, he followed. Aunt Evaline drew up to a huge desk scattered with papers, samples of wheat in little sacks, note-books, and various pieces of hardware that he guessed were repairs for the machines.

"You are a stenographer, of course?" The speaker was gazing straight into his eyes.

Gregg was glad he had practised in his father's office, and replied: "Not an expert, but I can do very well."

"Of course, you had to be. I told Benton to send me one if he could, but we hardly expected you until the end of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

week. There's lots of trouble," she went on rapidly. "Men are scarce, and we must get the crop cut, for it's dead-ripe. There's two thousand acres, and yesterday three men left; some more threaten to go. You will have to keep them here—and get some more if we are going to finish the harvest."

"How many men have you now?"

"Fourteen, counting two that we got this morning from the tramps' camp over in town."

"Very well, I'll go out and see what can be done."

"My nieces are here for a visit, and they are a great help to me—they go after the men."

"Yes, I saw that." The remark was lost.

"There'll be another train in to-morrow, and maybe some will come on that."

"I'll see to it." He backed out of the room and found the blue one sitting alone on the porch.

"How do you like your job?" she asked quietly.

"Fine. I worked in a boiler factory once."

"Lately?"

"Last summer. By the way, what's your name and previous condition of servitude?"

"Lady of leisure; going to school; baptized Josephine Branch—Joe for short."

"And your sister?"

"My cousin, you mean. Wilhelmina Herrick; also lady of leisure—Mina for short."

"I might as well begin business now. Will you show me where the employees are working?"

"Hired men, you mean. They are over beyond the barns. Come on."

Together they walked through shorn fields until they came to the big binders, each drawn by six straining horses, and where what seemed to Gregg a small army of helpers pitched into wagons countless bundles of wheat that were thrown off the machines with bewildering swiftness.

"Rather a husky lot," he suggested, looking over the men. Some were yet in their teens; others were older, but all had a virile, bronzed appearance that told of strong muscles and outdoor life.

"Some of them are college boys," Josephine volunteered. "That one over there with the curly hair says he's been at Yale."

Gregg started—and gazed keenly at the youth. No, he was sure they were strangers.

Then a bell rang at the house. The teams slowed, the sweaty collars loosened on the horses' tired necks, and a general movement toward the barns followed.

Gregg did not mingle with the workers that evening. He was busy taking dictation from Aunt Evaline. Among other things he found from her letters that she was a leader in the community and that she had much influence with her neighbors. Just now she was interested in obtaining a branch of the railroad to reach the centre of the wheat belt, and some of the letters went into great length on the subject.

Finally she arose. "I want you to do your best for me. Do everything you can to finish the harvest as soon as possible. It means the big part of the year's income. Good night."

Gregg slept in a cosey room facing a level field that seemed a lake of pale gold in the summer moonlight. He dreamed of blue and white sunbonnets flying through the air and shedding brilliant rays upon rippling acres of wheat—and it was morning with the sun shining across his pillow.

With the handsome horse and the dilapidated surrey he started early for town—to obtain more men. Really he wanted to buy some clothes, for his flannels did not seem to fit the surroundings.

The station was a busy place. A dozen teams were drawn up to the building; as many farmers were standing on the platform. They were talking excitedly. Gregg joined the group and learned that all wanted harvest hands and were arguing about the wages they should pay. The train would not be in for an hour.

He went to the general store and bought a corduroy suit, a wide-brimmed hat, a red handkerchief for necktie and collar combined, a pair of high boots, and, changing garments, was surprised to see what a gallant figure he made.

He also went to the newspaper office

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and looked over the exchanges. He chuckled as he read in the previous evening's edition of the nearest city paper:

WHERE IS GREGG CAMERON?

SON OF VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE G. B. R. R. MISSING—MAY HAVE MET FOUL PLAY

The editor was not looking and he stuffed the paper in his pocket. When at the post-office among Aunt Evaline's mail he found the same edition, it also was confiscated. He visited the printing-office again, the hardware store, and the telephone exchange, loading several packages in the back seat of the surrey.

A faint whistle sounded far down the track and he drove to the station. Slowly a long freight crept into the yards. On several of the cars sat men, their legs hanging over the eaves, all calmly taking in the picture in which figured the red depot, the water-tank, and the eager farmers.

A few crawled down; the majority stayed in their places.

"Dang 'em, they want to go on to bigger towns!" exclaimed one burly farmer as he made a rush for two men who had dropped from a freight-car. He hurried them into his wagon. Others made their catches.

Gregg sauntered near the train.

"Any Delta Theta Betas in this bunch?" he called casually, making some mystic passes with his arms. "This is rushing week."

Six hands went up.

"Well, come along. What are you waiting for?"

"We're on," was the reply, and six forms dropped to the ground.

"Get in that surrey, fellows. I'm going to show you the time of your young lives."

Loaded to the steps—the "running-board" one youth called it—the surrey started away, to the astonishment and disgust of the farmers, many of whom drove off with empty wagons. No more men left the train, and soon it was dragging its cumbersome length westward.

"Didn't you get the *Evening Star?*" inquired Aunt Evaline as she took the mail.

"Guess it did not come this morning," blithely replied Gregg, and hurried to the field to break in his new men.

When he returned, Josephine and Wilhelmina were sitting in the hammock hung beneath a cottonwood-tree.

"Now, I want some help," he began. "If we are going to gather this harvest we must keep our men and get some more."

"That's what Aunt Evaline says."

"She also says you get the men."

"Wilhelmina does that," remarked Josephine, "but she doesn't keep 'em."

Wilhelmina sighed.

"Well, you go at it wrong," hurried on the private secretary, seeing that there was something in the girl's reference he did not understand.

"Did you ever hear of the word 'efficiency'?"

"Hear of it? I should say I have. My professors have ding-donged it at us for three years; the papers use it for big head-lines; lecturers and ministers wear it out; and Aunt Evaline talks about it as if it were a brand of face-powder. I'm sick of it. It ought to be ostracized from good society, it's so common."

"Oh, it's a pretty good word. In this case it means more attention to keeping the men, and less to getting them."

"What did I tell you, Mina?"

A contemptuous sniff was the only reply.

"For some of them that would mean a beer-garden and a ball-park."

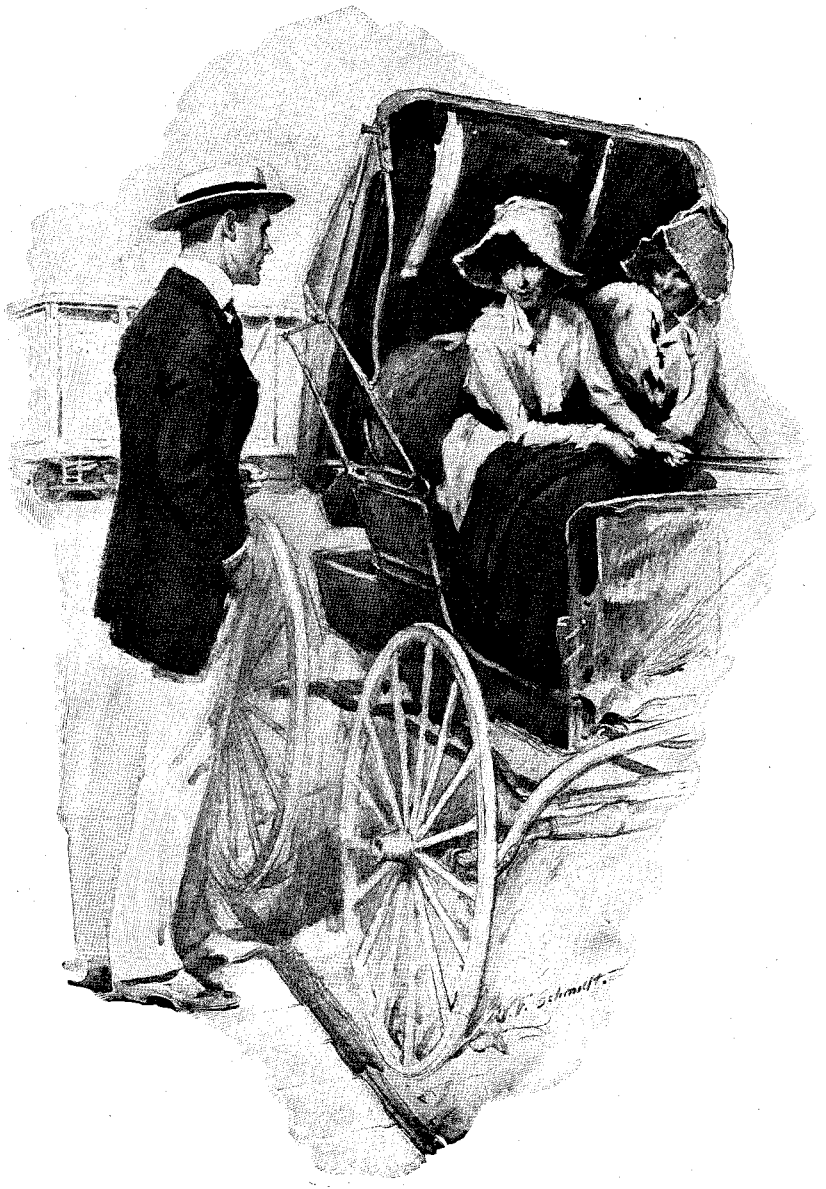
"Now you are getting at it; and if you young ladies will act as my aides I'll show you a harvest-time efficiency that will stir up the neighborhood."

That afternoon Gregg drove the horse and surrey to the field, and at one end, near the uncut wheat, where all the workers came as they made a round, began mysterious labors. He drove stakes, he nailed boards; he fastened to the boards great sheets of white paper. Then with a heavy crayon he began drawing lines and writing names.

Back at the farmhouse his assistants were busy. They were uncoiling a long line of silk-wound wire from the sitting-room, through the open door, out across the lawn, past the barn, and finally to the strange apparatus in the field.

Gregg hurried along the line, did a few things to the telephone in the sitting-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Get right in; we came after you," said the white one.—Page 262.

room, went out to the field, and attached an instrument to the end of the wire.

The harvesters were just coming around the lower end of the field. They stared in amazement at the spectacle facing them.

Coming nearer, they saw Gregg with his ear to a telephone receiver and one hand swiftly plying a crayon on the hurriedly constructed bulletin-board. They read:

"Chicago 0 0 0 1
Boston 1 0 1 0
St. Louis 0 2 0 0
Cleveland 1 1 0 1"

The teams halted. The men came crowding toward the board.

"Thought you would like to know how the games were going this afternoon," re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Any Delta Theta Betas in this bunch?"—Page 264.

marked Gregg, adding more names and figures to the scores.

The men cheered and started on their round again. This time the horses were pushed to the limit of their strength, and bundles fairly flew into the wagons, so eager were the workers to make the circuit once more.

"You are some schemer," remarked Josephine. "They'll work themselves to death."

That evening Gregg sat beside the men on the grass, smoking a pipe with the rest, and shouts of laughter greeted his stories that rolled out in endless array.

Then he began to sing rollicking college songs, and voice after voice joined. It ended with "Boola, boola," and the tribute to good old Eli Yale.

"Good night, boys; remember the entertainment to-morrow evening," and the new secretary was gone.

Josephine accompanied Gregg on his trip to town the following morning. The ride through the fragrant fields was refreshing, and the horse was allowed to take its own pace. At the village Gregg visited two or three stores and the post-office. One page of the *Star* was missing when he handed the paper to Josephine—there were more headlines that might cause trouble.

When the train pulled in another group of farmers lined the platform and another collection of harvest hands dotted the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The duet . . . was repeated, this time with Jim's arm around Wilhelmina's waist.—Page 269.

roofs of the cars. Gregg secured only two this morning. Then away down toward the caboose he saw a sturdy young fellow with a great shock of yellow hair walking alongside the track, making for the depot.

He raced toward him, as did several farmers. The stranger was surrounded when Gregg arrived. Elbowing through the group, he caught a view of the young man's features. Quickly pulling the red handkerchief to cover his chin and mouth, and depressing the wide brim of his hat, he pushed close and whispered one word. The stranger, startled, turned and followed him down the track to the freight-house, back of the building, out of sight of the wondering farmers. Gregg faced him with handkerchief down and hat upraised.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Gregg Cameron?"

"Right you are, Jim. What the mischief are you doing here?"

"Don't you know there's been a price on your head? I'd collect it, but they took it down yesterday. They went over the road and found you had not been killed, and your sister talked the folks into believing that it was just one of your freak pranks. One paper thinks you have joined Carranza; another says you have been adopted by the Navajos. Your father is some worried."

"Oh, well, they'll get over it, and maybe kill a calf when I go back."

"By the way, I'm a laboring man looking for a job."

Gregg laughed. "I'll hire you. I am manager of the famous Belle Springs Farm, private secretary to the queen dowager, and imperial master of ceremonies. Name, Frank Hurd; profession, general-utility man and keeper of records and seals. Don't forget the name, whatever you do."

"But I want a very special place. You see, there's a girl——"

"I guessed it."

"And we had an awful row. She bundled off out here and is staying at her aunt's, a Miss Hamlin."

"And what might be the name of the young woman who had the good sense to call you down?" Gregg's face registered anxiety.

"Wilhelmina Herrick."

"Bless you, old boy. Bless you!" Gregg jumped up and down and wrung the other's hand. His delight seemed out of all proportion to the importance of the information. "Sit right down here and I'll reveal the secrets of the past and present. The future is up to you."

When they started for the surrey the farmers had gone, the depot station agent had wandered up-town, and the girl in the carriage was weary of waiting.

Gregg climbed in the front seat beside her; Jim and the other laborers crowded the rear. The big blue sunbonnet hid from Josephine's view everything but a circle of spreading plain land ahead.

Nearing the farm, Gregg ordered the men to alight. "Go right over the field and begin work." He had stopped the surrey just out of sight of the house. "By the way, Ole," he called, "come back here a minute." One of the men returned to the vehicle.

"Miss Branch, allow me to present Ole Olson, of Skaguak, Norway."

The blue sunbonnet turned. The girl leaped to the ground. "Jim Mannering—you here?"

"Of course I'm here—don't I look it?"

"And Mina has just been worrying herself sick."

"Glad to hear it—there's two of us."

"There'll be an awful row with Aunt Evaline. She has us in charge, and I don't know what she'll do."

"Until you find out, the part for you to play, old man," Gregg interjected, "is to lie low." Jim agreed.

The bulletin-board was livened that afternoon with a few cartoons that Jim rapidly sketched as the men rested a bit.

When the force came to the house for supper a small stage was set up beside the big red barn, with a soft spread of grass in front and the elms and cottonwood-trees as background for the alfresco entertainment of the evening.

An hour later the performance began. The audience, including several men from neighboring farms who had learned of the "doin's" by some sort of wireless, was stretched out comfortably on the grass.

Gregg announced through a megaphone: "Gentlemen will please remove their hats, but smoking is permitted."

Aunt Evaline sat stiffly in a rocking-chair near the stage. She had looked with some disfavor on the unconventional proceedings of her energetic private secretary. But as the men had cut and stacked, since he arrived, nearly double the amount of grain of any other similar period of the harvest season, she felt that it was working out all right.

Gregg and Josephine led off the programme, after an announcement that the first number would be "a piece of refined vodvil."

They Castle-walked and hesitated to the music of a mouth-organ and a flute manipulated by the orchestra—two of the men from the tramp camp. Three of the college boys from yesterday's train assisted Gregg in giving quartet selections amid great applause and much hilarity.

"And now, ladees and gen'elmen,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

howled Gregg through his megaphone, "we will present a sweet, soulful duet by Mamselle Wilhelmina Herrick, of Amsterdam, and Monsieur Ole Olson, of Skaguak, Norway."

Wilhelmina had been hard to induce. She finally agreed to sing with Ole the simple ballad "Juanita," on the solemn assurance of the private secretary that the new hand was a thorough musician and would assist her capably.

The rush began—farmers against college boys.—Page 270.

She came from the wings—from behind gaudy horse blankets nailed to two-by-four supports—and bowed to the applauding audience. The orchestra started the accompaniment—but no Ole. She looked anxiously around and finally took up the words. With her voice blended a rich tenor from the other wing of the stage, and her companion singer came out in the glare of the smoking torches that served for footlights.

"'Juanita, Juanita, let me lin——'"

She looked up, and had there been light enough the audience would have seen her cheeks pale. What it did understand was that she dropped a line, and could it have heard the whisper that took its place it would have caught: "Oh, Jim, Jim!"

The duet, wildly applauded with the men on their feet, was repeated, this time with Jim's arm around Wilhelmina's waist and her face perilously close to his.

When the lights went out Aunt Evaline was assisted to the house. A half-hour later Wilhelmina, her cheeks very prettily flushed and her eyes very bright, came in alone and slipped away to her room.

Long as were the days, it was scarce daylight when a knock came at the door of the farmhouse. Gregg answered.

Four men stood outside. "We wondered if you wanted more hands," began the leader.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sure we do. Go to the foreman," and he returned to bed.

A little later another knock—two more men. Then a third—he was up for the day now—and three others. The ranks were being filled rapidly.

No need to go to the train to-day. The news of the good times over at the Belle Springs Farm had spread over the township, and deserters from the neighboring fields were poured in until every available wagon and every available machine was manned and late-comers went home disappointed.

But others came besides the laborers.

Just after noon, while the machines were running at top speed on the last three-hundred-acre field of yellow grain, an approaching procession of wagons was visible far across the prairie. As it came to the farm limits the forms of a dozen or more men could be discerned.

Gregg and the two cousins were at work posting bulletins of ball games and other sporting events when the procession turned at the barn and headed for the scene of harvest.

The men alighted and came in a body. They gazed curiously at the bulletin-board and talked excitedly among themselves. By this time the binders had reached that end of the round and, while the horses rested, the laborers gathered.

"We've come here to get our men back," solemnly announced the spokesman.

"Didn't know you owned any men," coolly replied Gregg.

"None of your smartness, young feller."

The girls had withdrawn a little toward the farmhouse.

"It ain't neighborly and it ain't right fer you smart Alec to take our men away by givin' girl shows——"

"That will do, sir." Gregg was very serious. "Please omit all reference to the ladies."

"Well, it's all underhanded, and we ain't goin' to stand it."

"Any of you fellows want to leave and work for these men?"

Gregg turned to the harvesters. Not one moved.

The spokesman was angry. He took a threatening step forward; his friends came closer. It was evident that there was to be a clash.

Gregg glanced backward. Eight husky young men including Jim and those who had left the train for him, were grouped behind.

"All right, Gr—Frank," called Jim cheerily."

The farmer took another step.

Gregg lowered his shoulders. "Sixteen—nine, twenty-three—eleven—rush 'em!"

The rush began—farmers against college boys, weight against skill, fast and furious. Some heads were hit, some eyes were blacked. The farmers were being pushed back, back, back.

Then came a cry of terror. In forcing their antagonists the harvesters had not counted on the barbed-wire fence that bounded the field. Behind the farmers were Josephine and Wilhelmina. The girls were huddled together at the fence and the fighting line was coming closer.

Gregg saw. "Close up—through 'em," he yelled, and in a moment the flying wedge was behind him as he forced his way steadily, surely, into the centre of the struggling farmers and, dividing them, made his way to the rescue.

Sweeping Josephine off her feet, he carried her far from the scene of battle and, as he had expected, was followed by Jim with Wilhelmina in his arms. Leaving their burdens sitting safely on bulging bundles of wheat, the rescuers returned to the front.

Fighting was over. The harvesters were studying the bulletin-board; the farmers were brushing straw from their clothing and holding a council of war.

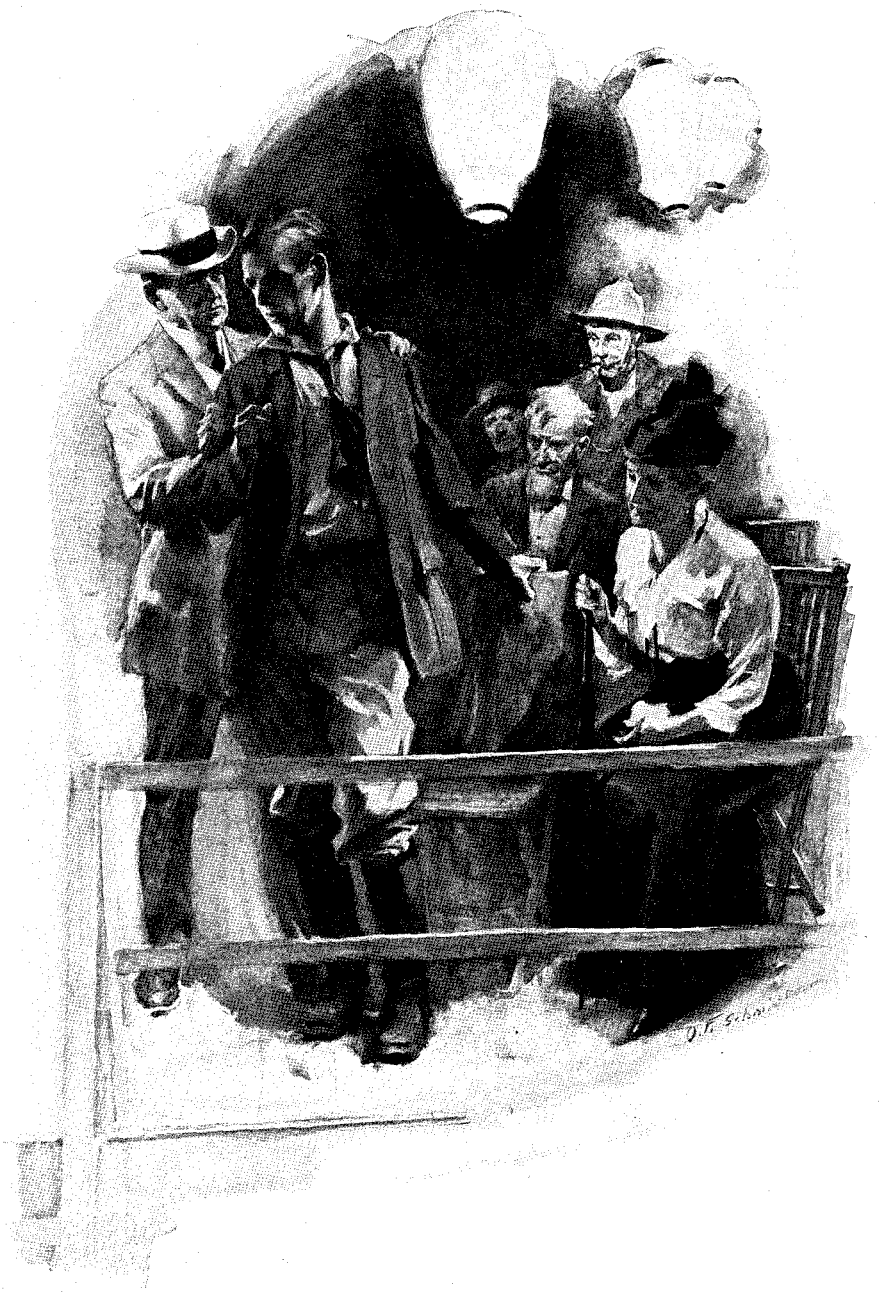
Gregg walked calmly toward them. They were yet angry, but he held up a hand.

"Now, gentlemen," he began blandly, "don't you think we have made fools of ourselves about enough? If you will give me time I will say what I started to tell you when the battle of Waterloo opened."

The farmers gloomily faced him—the leader was wiping blood from a cut on his cheek.

"We are going to finish cutting Miss Hamlin's wheat. That is the first thing. We'll finish it day after to-morrow. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He was seized by a strong arm.—Page 272.

then I will turn over to you thirty-seven of the best harvest hands in the State, and I'll say for them that they will give you a good job."

"We'll do it," called several of the harvesters.

"What do you say, gentlemen?" He held out his hand to the leader.

The farmer hesitated a little and then, with a grin, took it.

"Well, you are a little too much for us, I guess, but, on the whole, I reckon we'll

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get our wheat in a little sooner that way than any other. I guess it won't rain for a month, anyhow," taking a sweeping glance at the clear summer sky.

The visitors started away. "Say," called Gregg, "come over to-morrow night for the last entertainment of the opera season—moving pictures in the Belle Springs theatre—smoking permitted."

Aunt Evaline smiled as she made up the final pay-roll and thought of the two thousand acres of wheat safely in the stack.

"Now we begin work on the new railroad," she announced, and dictated a dozen letters to prominent men of the neighborhood.

Jim was working out in the corn-field and ate with the foreman. He gave a longing look toward the house at the end of every row, and thought with some envy of Gregg enjoying the freedom of the premises.

Gregg was really riding around the township leaving his messages calling a public meeting on the town square for the following evening. The band was to play, and it promised to be a time of much interest.

Indeed, when he and the Aunt Evaline and the two cousins arrived in the useful surrey several hundred persons were gathered around the flimsy band-stand where perspiring musicians in overalls and wide-brimmed hats were struggling with "The Grenadier's March."

"Drive close as possible. I'll sit in the carriage," ordered Aunt Evaline.

Away over at the edge of the crowd, leaning against a fence, Gregg recognized a harvest hand with a great shock of yellow hair. "Poor Jim," he thought; "what a penance!"

The headlight of a locomotive was visible below the depot, but the cars were hidden behind a long line of freights waiting for the wheat.

"You are wanted on the platform, Miss Hamlin," said a voice near the carriage. The station agent, thoroughly awake for once, was speaking.

Gregg helped her from the carriage, and Josephine followed. "I'll stay here," remarked Wilhelmina.

The trio pushed through the crowd, and up the rickety steps to the stand now vacated by the winded musicians.

"The meeting," began the bulky farmer in charge, stepping importantly to the front—"the meeting now——"

There was a commotion in the crowd. The audience opened a path and along it came two strangers. Gregg was trying to make his employer comfortable in a chair that persisted in tipping sidewise, and when he completed the task the chairman was saying:

"—will be addressed by Colonel Bancroft, and after him we shall hear from the distinguished visitor to our burg."

Gregg had taken one step toward his seat when there was a quick movement. He was seized by a strong arm of the same distinguished visitor and looked square into the face of his father.

"Gregg?" The vice-president was a little fearful that he might have been mistaken in his recognition of the vigorous young man in the unaccustomed clothing. But now he knew and pulled the boy toward him with all the longing of the suffering days intensifying his grasp.

"Yes, dad," with a sheepish smile, "and all right, too."

There was no time for more, as the colonel was sending up plain and fancy oratorical fireworks in behalf of the new railroad.

The vice-president responded briefly and favorably, much to the delight of the crowd on both accounts, and after the band had played a medley of patriotic tunes the meeting adjourned.

Chester Cameron kept close hold of his son's hand.

"Miss Hamlin, let me present my father, Mr. Cameron"— Gregg said it shamefacedly, as if half afraid that his employer would think he had been a spy in camp—"and this is Miss Branch, of Boston, her niece."

Aunt Evaline gave a startled look at Gregg, then recovered, and with a grave bow: "Your son is certainly resourceful."

"Say, Aunt Evaline"—it was the other visitor—"where's Wilhelmina? I came out with Cameron especially for a look at my daughter."

"Down there in the carriage where—" But Jason Herrick was plunging off the platform.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just what happened when he found the daughter sitting close to a sturdy harvest hand whose head was crowned with a great shock of yellow hair he never told, but the three were laughing uproariously when the others joined them.

"Well, young man, I guess you would better change your clothes, and get aboard that special train over there by the depot," announced the vice-president, addressing his son. "We must be in Chicago by to-morrow evening."

"And, Mina, you might as well come along," added her father.

"What's the matter with taking Jim and Josephine and Aunt Evaline?" suggested Gregg. "Harvest rush is over, and the trip will do 'em good." Josephine pressed his arm encouragingly.

Herrick looked at the vice-president; the vice-president looked at Herrick. Herrick winked a solemn but expressive wink.

"We can't afford to lose this precious pair again, can we?" asked Cameron.

"No; and they may run away if we don't take something to anchor them."

"Well, hurry, everybody—the train leaves in just two hours!"

THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS

BY LE ROY JEFFERS, F.R.G.S.

Of the New York Public Library; Member Explorers, Harvard Travellers, English, American, and Canadian Alpine, Appalachian, Sierra Clubs, etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON HARMON, A. K. FORD, H. O. FRIND, HOWARD PALMER, AND THE AUTHOR

MOUNTAINEERING in North America is of comparatively recent growth, but already there are many organizations of national importance which hold annual outings in the mountains and which offer week-end excursions for their members. Among these are the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston and New York, the Sierra Club of San Francisco and Los Angeles, the Mazamas of Portland, Oregon, the Mountaineers of Seattle and Tacoma, the Colorado Mountain Club of Denver, the Prairie Club of Chicago, the American Alpine Club of Philadelphia and New York, which has a limited membership throughout the entire country, and the Explorers Club of New York, which is not distinctively a mountaineering club but whose members may always be found in the little-known regions of the world. Last, but far from least, is the Alpine Club of Canada, with headquarters at Banff and local sections in London, New York, and the leading cities of Canada.

In accordance with a plan for the furtherance of mountaineering and exploration interests, we recently suggested that the leading mountaineering clubs and geographical societies form an association of clubs having headquarters in New York. The individual membership of these organizations is over eight thousand. Favorable action was taken and a Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America has been established.

It is not the fortune of every one to live in sight of the mountains, nor is it the habit of all who dwell amid their enfolding arms to seek inspiration on their topmost pinnacles. Many, indeed, who have only read of mountain climbing consider it wasted energy. But to all who are willing to receive their message the glorious, eternal mountains ever extend a silent invitation. To stroll up even a hill is often to find at its summit a new vision of life and of its possibilities. As the true mountaineer toils upward from the valley, he is rewarded not only with physical exercise of the greatest variety, but his thoughts expand before the unfolding landscape, while his heart is filled with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new courage and with a deeper sympathy for his fellow men.

As a boy I learned to climb on the north shore of Massachusetts. There, amid the northeast storms that beat against that rock-bound coast in winter, with camera in hand, I sought to picture the surf that dashed mountain high in air. As many have discovered, this is the most difficult branch of photography; for, in order not to flatten the surf, it is necessary to view it from as nearly the level of the sea as is possible.

Later in life it was natural to turn to the mountains for inspiration, and in their quest I have wandered through many delightful summers. Leaving New York toward the end of May, 1915, I visited Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, finding the near-by region one of much interest; for underground there everywhere lies a labyrinth of undiscovered passageways awaiting the explorer. Unlike the caverns of Luray, whose forests of fairy stalactites and stalagmites ever delight the traveller, the passageways of Mammoth Cave are usually smooth and water-worn, often being laid with sand. At intervals the swirling torrent of former days has left vast pot-holes and caverns whose deep voice resounds in harmony with one's own. One may follow these corridors for twelve or fifteen miles until the unknown is reached. Possibly the day will come when a Southern section of the Appalachian Club may hold its field meetings in this fascinating region and, like the Yorkshire Ramblers Club of England, explore the underworld with rope and camera.

The snow in Colorado lay heavy on its mountain-tops as early in the season I ascended Long's Peak (14,255 feet), alone of a morning, finding glorious views in every direction. Here was some variety of rock and snow work, but it presented little difficulty to the climber with an ice-axe, and I had returned to Denver by afternoon. Travelling westward on the Colorado Midland, I awakened to the early morn on Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, towering vast and spectral over the misty vale of Buena Vista; while, near Leadville, Mount Massive, resplendent in the sun, peered forth from fleecy clouds. With over forty peaks exceeding 14,000 feet in height, Colorado has much to offer to all who breathe the tired air of our cities.

Every one whose heart has found its home amid the flowers and the mountains of our glorious California will joyfully yield again and again to their silent but potent invitation. Whether it be amid the gold and the purple of her southern hills, the opal of her mystical desert ranges, or among the life-renewing summits of the high Sierra, ever anew will one wander and revel in pure delight within her sanctuaries.

Even an ordinary tourist may awaken as he strolls over the hills at Hollywood or wanders in June along the flower-strewn ranges that enfold Berkeley. Across the bay the trail wanders alluringly upward into the land of birds and butterflies, everlasting redwoods, and golden-hearted, fragrant azaleas. Here one looks down on fairy isles afloat in the blue of the bay or listens to the call of the purple-robed peaks above him. As one enters the cathedral aisles of Muir Woods the silence and the power of the eternal enfold him.

Upward over the ridges we go, forcing our way through continuous thickets of thorn-bush and manzanita, crawling beneath their too fond embrace, or pulling ourselves upward over the tops of their unyielding tangles, reaching at last unhindered views and the vast freedom of the summit. Who would not of choice become a mountaineer in this land on which God smiles?

Again we journey toward the glacier-hung volcanoes of our great Northwest, lingering for half a day in view of Shasta, pure and magnificent in its everlasting snow. Portland in June is a revelation to many. On its heights, embowered in roses and overlooking the city, one views the white peaks of the Cascades, resplendent in the sunshine or veiled in mists as they loom ethereal in the twilight.

Who can view Mount Rainier (14,408 feet) from Tacoma without longing for a closer acquaintance with this giant among our mountains? Years ago, after strolling upward without equipment and alone to the snow-fields above Gibraltar (12,600 feet), I reluctantly descended to avoid a night upon the mountain. In 1914 I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

returned with my sleeping-bag to complete its ascent, only to find Paradise Valley thickly veiled in fog and a storm upon the mountain. Starting up the long slopes, unable to see more than a few feet, and sinking at every step deep into the soft snow, I reached Camp Muir, and at dusk the summit of the Cowlitz Cleaver near Gibraltar. Here I had intended to spend the night, awaiting a change of weather, but a howling gale from off the Nisqually Glacier was too strong to stand against, while frequent gusts, sweeping upward from the Cowlitz Glacier attacked my sleeping-bag with sinister intent. Rocks were being unceremoniously lifted off the Cleaver and hurled into the abyss, and I was finally persuaded to drop down to 10,000 feet for a night at Camp Muir. Its scant circle of stones afforded but slight shelter from the winds that never ceased their loud complaint, while far on the dim horizon, spectre-like, the mountain-tops peered forth. Here, with the stars for my companions, I held the fort.

The early dawn lit up a mighty battle between tempestuous clouds rolling in from the west, that met the armies of the night returning from the east. Wave after wave met beneath me, sending towers of foam far into the sky, while afloat upon this sea of mist lay the silvery summit cones of Adams, Saint Helens, and Hood. Up again I mounted toward the gleaming summit snow-fields, but alas! a fleecy cloud flew down across them with a speed no mortal might defy. So, reluctantly, I hastened downward to Tacoma, where a backward glance revealed the mountain, innocent and rosy-hued!

On an afternoon in June, 1915, I found the mountain apparently off guard and hastened to snow-covered Camp Muir for the night. Early on the morning of June 16 I ascended the untrodden snow-fields in company with my trusted ice-axe, reaching the crater just as a furious gale arrived. This seems to have been the earliest ascent of Rainier in any season. After climbing about for some time on the crater's rim I was joined by one of the local guides, who came up with two tourists, having left Paradise Valley on the previous night. Finding that the clouds were closing in, and realizing that the mountain is no abiding-place in a storm, we helped the party downward through the dangers of the Gibraltar ice couloir, and I started on the following morning for Glacier Park, where I had expected to climb for a few days. Owing to unusual rains the roads leading into the mountains at Glacier Park were found impassable, so I left at once for the Canadian Rockies.

In my travels none has proven a more fascinating field from the alpinist's point of view than have the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks of British Columbia. Here is still a paradise for the explorer that is marred only by the far too brief summers and by the frequent seasons in which high ascents are prevented by continuous storms. However, one may find among these snow-clad mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, and lakes one of the most delightful regions on the continent and one which will be increasingly visited as chalets and huts are provided for the tourist and the mountaineer. Important in the development of this country is the work of the Alpine Club of Canada. Its club-house is located at Banff and its outings are held at various points in the mountains convenient for climbing. Around its camp-fire often gather those who are to penetrate unexplored regions or to make a first ascent of some summit of the range.

At the club-house on the slopes of Sulphur Mountain I read the *Alpine Journal* while it rained almost continuously for a week. Then of a glorious morning, when all the peaks glistened in new snow, I started with Mr. H. O. Frind and the famous guide Conrad Kain for the conquest of new summits in the Assiniboine district. We had chosen to follow Healy Creek for the beauty of its alpine flower fields, but we found the creeks overflowing their banks and all the higher meadows deep in snow. After camping that night on a snow-field we pushed onward the next morning over the divide, finally coming to its second crossing, where we found the snow too soft and deep for the horses. Retracing our steps, we followed what seemed to us the roof of the world, for miles through ice and snow, to the canyon of Simpson Creek. How our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

horses came down its precipitous wall without the whole outfit's descending on our heads is still a mystery. With no trail, amid ice and snow and slippery rocks, none but animals born to hardship could survive. After several miles in the canyon we camped at the forks, where an encompassing host of mosquitoes awaited us.

The following day will long be remembered for its miles of fallen timber, over which we jumped the horses or had to cut our path; for its beautiful upland meadows and its three or four mile valley into which a whole mountain-top had tumbled in an almost inextricable confusion through which we found our way. In the afternoon our eyes were gladdened by a glorious vision of the Assiniboine range rising far into the clouds and mingling its snows with their purity. We camped near the shore of Lake Alberta at the base of Mount Assiniboine (11,870) feet. Here we waited day after day for the snows to melt from its Matterhorn-like precipices; but we lingered in vain, for the constant storms and the roar of its avalanches warned us that no climber was welcome.

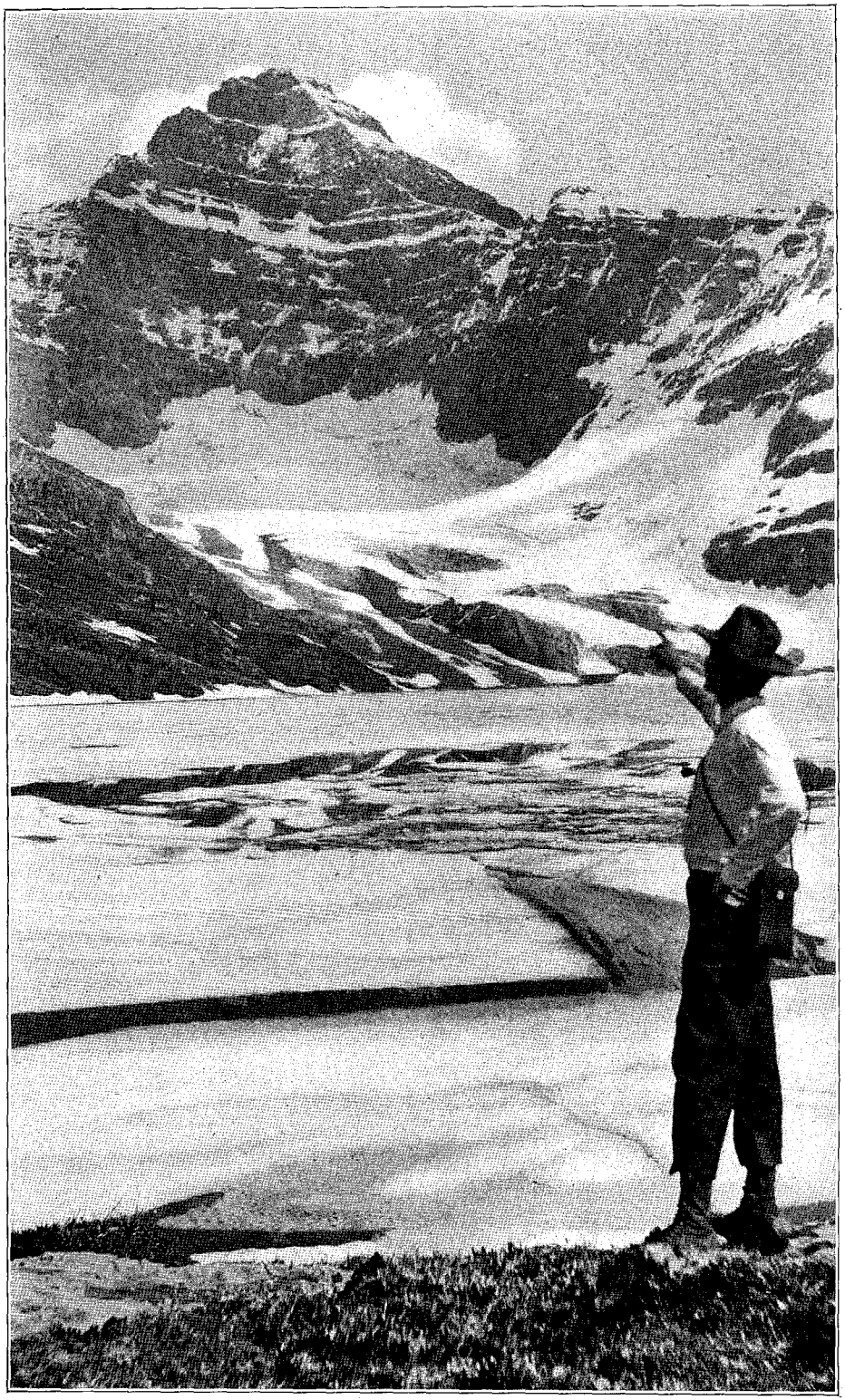
We explored the adjacent regions, travelling over Wonder Pass to the southwestern side of the range, where a great valley cradles the milky-blue Marvel and Gloria Lakes and a noble glacier tumbles down the pass between the unclimbed giants Eon and Aye. To the south a fine, hanging valley leads through a multitude of unnamed and unmapped peaks awaiting their conqueror. We traversed a virgin summit of about 10,000 feet near Mount Assiniboine, obtaining magnificent views of many distant monarchs, but found the snow too deep and dangerous for more serious work. On another occasion I strolled away alone past enchanting lakes to Sunburst Valley, where many great avalanching peaks rose in a castellated amphitheatre over whose head wall there peered the vast pyramid of Mount Assiniboine. We returned to Banff by way of the Spray Lakes, cutting our way through fallen timber and making record time by forced marches through the storm.

One of the easiest and most delightful trips which a mountaineer may enjoy is that from Hector, a flag station west of Lake Louise. A nine-mile trail leads through beautiful country to one of the finest of the mountain lakes. O'Hara is fringed with trees and surrounded with snow-capped mountains, while a singing waterfall foams into its tranquil surface. Up over the shoulder of Mount Schäffer, hidden beneath the towering precipice of Biddle (10,876 feet), lies Lake McArthur, antarctic in its frozen silence even in mid-July.

From Lake O'Hara we commence a traverse of five glacier passes and valleys of unusual interest. Passing tiny Lake Oesa, cradled in the lap of the mountains, we find a steep snow climb of 2,000 feet to the summit of Abbott Pass (9,588 feet). We descend its northern slope with speed, for hanging glaciers ever threaten to sweep the traveller downward through this icy Death Trap into unfathomed crevasses in the Victoria Glacier. Far below us lies in deepest green the queen of mountain lakes, Louise. We round the frowning walls of Mount Lefroy and zigzag up the long, steep slope of Mitre Col. As in silence we skirt its yawning Bergschrund, I see an avalanche, born like a snowball near the crest, widen and deepen until it claims the last man on the rope. We see it sweep him downward as we jab our axes into the slope; the rope holds and he comes up safe but white as the snow. Down into Paradise Valley we glissade, descending the Giant's Steps and making camp on the opposite side of the valley. Above us towers sheer for many thousand feet Hungabee's matchless precipice (11,447 feet), while all the night our startled ears respond to the roar and boom of its vast avalanches. Early in the day we cross Wastach Pass into the beautiful Valley of the Ten Peaks, where lies Moraine Lake softly mirroring a galaxy of mountain giants. Golden larches lead the eye upward to the castellated walls of Temple rising 11,626 feet into the perfect blue of the morning. Over Wenkchemna Glacier and Pass we descend into Prospectors Valley, where a curiously isolated tower of rock points the way to Opabin Pass and the chain of lakes leading to O'Hara.

One of the most interesting trips for an ordinary pedestrian is the circuit of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

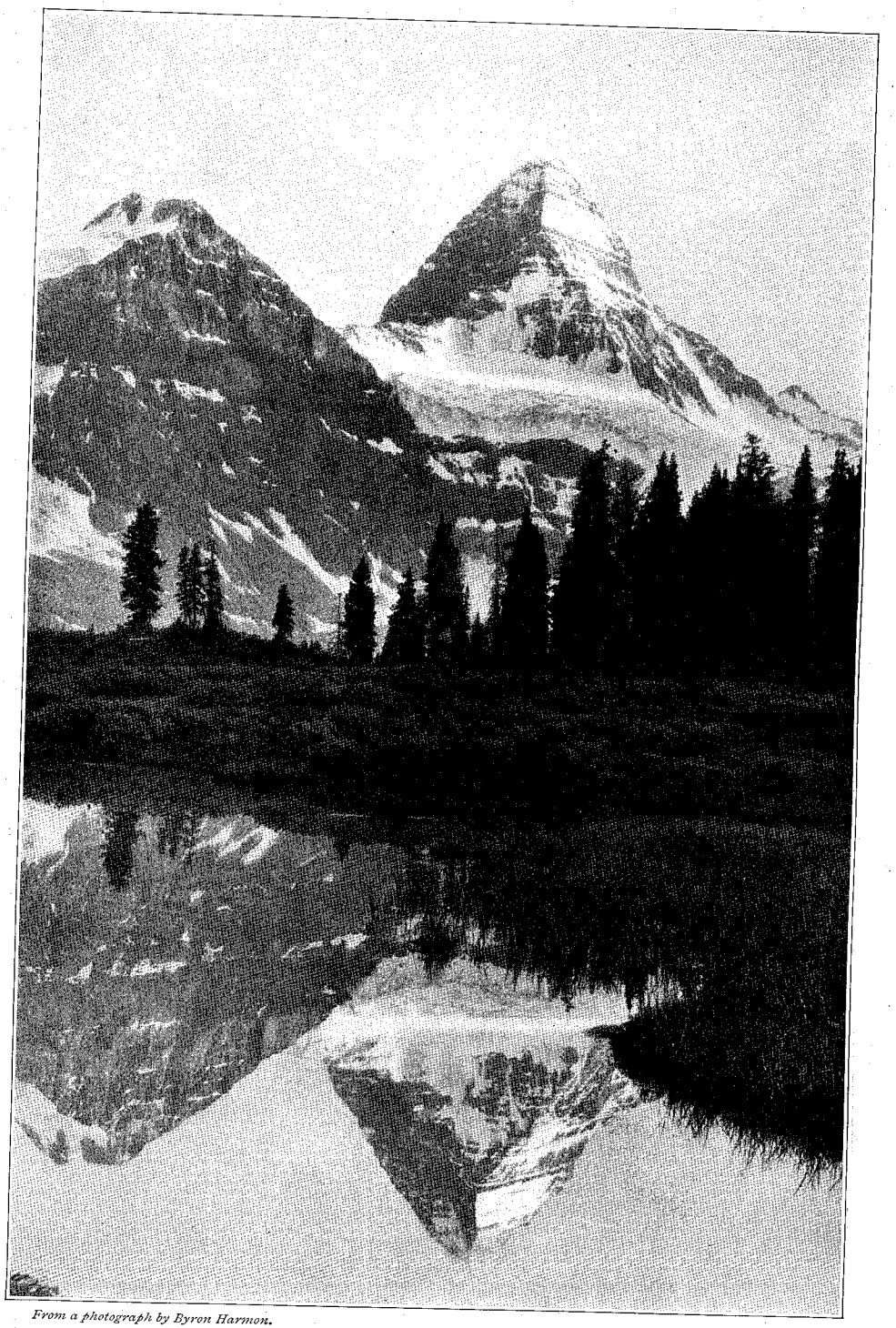


From a photograph by LeRoy Jeffers.

Lake McArthur, two miles south of Lake O'Hara, in Yoho Park, British Columbia.

Up over the shoulder of Mount Schäffer, hidden beneath the towering precipice of Biddle (10,876 feet), lies Lake McArthur, antarctic in its frozen silence even in mid-July.—Page 276.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

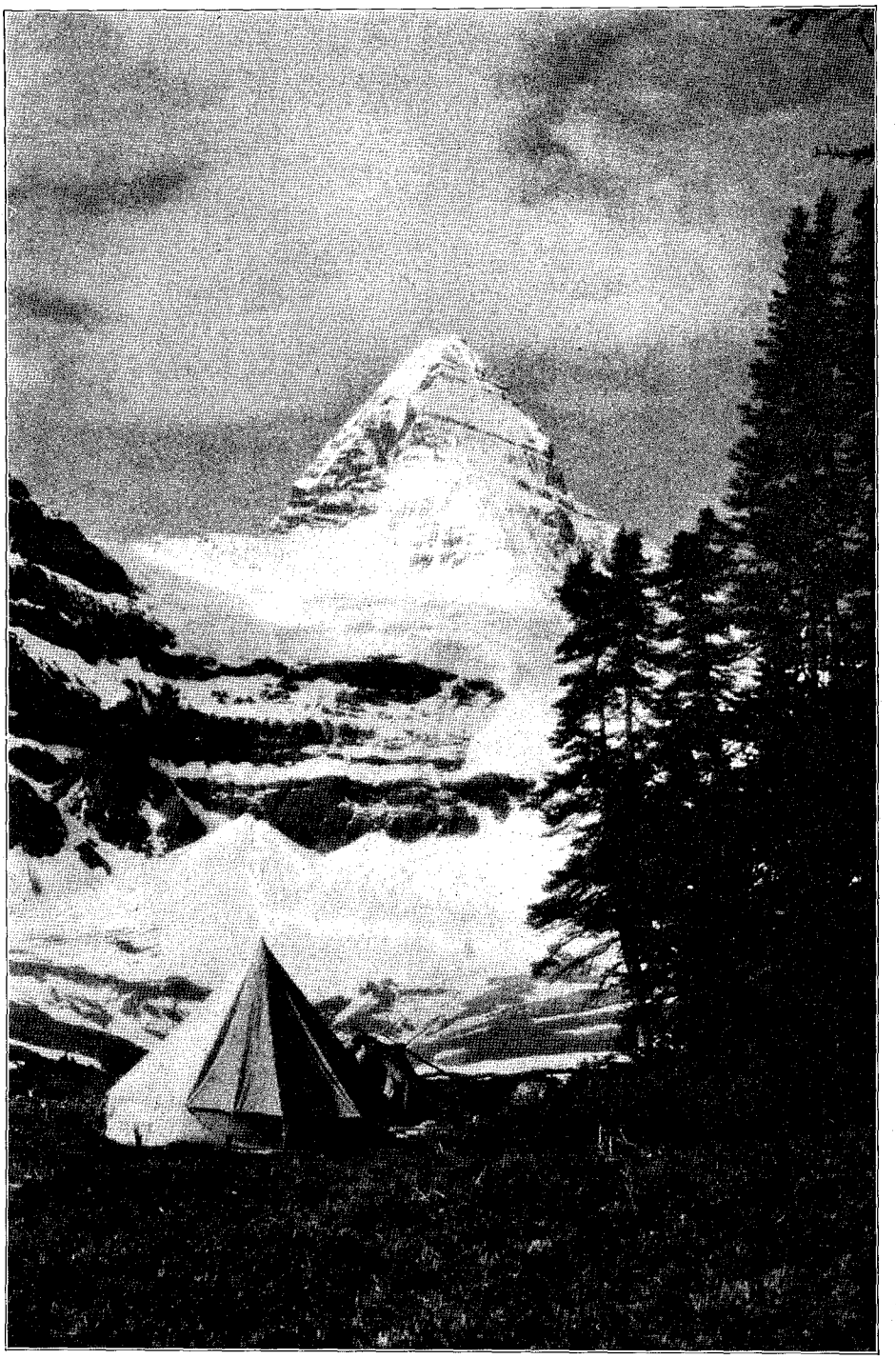


From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

Mount Assiniboine, on the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia, in Rocky Mountains Park

After three days' journey over snow passes, through rushing streams and over fallen timber, Mount Assiniboine (11,870 feet) towered far above us, while its counterpart lay softened in the blues and greens of Lake Alberta.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

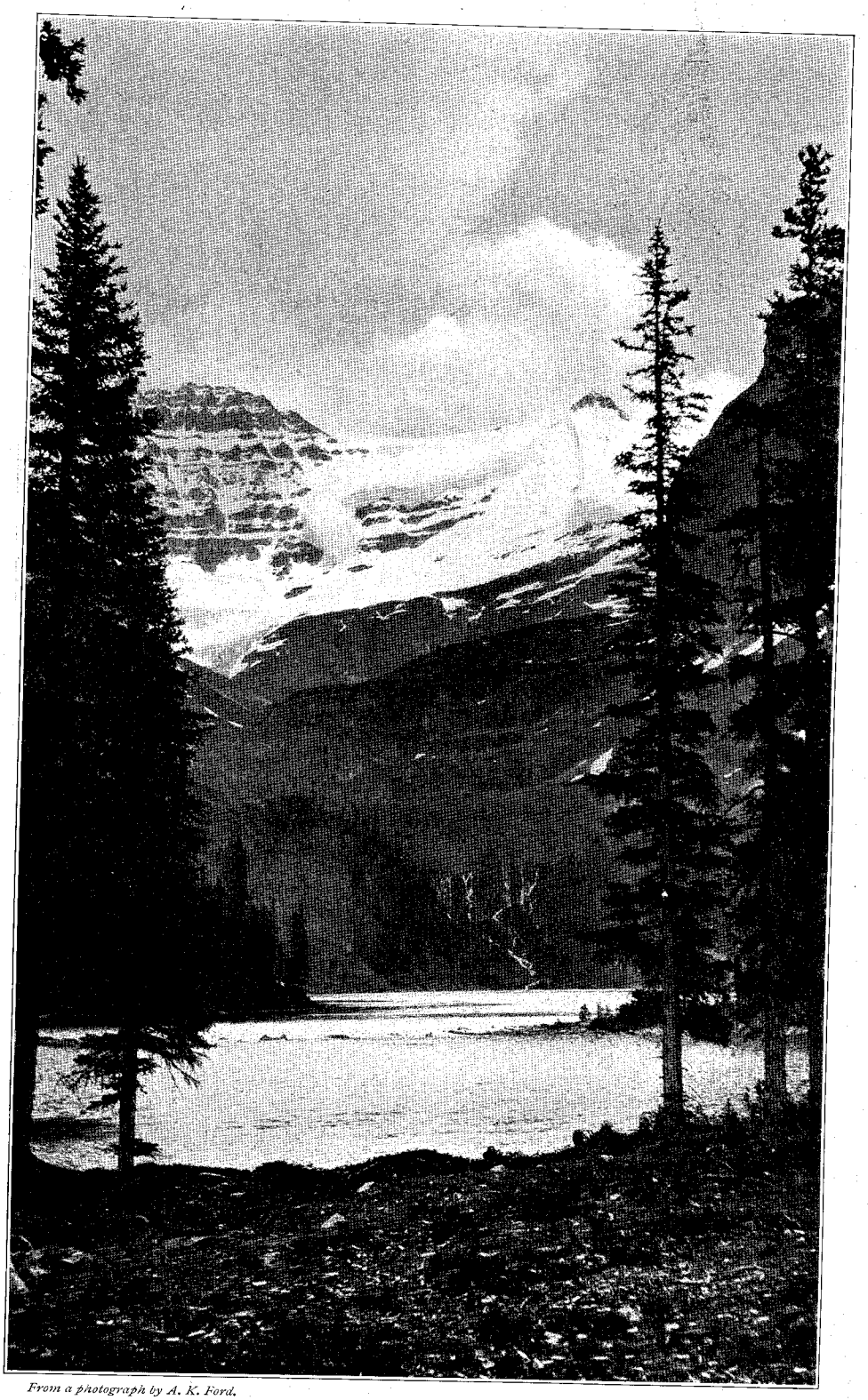


From a photograph by H. O. Frind.

Northern face of Mount Assiniboine, Rocky Mountains Park, Alberta.

We camped near the shore of Lake Alberta at the base of Mount Assiniboine (11,870 feet). Here we waited day after day for the snows to melt from its Matterhorn-like precipices.—Page 276.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by A. K. Ford.

Lake O'Hara, nine miles south of Hector, in Yoho Park, British Columbia.

It is fringed with trees and surrounded with snow-capped mountains, while a singing waterfall foams into its tranquil surface.
—Page 276.

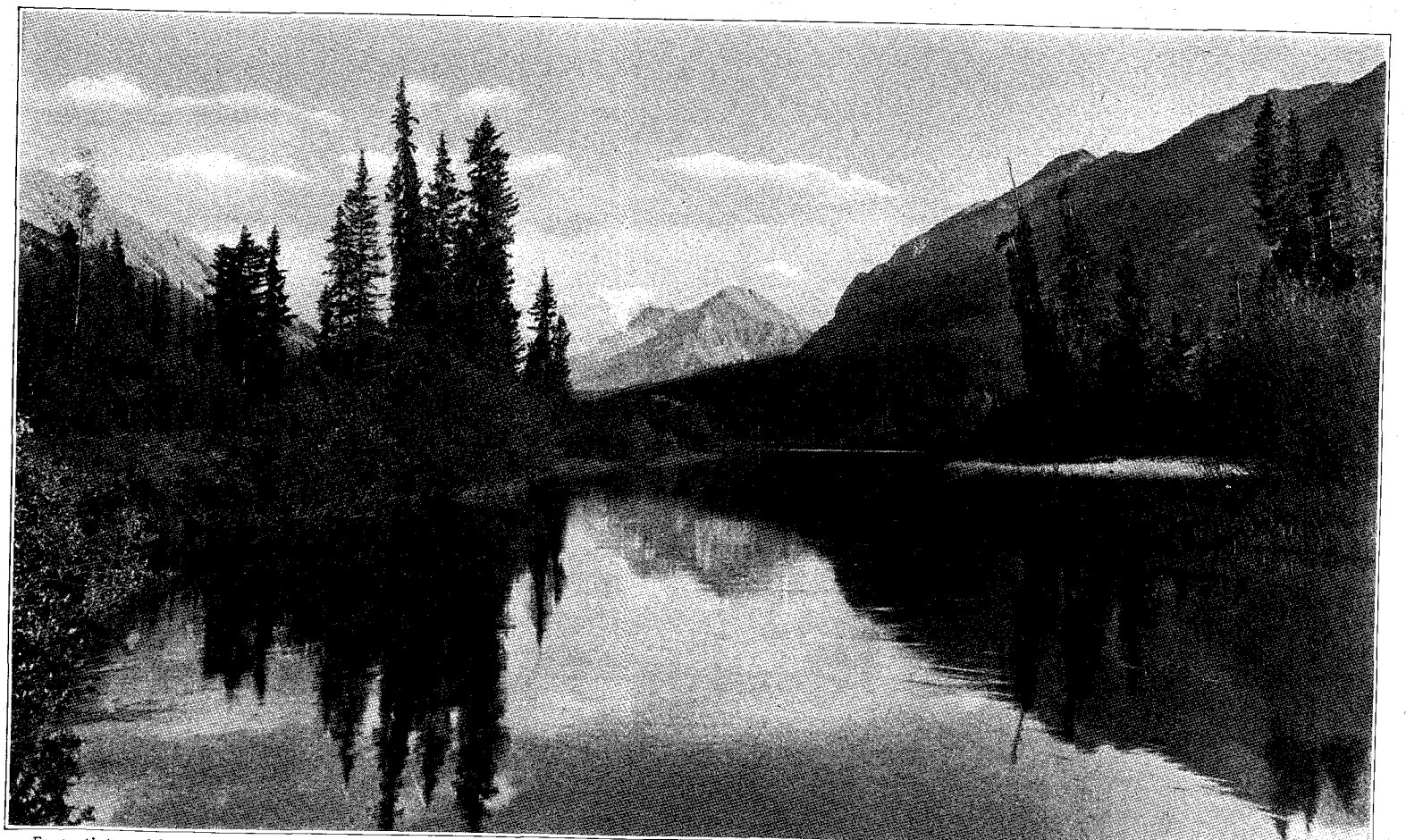
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by LeRoy Jeffers.

Mount Stephen towers above Field, British Columbia.

At the base of Mount Stephen (10,485 feet), the railroad is seen just above the waters of the Kicking Horse, while far above, its summit snows often mingle with the clouds.—Page 293.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

Valley of the Bow River, Banff, Alberta, Canada.

At Banff is the headquarters of the Alpine Club of Canada. Here one may wander along the enchanting valleys of the Bow and Spray, always in the companionship of the mountains.—Page 275.

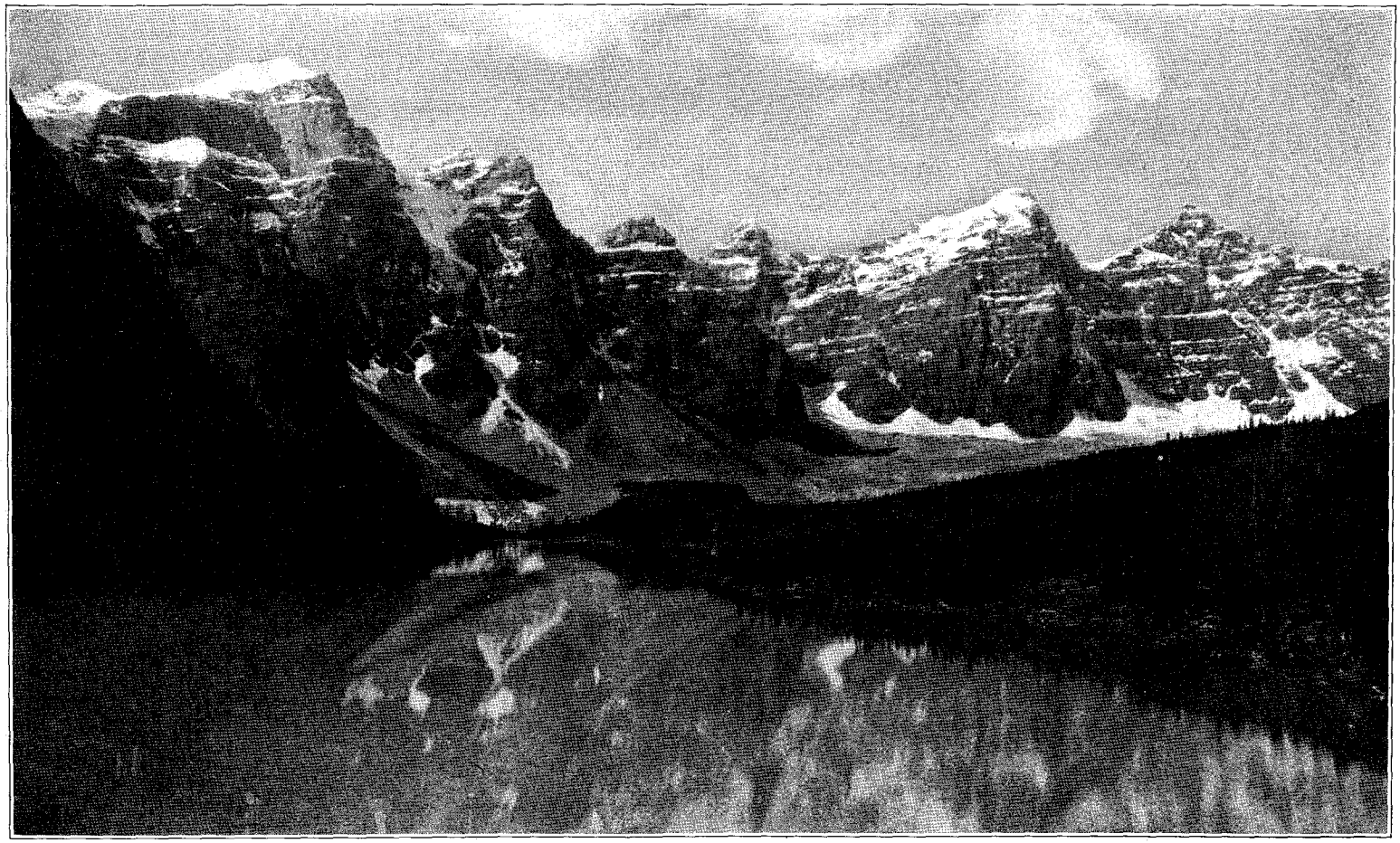
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

Lake Louise, near Laggan, Rocky Mountains Park, Alberta.

Surrounded by the mighty snow-hung walls of Mounts Victoria, Lefroy, and Aberdeen, there lies the queen of mountain lakes, Louise.—Page 276.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

The valley of the Ten Peaks, easily reached from Lake Louise, in the Rocky Mountains Park, Alberta.

Early in the day we cross Wastach Pass into the beautiful Valley of the Ten Peaks, where lies Moraine Lake, softly mirroring a galaxy of mountain giants.—Page 276.

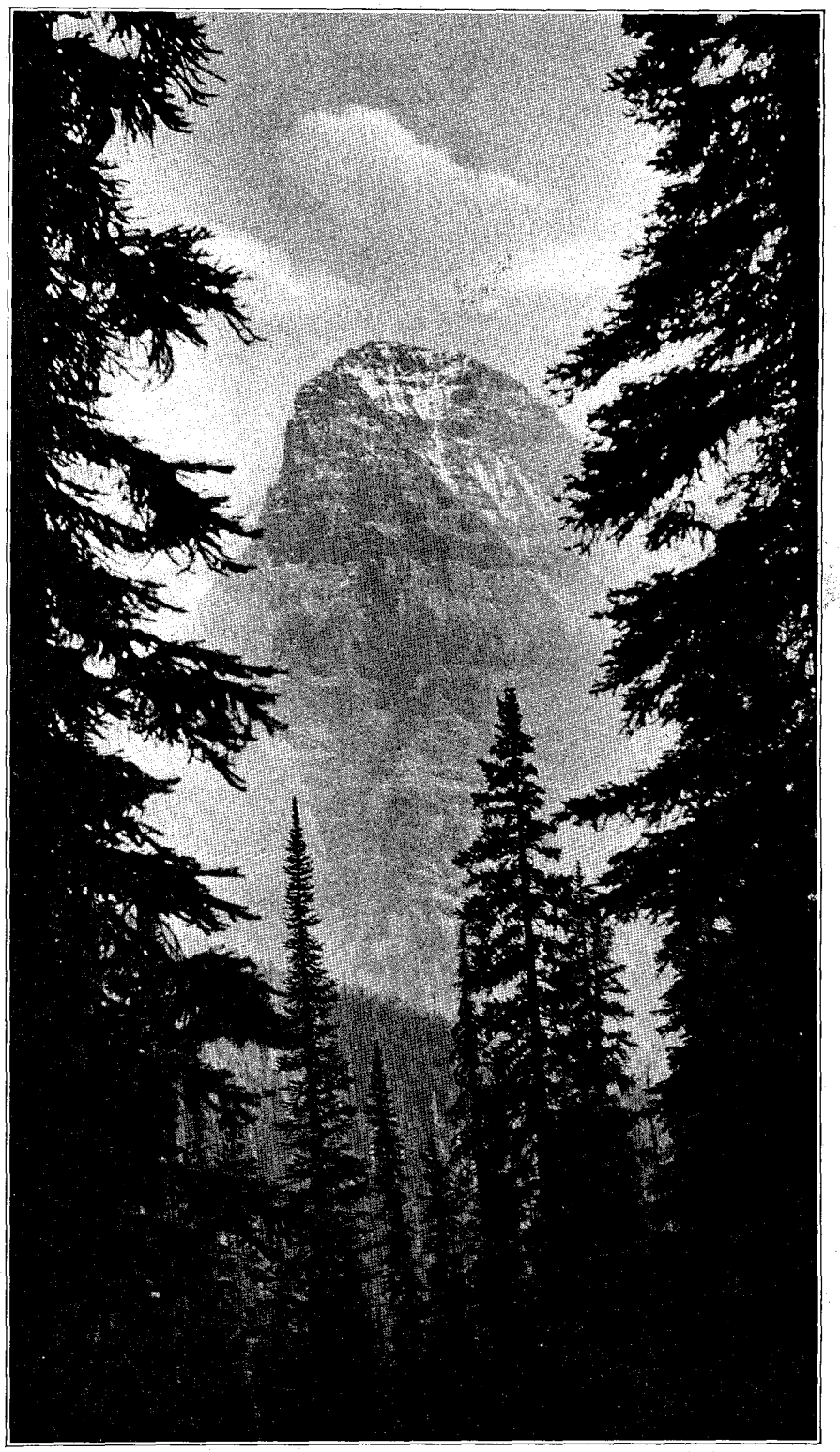
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

Mount Temple, a few miles south of Laggan, Alberta; the highest mountain seen from the Canadian Pacific Railway.

From Consolation Valley golden larches lead the eye upward to the castellated walls of Temple, rising 11,626 feet into the perfect blue of the morning.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by A. K. Ford.

Mount Stephen from Burgess Pass, near Field, British Columbia.

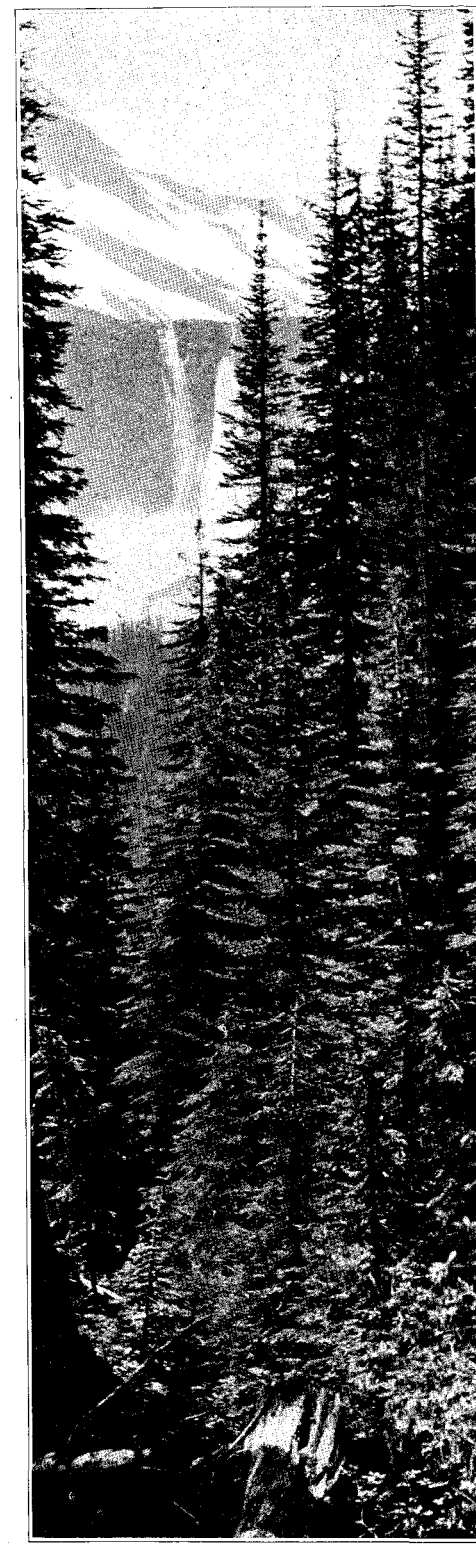
As one ascends Burgess Pass many magnificent vistas of Mount Stephen (10,485 feet) refresh the eye.—Page 293.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

Takakkaw Fall, Yoho Valley, reached from Field, British Columbia.

The great Takakkaw Fall, dropping more than a thousand feet from its snow-fields.—Page 293.

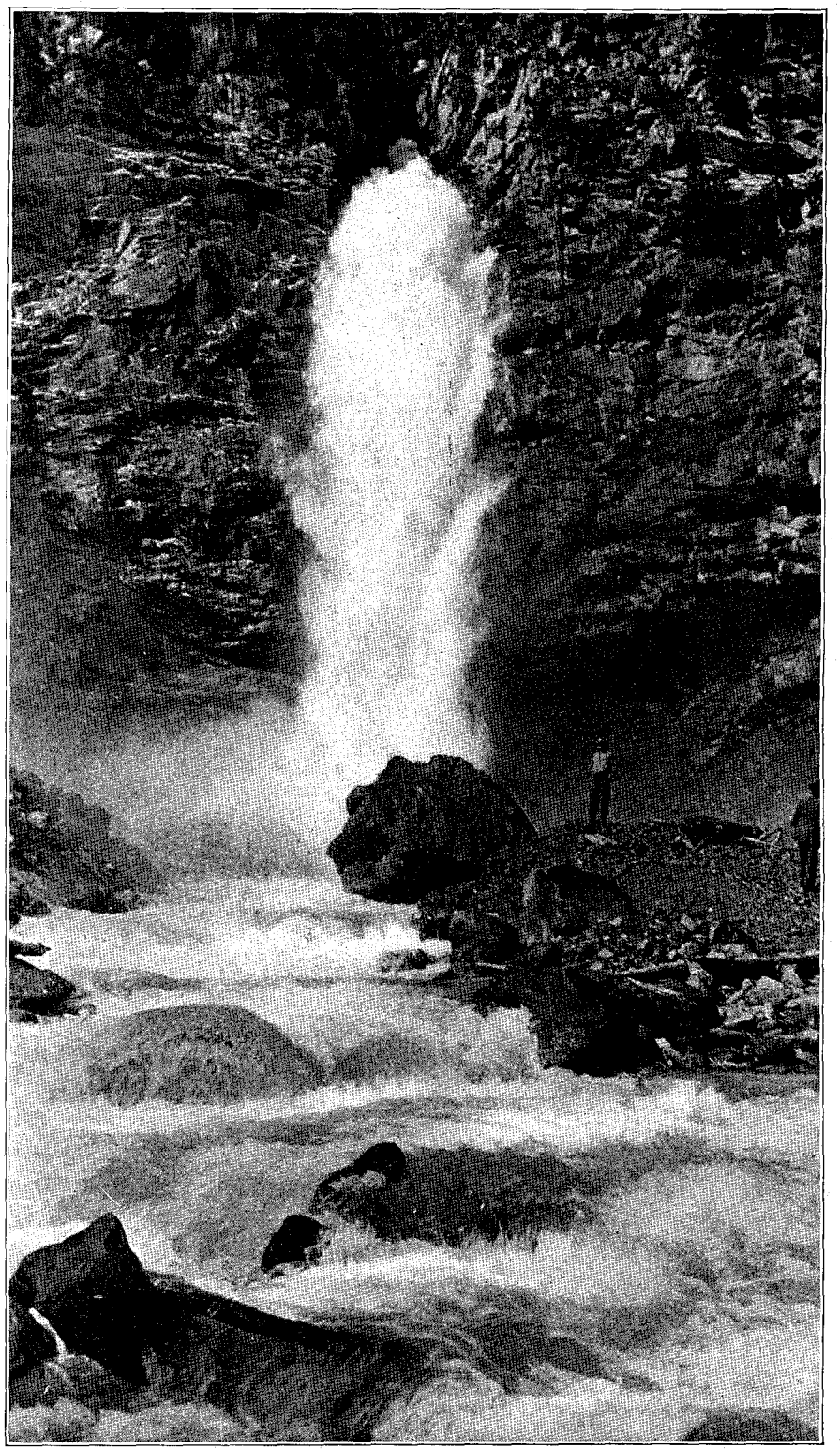


From a photograph by A. K. Ford.

Twin Falls, Yoho Valley, near Field, British Columbia.

Twin Falls, unique in its double picturesqueness.—Page 293.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

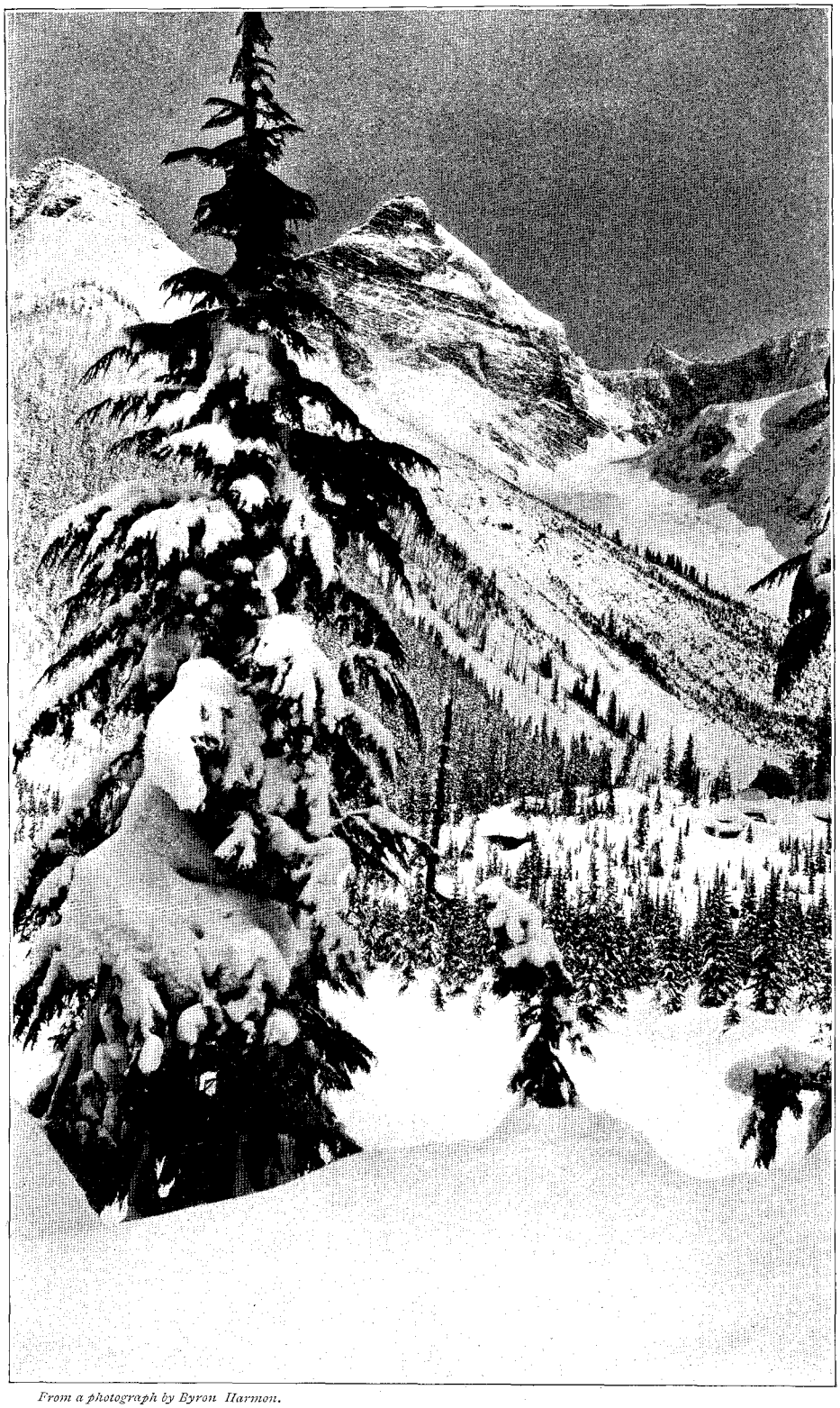


From a photograph by A. K. Ford.

Laughing Fall, Yoho Valley, Yoho Park, British Columbia.

Farther up the Yoho Valley is Laughing Fall, which fairly imparts to the traveller the joy of its riotous waters.—Page 293.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

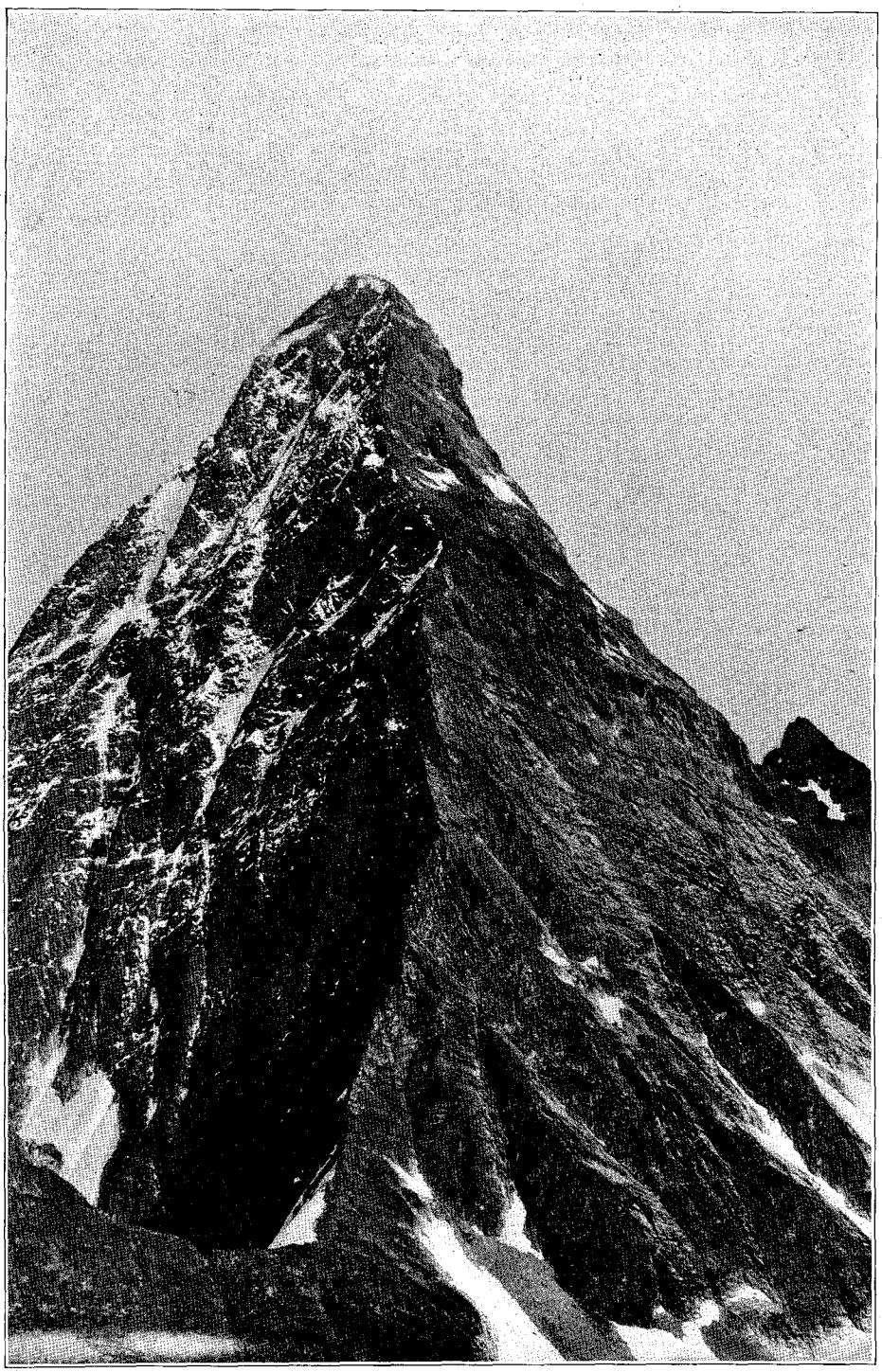


From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

Mount Sir Donald, Glacier, Glacier Park, British Columbia.

Convenient to Glacier House, in the Selkirks, is Mount Sir Donald, rising in a mighty pyramid that pierces the sky to a height of 10,808 feet.—Page 293.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

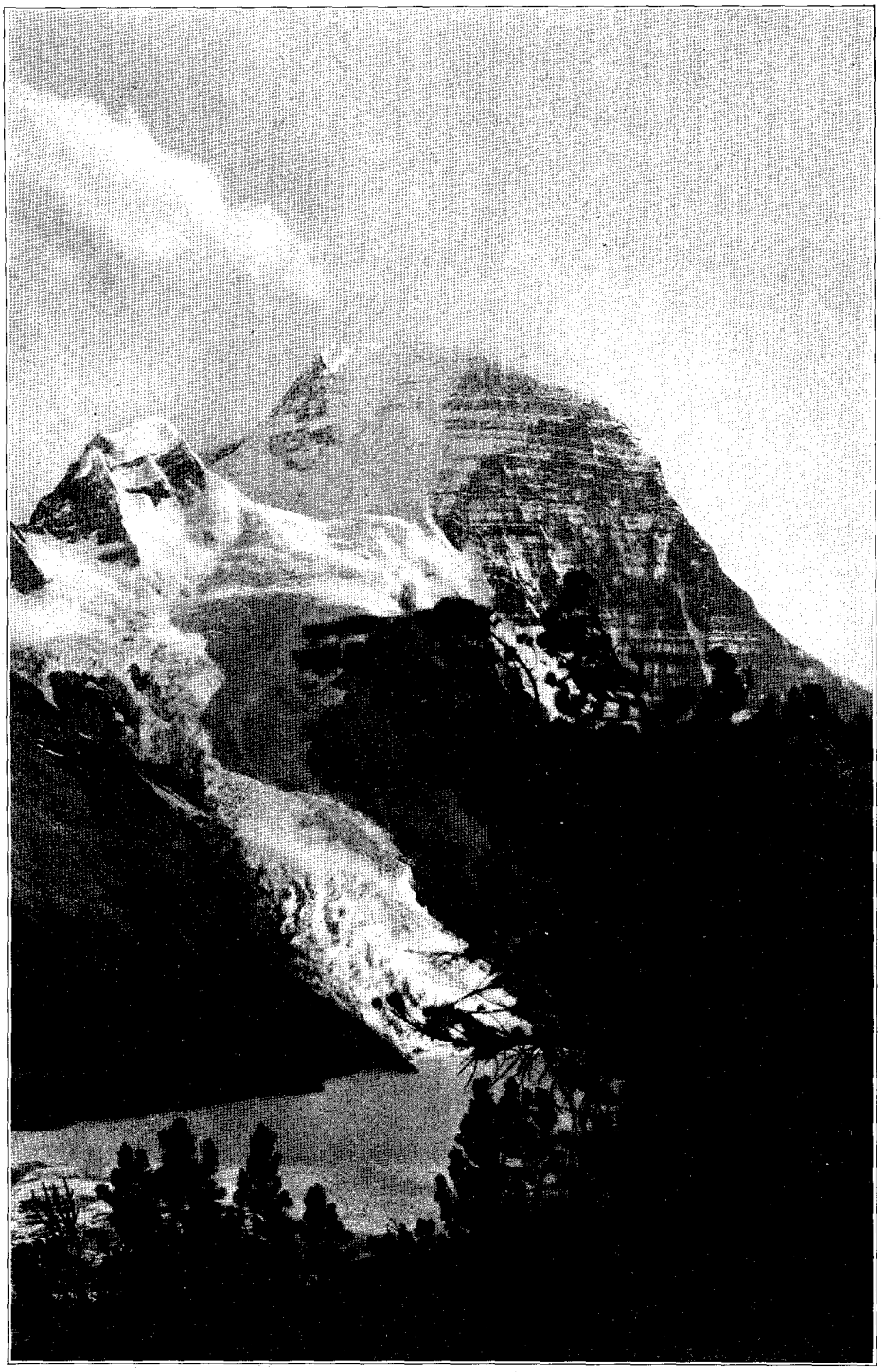


From a photograph by Howard Palmer.

Northwest arête of Mount Sir Donald, Glacier, British Columbia.

The traverse of Sir Donald (10,808 feet), via its northwest arête, affords the finest rock-climb in the Selkirks. . . . We found continuously interesting rock work in which we often had to search for hand and foot holds.—Page 293.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

Mount Robson, Mount Robson Park, British Columbia.

From our camp near the mighty Robson Glacier we watched in awe the ever-changing summit of Mount Robson (13,068 feet), wreathed in clouds, highest and grandest of all the mountains of Canada.—Page 294.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph by Byron Harmon.

Mount Resplendent, Mount Robson Park, British Columbia.

Rising from depths unseen and swept by storms one cannot face, the summit arête of Mount Resplendent typifies both the spirit of the mountains and of mountain-climbing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Yoho Valley from Field by way of Burgess Pass. As one ascends the pass many magnificent vistas of Mount Stephen (10,485 feet) refresh the eye. At its base the railroad is seen just above the waters of the Kicking Horse, while far above, its summit snows often mingle with the clouds. On the opposite side of the pass, thousands of feet below, lies Emerald Lake, green as the glass on a relief map, while above a hanging glacier clings without apparent support to Mount Vice-President. Crossing Yoho Pass we descend to the floor of the valley where the great Takakkaw Fall, dropping more than a thousand feet from its snow-fields, reverberates with ceaseless thunder. Farther on is Laughing Fall, which fairly imparts to the traveller the joy of its riotous waters. At the head of the valley the Yoho River is born from an opalescent ice cave at the foot of its parent glacier. Passing through beautiful groves of fir we come to Twin Falls, unique in its double picturesqueness, while beyond on the upper trail is the canyon of the Little Yoho. Within sight of its glaciers the Alpine Club pitched camp in 1914, and we climbed five leading peaks of the Yoho region in four stormy days. Having enlisted Conrad Kain, we made the most of our opportunity, and, although none of us were acquainted with these mountains, we forced a route to their summits through the prevailing blizzard.

Leaving our base camp at the foot of the Yoho Glacier one rainy morning, we found interesting and even dangerous work on Mount Collie (10,315 feet). With new snow on a steep ice slope, a concealed Bergschrund awaiting us far below, icy rocks slanting in the wrong direction for holds and covered with talus eager to descend on our heads without notice, even Conrad exclaimed: "Never again for me!" It is hardly necessary to state, however, that we conquered the mountain with double enjoyment.

On another day of continuous storm we got the party to what they supposed was the top of Mount Balfour (10,731 feet), but the actual summit rises high above the arête at its southern extremity. Conrad finally led the party up a snow slope while I climbed the icy rocks overhanging the valley. Just as I reached the summit cairn a fierce blizzard with electrical conditions hid all from view. Although it seemed doubtful if the party would continue the ascent, I waited for twenty minutes, being finally rewarded by seeing them struggling up the precipitous slope. Just as Conrad reached me, lightning from a cloud ten or twelve feet above struck him on the head and, drawn by the axes of the party, bowled them all over like ninepins. Although Conrad was stunned he was able to shout: "Throw away your axes and run for your lives!" We didn't argue the point. Down into the unknown mist we tumbled, finding overhanging rocks for protection. Here we froze for an hour, catching glimpses of the abyss at our feet while we waited for the storm to pass. Although I have lingered alone amid electrical storms on California peaks when the rocks sang or my uplifted fingers crackled, I had not before formed quite so close an acquaintance with lightning. The men felt as if they had been hit in no uncertain manner by golf balls. Some one suggested that we had received unusual consideration on account of the five ministers in our party. I was quite in sympathy with their work but was not wholly prepared for their baptism by fire. As the storm did not cease we finally retraced our steps, picked up our axes, and made record time back to camp.

Convenient to Glacier House in the Selkirks is Mount Sir Donald (10,808 feet). The traverse of this peak via its northwest arête affords the finest rock climb in these mountains and has only been accomplished five or six times in its history. Starting of a morning at 2.10, we followed up the steep slopes leading to the col, between Uto Peak and Sir Donald. Reaching the ridge a little above the col, we found continuously interesting rock work in which we often had to search for hand and foot holds. In spite of the awkwardly overlapping strata, we followed the arête very closely until, near the summit, we found a vertical cliff which necessitated a slight traverse before the route could be resumed. On reaching the summit at 9.10 we interchanged signals by mirrors with Glacier House and paused to enjoy the magnificent view that greeted us on every hand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the distance, from their sparkling snow-fields rose the giants of many a summer's conquest, while far to the south stretched the white, illimitable wilderness of the Dawson, Bishop's, and Purity ranges. Descending by way of the chimneys, we jumped the Bergschrund and arrived at Glacier House at 1.10 P. M., thereby reducing the record by several hours.

In 1913, when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway had reached Mount Robson, the Alpine Club of Canada established its camp to the north of the mountain. From the railroad we had eighteen or twenty miles of up-hill climb in the pouring rain through the Valley of a Thousand Falls, past the great Emperor Fall, and along the shore of Berg Lake, into which Tumbling Glacier precipitously descends. From our camp near the mighty Robson Glacier we watched in awe the ever-changing summit of Mount Robson (13,068 feet), wreathed in clouds, highest and grandest of all the mountains of Canada. When at evening we gazed far upward at its majestic, snow-crowned heights now tinged with rose of alpen glow, they seemed almost to be of another world.

On a most interesting expedition to the north we cut our way down the sheer ice-wall of Mural Glacier, while a flock of mountain-sheep paused to watch our entrance into their territory. From a virgin summit at the head of Twin Tree Lake we beheld a greater number and variety of glaciers than one may readily find elsewhere, while far in the north there loomed the last great outpost of the range, Mount Alexander Mackenzie. Calumet Peak from the north provided two or three of us with an interesting climb, the approach to which was along a thin sliver of ice separated from the rocks by a yawning Bergschrund on one side and supported on the other by a few thousand feet of space. The knife-edge arête of rotten rock afforded an exhilarating climb which started showers of stones on their long journey toward the sea.

After we had helped the ladies of our party across a convenient log that bridged a foaming mountain torrent we left the men to help themselves. Midway of the log one of them felt the irresistible call of the waters and plunged headlong into their icy embrace. In the instant that he was swept down-stream, with death only a few moments away, our guide, Donald Phillips, plunged after him and had reached the bank in safety with his man before those who had cameras thought to use them. So ordinary an event seemed not to disturb Phillips, who, after making camp, merely remarked he guessed he would empty the water from his boots!

On the following day we strolled up over the Coleman Glacier, whose smooth and rounded surface resembled a great globe. In crossing its upper snow-fields we roped for protection from hidden crevasses, placing the women at intervals between the men. After I had taken a long step over snow that my intuition suggested might conceal a chasm, I felt a tug on the rope and, turning, beheld no woman. Phillips and I hastened to pull her up from the fifteen or twenty feet she had fallen, finding her pluckily holding to the coil of rope in her hand. The other women hastened to inquire how she felt, to which she replied: "Just as you would under similar circumstances." As we crossed Snowbird Pass there burst upon us one of the world's greatest mountain views, the eastern face of Mount Robson. Viewed as yet by a mere handful, this wilderness of snow and ice, of terrific precipices and sublime heights, holds much in keeping for all who seek the solitude and the companionship of the mountains that they may worship amid their eternal sanctuaries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BATTLE OF VERDUN

BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)
Author of "General Joffre: The Victor of the Marne"

IN August and September, 1915, just a year after the war began, my military service took me frequently to Verdun. At that time it had been for months one of the quietest of our sectors; to the right and left, around Eparges and in Argonne, the fighting had been fierce, and was renewed from time to time, but in the Verdun salient, which lay between, there was little going on.

A large part of the population had, in consequence, remained in the city. A few big German shells fired at very long range had, to be sure, fallen within the walls; they made a great noise but did little damage, and the gallant men and women of Lorraine, whose country has been a battle-field for hundreds of years, are not easily frightened. Almost all of the shops were open. Verdun is known far and wide for its sugared almonds, those "dragées" without which no wedding-feast nor christening in France is complete, and the confectioners went on calmly making them. Some ingenious spirits among them had even invented a large "dragée-bombe," shaped like the shell of our "75" gun, which opened suddenly with a loud report, scattering a harmless shrapnel of almonds.

The merest glance at the map is enough to show that the old citadel bars one of the principal highways from Germany into France. In the first days of the war, when the Germans were making their great offensive in Belgium, they took it for granted that Verdun would fall without a struggle, and at the time of their rush on Paris, early in September, the French army defending the fortress, commanded by General Sarrail, found itself peculiarly placed. The Crown Prince's army, spreading down by all the roads from the Argonne, had succeeded in getting to the south of Revigny; General Sarrail's right wing rested on Verdun, so that his main force faced west instead of north, and in that position played its part in the battle of the Marne. After that defeat the Germans retreated as fast as they could go; General Sarrail's army pursued them to the north, reoccupied Ste. Menehould, and pushed as far as possible into the forest of Argonne.

As the Germans had not succeeded in taking Verdun during their great enveloping advance on Paris, they next tried to attack it on the other side, from the plain of Woëvre. An effort on what are called the "Hauts de Meuse" gave them possession of St. Mihiel, and if after that they had been able to cross the Meuse and push on farther, Verdun would have been almost entirely flanked. But their advance was energetically halted. St. Mihiel marked its farthest limit.

Thus both attacks on Verdun, one from the west by the Argonne, the other from the east by the Hauts de Meuse, failed completely, and the incessant efforts of the Crown Prince, kept up during a whole year in the forest of Argonne, met with insignificant results compared with the number of lives they cost. At last, unable to get around Verdun, no matter from what side they made the attempt, the Germans decided to attack it in front.

One of the great principles of German strategy is that the main body of the enemy must be sought, attacked, and beaten first of all, no matter what else has to be disregarded. This is not a discovery of the Germans; they borrowed it from Napoleon, who made it the dominant rule of his strategy, and like all strategical rules, it is based on common sense; what is essential must be considered before what is merely accessory. In accordance with this doctrine, in the beginning of the war the Germans directed most of their efforts against France, who was, and is still, as the Kaiser declared not long ago, "the chief enemy."

Their first great offensive having met

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with disaster at the battle of the Marne, they tried a second a fortnight later at the battle of the Aisne, and a third, not long afterward, at the battle of the Yser.

Each of these efforts failed, and toward the end of 1914 the Germans found themselves held in check at every point of our front. What shall they do then? It stands to reason that they will reconstitute their forces, organize new divisions, new army corps, and again try to force a decisive issue where alone it can be found —that is to say, on the French front. France once beaten, Germany might consider the war at an end, but on the contrary, while France holds out, no matter what victories may be won elsewhere, the war will go on indefinitely.

Let us see what actually happened. In the course of 1915 the Germans made some very severe attacks, as at Vailly, Soissons, the trench fighting at Calonne, and when they used gas at Ypres, but these did not lead to anything. In the operations on the western front it was the Allies who took the initiative.

Nor could the fighting in the Argonne, no matter how fierce, be considered as a great offensive. At intervals of eight or ten days, during the last months of 1914 and the first half of 1915, the army of the Crown Prince, which was composed of some of the best German troops, made exceedingly violent attacks in the forest of Argonne, in which a whole division or even two were engaged. Their object was clearly defined; it was to gain our trenches one after another, and little by little, through incessant effort, to push the French line toward the south in order to cut, or at least to interfere with, the only railway on which Verdun depended for her supplies.

During all that time the German strength was chiefly directed against Russia rather than France. Why did they give up their original plan? Why did they break one of the rules of their strategy? It was because political and diplomatic reasons intervened to counterbalance the judgment of the military authorities, and to force their hand. In the spring of 1915 the Russian army had reached the southern slopes of the Carpathians, directly menacing Hungary. Italy also was on the point of declaring war with Austria; the Dual Monarchy was likely to crumble away unless immediately assisted. Through her marvellous system of espionage Germany was fully informed of the scarcity of all sorts of munitions in the Russian army, and this was a good reason for attacking Russia while she could offer less resistance than France. It was therefore decided that the offensive should be on the eastern front. The movement was conducted with great vigor; its importance was undeniable, but it could not in any sense be regarded as conclusive.

This attack on the Russians was followed by another on the Serbians, and, with the effective assistance of the Bulgarians, Serbia and Montenegro were overrun.

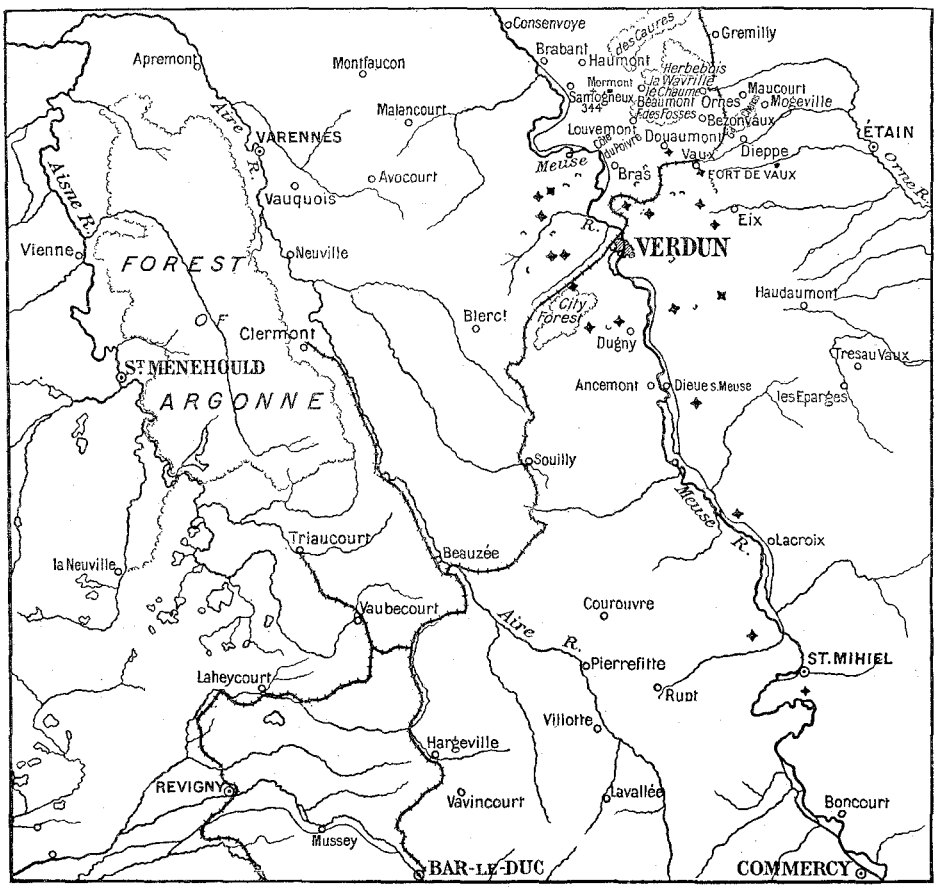
But France determined to defend Salonica at whatever cost, and her ally, Great Britain, was of the same mind. A powerful and constantly increasing Anglo-French army assembled there, and although Germany blustered she did not dare to strike. The former situation repeated itself—Germany had made an advance without gaining any decisive result.

The end of 1915 brought her back, whether she would or no, to what was after all the essential point of the war—her struggle with France. The German people had been fed with false hopes and dazzled by glittering visions. They were told that, once the road to Constantinople open, the conquest of Egypt was certain, and Turkey and Bulgaria would furnish unlimited reserves to crush Germany's enemies. Those visions gradually faded, and reality had to be faced—the reality that until she had won a great victory over France Germany could not hope to end the war successfully.

Therefore, toward the end of 1915, the Germans determined to do what they had not attempted during the whole of the year—to make a supreme effort against the French front.

It is important to keep always in mind that they did this because they could not do otherwise; they had not, like England, Russia, and ourselves, resources which allowed them to wait; they knew that time was fighting not for but against them. The docile German press continued to assert that, as their armies occupied Bel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Verdun and the surrounding region.

gium, Poland, and part of France, they were substantially victorious; in order to win it was not necessary that they should attack; they had but to keep the ground they already held.

The simple fact that the German General Staff felt obliged to undertake a great offensive against us proves the falsity of these asseverations. The Staff was fully aware that it would be most difficult, in fact almost impossible to force the French positions; its officers knew that lives by the hundreds of thousands must be sacrificed in order to gain a doubtful result. As, in face of such knowledge, an offensive was decided upon, it is self-evident that no other course was open, especially as an attack on Salonica was found to be impracticable.

Once it was settled that a thrust forward should be made, the point of attack had to be chosen. Why was that choice Verdun? There are many reasons to account for it. It was absolutely necessary that the French front should be penetrated at some especially important point. Also, since the Germans occupied St. Mihiel, the sector of Verdun formed a salient which laid it open perhaps to attack from three sides at the same time. Our front once broken through, both wings of the German army could envelope us and our defeat would become a disaster. Moreover, the sector of Verdun is cut in two from north to south by the Meuse, which gives the attacking party a distinct advantage. If troops on the right side of the river, which is the more exposed, were forced to retreat hurriedly, they could only do so by means of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

limited number of bridges. In winter the Meuse often overflows its banks and floods the surrounding country, which would make the building of additional bridges a slow and difficult business; if the enemy should press on vigorously, bringing his heavy artillery to bear on the spots where he knows these bridges must be placed, retreat would become an exceedingly risky matter. Military history has often proved the truth of this, the battle of Leipsic being one of the most striking examples.

If we look at the railways we shall see yet another reason for the German decision. In ordinary times Verdun is supplied by two main railway lines, one running from south to north, by St. Mihiel, the other going from west to east, by Ste. Menehould. The first line was partly in the hands of the Germans since their occupation of St. Mihiel. The second was exposed to the fire of the German batteries between St. Mihiel and Verdun, especially in the region of Aubreville and Dombasle, where it makes a sharp elbow northward, and it would run great risk of being cut there. There is also a third line making a diagonal from Revigny to Verdun, but that is scarcely worth counting. As it was only meant to serve local interests its capacity is very limited; it zigzags cheerfully across the fields like a drunken man, so much so that the country people call it "le tortillard"—the twister.

The Germans supposed that the defenders of Verdun would be seriously embarrassed by this inadequate railway system. Many trains are constantly needed in order to feed a large army, and above all to keep it supplied with munitions, and our enemy hoped that these trains could not be provided. But they did not take into account our admirable French roads, nor the ingenuity of our General Staff, which makes marvellous use of our network of highways, and had for some time been considering the possibility of supplying the needs of Verdun by motor-trucks alone. This motor-truck service is one of the best-regulated and most successful developments of the present war. Its creation and organization were only a matter of a few months, and it works to perfection; the officers responsible for it have certainly shown that a faculty for rapid and intelligent organization is a privilege not exclusively reserved for Germans. Any lingering doubt would be dispelled by a visit to one of our "army zones." An apparently endless procession of these trucks stretches out for miles along the road, each keeping its proper distance from the one ahead of it, and all moving with absolute precision and discipline. When the fighting began at Verdun thousands of them were in readiness, and by their means our great army was kept fully supplied with food and ammunition.

The German High Command had another reason for attacking Verdun, besides those of home politics and military strategy. Although they have since denied it, they intended to take the city in a few days, and thus prove to all the world the irresistible power of Germany. The neutral nations which were still hesitating would make haste to range themselves beside her. The Teutonic General Staff is past master in the art of exaggeration, and when one remembers the capital which was made out of the advance on Fort Douaumont it is easy to imagine to what lyric flights the German press would have been inspired by the fall of Verdun.

With the sole exception of Paris, "Fertoun," as the Germans call it, has been more spoken of in their newspapers than any other French city. Half a dozen times since the war began its fall has been announced; each time the news was false, but now the German Staff resolved to make it true.

The plan of the attack was to be a repetition, with more crushing force, of the victorious offensive made in the spring of 1915 on the Russian army in Galicia. A mass of infantry, supported by heavy artillery, was to be hurled against the centre of our positions; our front once broken, both wings of the German army would close in on the salient of Verdun like a vice, making our retreat disastrous if not impossible.

In order to make sure of this result, all available forces were concentrated. Toward the end of 1915 some of the heavy guns which had been used in the Russian campaign were brought back, and as many as could be spared were withdrawn from the western front. It is estimated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that there were two thousand guns, all of large calibre, in the appalling mass of artillery thus concentrated. The ordinary field-piece was little used; the work was done chiefly by those much heavier: "105," "210," "305," "380," up to "420." It was expected that this deluge of fire would make pulp of our trenches and the men in them, rendering it impossible for us to hold our positions.

For this enormous amount of artillery enormous quantities of munitions were provided; great piles of shells and bombs were accumulated in every possible place throughout the region which the Germans held. The supplies thus in readiness, they proceeded to organize the assaulting army.

As the Germans have not an inexhaustible supply of men, they could no longer make new divisions and army corps, as they had done at the battle of the Yser. For three or four months they had been withdrawing their finest corps from other fronts in order to make them into a phalanx such as Mackensen had thrown against the Russians. These corps were the 15th, brought back from the region of Ypres; the 18th, from the Somme; the 7th reserve corps, from the Aisne; and the 3d, part of which had been on the Serbian front, but had done no fighting. All these corps were allowed to rest at a distance from the front, in comfortable quarters, and the men were abundantly fed; some of the German prisoners said they had been given double rations of meat and triple of coffee. One of these corps, the 15th, which is in garrison at Strasburg in time of peace, ranks with the corps usually garrisoning Metz as among the best in the army.

In November and December, 1914, during the battle of the Yser, I was in the sector of Ypres, directly facing this corps, and it was the opinion of competent judges that no troops in the German army fought with more dash and vigor, while their commander, General von Daimling, was of exceptional ability. An order of the day was found on one of our prisoners at Verdun, in which this general announced to his men that the decisive moment had come at last, and that their irresistible attack on Verdun would at once put an end to the war.

These four corps, intended especially for the assault, were largely made up of the most vigorous soldiers from the class of 1916, who had been drilled and trained with the utmost care. The formations of officers and non-commissioned officers had been entirely made over. During the last months of 1915 the German General Staff was obviously careful of officers, knowing that they could not easily be replaced, but in the attack on Verdun, which was meant to be conclusive, the officers received orders to sacrifice themselves without reserve. They were required to lead their men in order to make the assault more impetuous and overwhelming.

These four army corps were thus brought into the sector of Verdun and inserted, like a wedge, into the army of the Crown Prince, which crowded to right and left in order to make room for them. Three of his corps were also to attack, making seven army corps ready for the great offensive.

The positions occupied by the French just before the great battle are well known, having been accurately given in an official publication from our General Headquarters, made in the *Bulletin des Armées*.

Our left, starting from the Meuse, rested on Brabant, Consenvoye, and Les Caures; on our centre we held the wood of Ville, l'Herbebois, and Ornes; our right included Maucourt, Mogeville, the pool of Braux, and the wood of Hautes Charrières. Behind this first line was a second, taking in the village of Samogneux, hill (or "côte") 344, the Mormont farm, Beaumont, La Wavrille, Les Fosses, Le Chaume, Les Carrières, Bezonvaux, Grand Chenas, and Dieppe. Still farther to the rear, with the village of Bras as a landmark, came the line of the forts of Verdun; Douamont, Hardaumont, Vaux, La Laufée, and Eix. Between them and our second line a series of counter-sloping trenches ran from Douaumont to Louvemont, on the "côtes" of Poivre and Talou.

If our first line is followed on the map it will be seen to form an arc of a vast circle, beginning at the Meuse, stretching to its centre at Verdun, and ending as far up as Etain, in the plain of Woëvre. In this arc the sector most fiercely attacked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was that between Brabant and Ornes, which forms a decided salient. Artillery fire could sweep it on three sides: from the heights of Montfaucon and the wood of Forges on the west, where it made a noticeable curve inward; from the north; and also from the east.

It must be borne in mind that, from its nature, this first line of ours could only be held against a violent attack with the greatest difficulty, and this is true of our second line as well. The part of prudence would therefore be to fall back gradually from one line to another, not risking a decisive engagement until a favorable position could be reached. This was what our General Staff decided to do.

The first four weeks of the war (August and September, 1914) and the first four days of the battle of Verdun (February 21–25) resemble each other strongly in general outline, and in what may be termed the rhythm of their operations. I wish to call attention to this, because to my mind it is the dominant and essential feature of these great military events. In August, 1914, as in February, 1916, the Germans made extraordinary preparations; they studied the plan of their offensive in all its details; they accumulated a formidable number of men and an inexhaustible amount of ammunition; their officers and soldiers alike were ready to throw themselves into the attack with the greatest impetuosity. The method and the force of this offensive were so irresistible that the French High Command found it necessary to fall back, and some ground was given up in order that a successful stand might be made later. It was yielding a side issue; the important, the vital point, was to win the battle finally; whether a few leagues or kilometres more or less to the north or south was of no consequence. Our troops retired until the favorable moment came, and then, when the Germans were sure we were beaten, we struck with our full force, and at the crucial moment defeat was turned into victory. From that time the Germans were stopped, and in several places driven back; all their efforts and sacrifices were useless, and only served to mark the importance of their check.

That was the rhythm of the first four weeks of the war, up to the battle of the Marne, and it was also the rhythm of the first four days of the battle of Verdun, up to the recapture of the Fort of Douaumont by our 20th corps.

First act: The French fall back as the Germans advance.

Second act: A decisive battle ends in victory for the French.

Third act: The Germans are held in check; they may move to and fro, but they can make no serious advance, and will wear themselves out to no purpose.

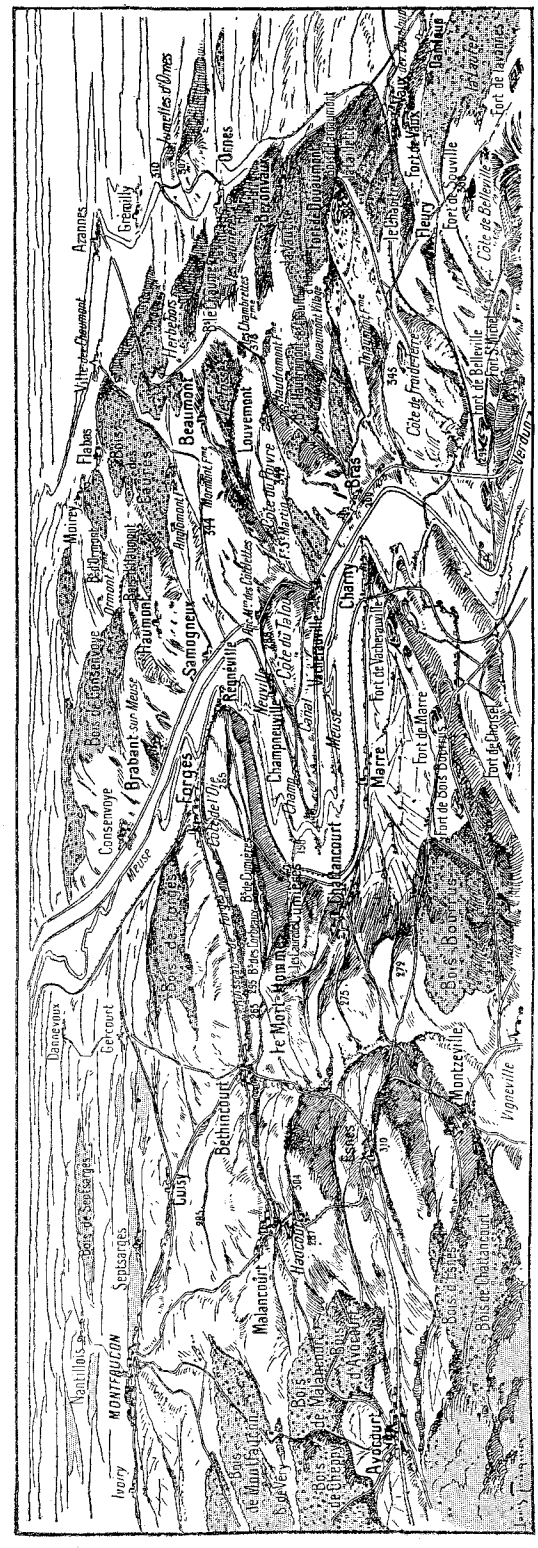
I. THE GERMAN ATTACK AND THE FRENCH RETREAT

On the 21st of February, at a quarter past seven in the morning, the bombardment of Verdun began, and continued with an intensity which made the German fire during the war, even at the battles of Champagne and Artois, seem like child's play in comparison. The number of pieces of heavy artillery which fired incessantly was stupendous; French aviators flying over the German lines agreed in reporting that in the region to the north of our positions, especially in Spincourt and the woods adjoining, it was "like a display of fireworks." Such an incessant cannonade came from the little wood of Gremilly, north of La Jumelle, that our observers had to give up marking on their cards the different batteries in action; they were everywhere; the guns stood almost wheel to wheel. That went on for hours, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the firing became still more intense; it was as if thousands of rockets were being sent up for the "bouquet" of the show. In order to make our positions untenable, asphyxiating and lachrymatory bombs were mingled with the heavy projectiles, while six captive balloons floated over the German lines and directed their aim. Our first lines were almost levelled by this avalanche of steel—trenches, parapets, shelters, no matter how well made, were utterly destroyed. Then, toward five o'clock, the first infantry attack was launched.

The Germans were convinced that their infernal fire had made it impossible for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our infantry to hold their ground, and counted on occupying our positions almost without resistance on our part. Most of the work would have been done by their artillery; they need only advance and occupy ground which had been evacuated. The German tactics during their attacks on Verdun were all based on this conviction. The artillery must strike systematically and with crushing force on every point of our line, making a zone of death around all our centres of resistance. When the destruction seemed complete, part of the infantry was sent forward to examine the effect of the firing. Each reconnoitring group was made up of about fifteen men; behind them came the grenadiers, and after them again the first great wave of infantry. In this instance they did not sufficiently take into account the magnificent courage of our soldiers. In spite of the blasting fire they stuck to their positions, making the most of every little inequality of the ground, and crouching low in the craters made by the great shells. As the Germans advanced their ranks were mown down like grass by our mitrailleuses. Then the bombardment began again. No sooner was one attack repulsed than another came on, and at the end of the first day the enemy had a foothold in some of the trenches of our first line, and in a few places had even got as far as our supporting trenches. They had also taken the woods of Haumont and Caures, but the southern part of Caures was won back by the splendid bravery of Lieutenant-Colonel Driant and his chasseurs. In the region of Soumazzanes, the wood of Ville and l'Herbebois, our supporting line still held firm.


Ornes
Beaumont
Louvemont
Bras
Charny
Fleury
Fort de Souville
Fort de Belleville
Côte de Talou
Côte du Poivre
Côte de Froide Terre
Côte de Belleville
Fort de Vaux
Fort de Tavannes
Fort de Douaumont
Fort de Vacherauville
Fort de Marre
Fort de Chana
Fort de Bois Bourrus
Fort de Bois Bourrus
Fort de Bois Bourrus

The morning of the 22d was cold and snowy, and about half-past seven the Germans began to warm us, in the western part of the sector, by throwing jets of liquid fire into the wood of Consenvoye. Thanks to these "flammenwerfer" they managed to get to the bottom of a ravine; in Herbebois and the wood of Ville the hand-to-hand fighting was bloody and determined. The German artillery fire became still more violent; great gusts of flame swept over Anglemont, the Mormont farm, and La Wavrille. The village of Haumont was in the hottest of it; but the gallant men who held it stood close around their colonel and fought until the last; it was six o'clock in the afternoon before the enemy could get into its ruins. By the end of the day we had lost the wood of Ville, but we still held most of Herbebois and La Wavrille.

The troops had no protection; main and communication trenches, shelters, centres of defense—all were battered to pieces; it was fighting in the open. Night fell; in the cold and the snow, under the unceasing bombardment, our men hastily dug themselves in again. It was absolutely necessary to stop the German advance, in order to give our reserves time to come up; the men knew it, and although they were tired out they worked, as they had fought, like demons.

During the night of the 22d–23d we evacuated Brabant. The village of Samogneux was under such heavy fire that a counter-attack on our part was impossible, and we were obliged to remain on the defensive. To the eastward the Germans had got within eight hundred metres of the farms of Anglemont and Mormont, and were shelling them with their 305-mm. and 380-mm. guns. It was an infernal rain of fire, but with admirable energy and discipline our men held their positions.

At six in the morning of the 23d the enemy attacked La Wavrille and were repulsed. In l'Herbebois the fighting was desperate all day. The northern border of this wood is a thick coppice about five hundred metres wide; the Germans, who wanted to carry this position at any cost, attacked here in great force and in close formation. The French waited until they were within fifty metres and then opened on them with volley-firing by platoons; our mitrailleuses and "75s" also fired at close range into the solid mass. Whole ranks were wiped out at a time; it was downright slaughter. This first attack having failed, four others were launched, with the same result. The fighting became furious beyond description. In one of our "boyaux," or communicating trenches, four grenadiers threw bombs steadily for more than twenty hours; it was death for whoever tried to pass them. The Germans, in spite of all their efforts and their reckless squandering of life, could not gain a foot of ground. But unfortunately, as night fell, after incessant attacks, they succeeded in taking La Wavrille, and the holders of Herbebois were obliged to fall back or risk being flanked. The men, fighting-mad, refused to retreat, choosing rather to die where they stood.

Again, on the 24th, the Germans advanced and again we fell back, having evacuated the village of Samogneux during the night, as it was in a very dangerous position. A French regiment was stationed astride of the road from Samogneux to Vacherauville, with orders to hold "côte" 344, whatever happened. The Germans knew how important this road was and did their best to get it. Five or six times they tried to make their way out of Samogneux, each time to be met by the combined fire of our infantry, our mitrailleuses, and our artillery. Their losses were frightful, and it was evening before they succeeded in fastening themselves on the "côte." By that time the village of Beaumont, the wood of Fosses, and Le Chaume had been already occupied for some hours.

At twenty minutes past two in the afternoon a large German force poured out between Louvemont and "côte" 347; the village of Ornes, attacked on three sides at once (a danger to which it had always been exposed), was almost surrounded and had to be evacuated. That threw us back on the line of the forts.

The Germans were sure they had won this greatest war game. One last effort would make them masters of the heights above Verdun, and our army would be forced to retire in disorder.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II. THE COUNTER-ATTACK AND THE FRENCH RECOVERY

And yet all the elements which were to come to our rescue were already at hand. Our High Command had had time to bring up important reserves, which, coming into action at the right time and place, would at once change the situation. These reserves could not have been used effectively until the real object of the enemy was clear; it might be that he was only making a feint before Verdun and would strike his chief blow at another point of our lines. It was necessary that he should come on, and thus show his hand. The heroic resistance of our men for three days to numbers much greater than their own, their fierce dispute of every foot of ground, their wearing down of the German resistance had given our reinforcements this necessary time.

On that day of desperate fighting, the 24th, Major-General de Castelnau left Headquarters in order to decide upon the spot what measures he should take. He came; he made up his mind without hesitation. His orders were that the reserves should come into action at once, and at whatever cost stop the German advance on our principal lines.

That same day General Pétain arrived, with all his staff, to take active command of the troops defending Verdun.

In one of my former articles, "The French Offensive in Champagne" (May, 1916), I described this general, one of the glories of our army and of France. "He is tall, slim, young-looking, with an air of extreme distinction, quick, incisive speech, and resolute blue eyes. Whenever those eyes of his light on a new face he feels the immediate need to label and classify it, and store away the image in some pigeon-hole of his marvellously lucid memory, where thereafter it will always have its distinctive place. Looking at him and listening to him, one has the impression that the art of warfare is above all things a matter of precision, forethought, and tenacity. The masters of military science, the men predestined to shine in war, are those in whom the balance between brain and character, between understanding and willing, is most perfectly adjusted."

One of our finest army corps was impatiently waiting to be sent into action. Since the war began it had been in battle wherever fighting was to be found; in Flanders, in Artois, and in Champagne, winning laurels everywhere.

It was now thrown into the furnace without hesitation. The German advance was checked; their offensive broken; they could go no farther.

It was bitter cold, and drifting snow hindered the march of our columns. The German artillery tried to stop the coming of our reinforcements by a formidable curtain fire and by shelling our rear lines incessantly. But our men, knowing the value of those fateful hours, marched with eager hearts, regardless of all obstacles. As an official communiqué said: "It was like the battle of the Marne—the cry of 'Forward!' gave them superhuman courage."

The principal field of the great fight was the table-land of Douaumont, which is to the battle of Verdun what the marshes of St. Gond, the château of Mondement, and the plain of Fère-Champenoise were to the battle of the Marne.

On the morning of the 25th the Germans made a fierce attack on the "côte" of Poivre, carrying the villages of Louvemont and Bezonvaux. Before Douaumont the fighting was fiendish; by five o'clock in the afternoon the village seemed to be surrounded. While this violent struggle was going on, a party of Brandenburgers, belonging to the 3d corps, managed to creep up to the fort of Douaumont, and held on there.

The Teutonic General Staff forthwith trumpeted to the world that "the armored fort of Douaumont, the corner-stone of the French defense of Verdun, has been carried by a Brandenburg regiment"; and wireless messages everywhere proclaimed this victory as positive. But it was only temporary. By the time the news was spread abroad our troops had thrust back the enemy by a vigorous counter-attack, and were closing around the Brandenburgers. A bloody struggle followed; the Germans, knowing how much depended on it, did their utmost to widen the breach they had made toward the fort of Douaumont; the village of Douaumont was taken and retaken, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the German effort and bloodshed were in vain—henceforth their advance was definitely controlled.

III. THE FIGHTING ON OUR WINGS AND THE GERMAN CHECK

When the Germans found that their frontal attack was not the conclusive success for which they had striven, they decided, after a pause, to attack both our wings, on the left bank of the Meuse. This movement was to be carried out by the army of the Crown Prince, with the help of the picked corps which had joined it. In an order of the day dated March 4th the Crown Prince exhorted his troops to prepare themselves for the supreme effort necessary to take Verdun, "the heart of France." Our positions on the left bank of the Meuse now formed more or less of a salient, compared to those on its right bank, where our troops had been obliged to draw back, and against this salient the German attack was accordingly directed.

The same movement which had taken place on the right side now repeated itself. We held our first line only long enough to retard the German advance, but when they reached our principal positions at Mort-Homme and "côte" 304 they could go no farther. Then began a series of very bloody struggles. The wood of Corbeaux, for instance, was taken and retaken and lost over and over again, the enemy only succeeding in holding it after a third attack.

On the 14th of March, new German divisions having come up, another fierce attempt was made. Mort-Homme was shelled even more heavily than at the beginning of the battle; every infernal modern projectile, time and percussion bombs, asphyxiating and lachrymatory shells were hurled on our positions; one hundred and twenty were counted in one minute.

When at last, about three in the afternoon, the German infantry swept forward, most of the men in our trenches were half suffocated and almost buried alive. "Côte" 265 was taken, but the little peak 295 remained in our hands.

While the fighting on the left bank of the Meuse was going on, an attack was also made on the fort and village of Vaux, on the right side of the river, east of Douaumont, and on the 8th of March a vigorous offensive gave the German infantry possession of the first houses of the village, from which they were almost entirely driven out by a brilliant counter-attack on our part. At no time did they get near the fort, which lies to the rear; a fact which did not prevent their authorities from issuing the following sensational communiqué: "The 6th and 19th regiments of Posen reserves, led by General von Guretski-Cornitz, have stormed the armored fort of Vaux, and have also taken many other fortifications in that neighborhood."

It so happened that, at the very time when this "news" was being rushed everywhere, one of the officers of our General Staff went into the fort of Vaux and was able to assure himself that it had not been attacked, and that the troops holding it were quite undisturbed. Our General Staff thereupon immediately contradicted the lying report in the most positive manner.

Again, as in the case of the *Sussex*, the intentional bad faith of our enemy was exposed, but that did not disconcert him; it was then announced that the fort had been taken, and retaken later by a French counter-attack. It was not necessary for us to retake Vaux, for the simple reason that we had never lost it.

Day followed day, and the attacks on our right and left wings led to no more decisive result than those made at first on our centre. The German assaulting corps, which had borne the brunt of the fighting, were decimated and worn out; some of the regiment had lost as high as sixty per cent of their officers and men. It was absolutely necessary that they should be sent to the rear to rest and be reorganized.

But the officers of the German General Staff were well aware that the whole world had its eyes upon Verdun. They knew they were playing for a high stake, and that the outcome of the war depended to a great extent on the mighty struggle on both sides of the Meuse. Therefore, rather than acknowledge failure they decided to redouble their efforts. New divisions were hurried forward to replace

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those which were exhausted, and on the 9th of April another very violent attack was hurled against our positions on the left bank of the river, at "côte" 304. But there were no longer sufficient reserves to give this thrust the power and scope of those in the beginning. All that could be done was to bring up one division after another, to relieve those which were most exhausted. Heavy artillery could be used like a battering-ram against one or other of our positions, but there was no longer any question of a general advance. I wish to dwell upon this point, for a new phase of the battle has begun.

In order to be convinced of the magnitude of the German failure, one has but to follow the successive changes in the tone of the Teutonic press as the struggle drags on.

It was taken for granted that the advance on Verdun would strike us like a thunderbolt. The Crown Prince said so in a proclamation, and the Kaiser, as usual, made an inspiring visit to the army about to fall on us. In a Bavarian newspaper, the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, Colonel Medicus proudly wrote, "Our ring of steel is visibly tightening around the fortress; we shall therefore be able to record a great and decisive victory, of which the consequences will be felt at once; of this the governor of Verdun must be sadly certain." This was at the time when the German wireless stations were busily spreading the news broadcast that "the armored fort of Douaumont, the corner-stone of the defense of Verdun," had been carried by storm under the eyes of the Kaiser. The press, usually so carefully muzzled, was allowed to say what it chose: the *Rheinische Westfälische Zeitung* declared that "the taking of the fort of Douaumont, which breaks the circle of forts at its most vulnerable point, makes it possible to predict the speedy fall of the fortress itself." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* improved on this forecast by saying: "It is clear that men who have not recoiled before the defenses of Douaumont, one of the strongest fortresses in France, will not be stopped by any slighter resistance."

As time went on, and Verdun did not fall, it became necessary to put a damper on this enthusiasm. The German press was therefore ordered to exhort the public to possess its soul in patience. All the military critics explained carefully to their readers that the delay was foreseen and intentional. The *Berliner Tageblatt* of March 15th said: "Spoiled by the extraordinary rapidity of the campaign which made us masters of the Russian fortresses last summer, we sometimes make the mistake of comparing it with the present fighting on the western front, which has for its objective the fall of Verdun."

Days lengthened into weeks, and the fortress still stood; so the press faced about, gravely affirming that the General Staff had never *really* meant to take Verdun at all, and that any such statement was a malevolent and perfidious invention of the French. The staff had only attacked at that point in order to prevent the general offensive for which the French were making ready.

These contradictions are very significant and enlightening, because they bear witness to the hopes, the fears, and the disappointment of the German people from day to day.

To sum up one may say: First, Germany knew that a war of erosion must of necessity be to her disadvantage, because time was working against her, and the resources of England, Russia, and France were increasing, while her own steadily diminished. She therefore meant to end the struggle by a smashing blow, and chose the sector of Verdun in order to deal this blow to her "chief enemy," France. After masterly preparation she had accumulated in this sector all the resources in men and munitions of which she could dispose. The result of the first four days of the battle was in her favor, but as soon as our reserves came up her advance was checked. Willing to sacrifice any number of lives in order to win, she has drawn ruthlessly on her reserves, and at the end of three months of carnage she finds herself like a desperate gambler—she has risked her fortune on a single stake, and luck has turned against her.

May, 1916.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIVE LA FRANCE!

By Charlotte Holmes Crawford

FRANCELINE rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ—save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.'

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,
Heaven was made," said Franceline,
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
Silent they march like a pantomime;
"But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,—
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
"Vive la France!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOWN RIVER

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

IT was forenoon of a bright Sunday, and by and by the down-river boat came whistling and chugging around the bend to the landing.

The *Creole Belle* she was, bound to New Orleans. She tied up, lowered her stage, and onto the bank piled her roustabouts; and as they did so every waiting colored girl there began to roll eyes at them.

From the bank to the boat the chatter flew. "Whar yo'all been so long, Sammie?" "Min' now yo' brings me somet'ing f'm N'Awleans nex' time up—min' now, Ab'aham!" "Ain't yo'all nebber gwine stop off yer agin—ain't yo', Cyrus?"

And from the roustabouts, hustling cord-wood as they shouted: "I ain't been laid off yit, but any time yo' cares to tek a trip down ribber!" And "Huh, huh, Chloe, dere yo' is wid yo' laffin' mout'!" and "'Deedy yes, I's de man ain't never gwine to forgit yo', gal!"

I greeted Captain Joe, went aboard, and was watching things with Charlie Stuart from the cabin deck, when a pretty mulatto girl, with a bulging carpet bag, stepped onto the stage to the boat, just as one particular husky-looking rousta was loping down the stage to the bank.

"Mah soul, dis you, Dinah!" he grinned, and stopped dead to have a further word with her; but "You black Buzzard you, come on yer an' hustle this fire-wood!" barked Captain Joe from the bank.

"Mah Lawd 'n' soul, dis yer's a wear'some world!" sighed Buzzard, and resumed his lope down the stage.

By the time we had taken on the fire-wood and shoved out into the stream, the mulatto girl was sitting on a canned-goods box next the boat guard, and Buzzard was sitting close by. "So you is sho' gwine down ribber dis time, Dinah?"

Diana eyed him haughtily. "You Buzzard—I has no time fo' you, man! I has bizniss on dis boat. I's gwine visit mah Aunt Lindy down to Layton's Landin'."

"Huh, huh!" cackled Buzzard, "an' I has a gran'mammy to Layton's Landin'."

"What-all I know 'bout yo' gran'mammy? Whar was yo' last Christmas week?"

No more of that conversation floated up to us, because the call to dinner came to the roustas below. A few minutes later the dinner bell rang for us.

We heard a commotion on the lower deck as we were sitting down to eat. "Excuse me, gentlemen," said Captain Joe, and went out. He was soon back. "That black nigger Buzzard was talkin' to that yeller wench come abo'd the last landin', when that other big yeller nigger, Cyrus Larmie, comes along an' puts in a word. An' Buzzard didn't like it."

There was one other cabin passenger. Joe had already said of him: "If he was one o' them young ladies brought up in a convent, I don't reckon he'd be more backward." This passenger, Layton by name, asked timidly: "Did you stop them, captain?"

"I stopped them—after they had it out," said Captain Joe. "They c'n fight all they want to so they don't stop hustlin' freight when there's freight to hustle."

"How did it end?" I asked.

"There's only one endin' to a fight abo'd this boat when Buzzard turns hisself loose. After one or two or three or fo' minutes, Buzzard goes over to the guard, draws a bucket of water from the river, an' washes the blood off his hands. An' I tell the other nigger if he ain't over the stage at the next landin' I'll take it outer his time. He's sure a pow'ful nigger, that Buzzard. And a *good* nigger. An' that yeller wench had been comin' down to that landin' back yonder pretty reg'lar till along about a couple o' months ago, when she stopped. There was a no'-count white sto'keeper to that landin'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after her, an' I don't reckon she liked it. Buzzard ain't got too much sense, o' co'se, but the girl looks to have her share."

Joe stopped to peel a sweet potato. "It looks to me like she wants him. An' that's what he needs—some woman to come along an' present him with a fam'ly an' say: 'Here you, Buzzard, here's yo' chillen, an' time you quit yo' foolin' an' look after 'em.'"

It was still bright Sunday, but we had left Arkansaw well behind. The *Creole Belle* had been running along, working heedfully into the bends and around the shoals, but rushing the straight reaches at a good seventeen miles an hour.

Layton came out of his room, and in silence contemplated the river life as it slid past us. The shadows had settled on the Mississippi bank to the one hand and the sun gone down the Louisiana levee on the other, before he spoke. "All day long," he said then, and his face was the face of a pilgrim nearing his shrine, "I have been observing the life along the banks of this great river. It is just as my father told me. And the times he has spoken of these things! Of this very time of the year—too early to plough or plant—the fields with the dried-up cotton-plants and corn-stalks left over from last year's crops. And the sugar-mills and the gin houses, and the little cabins of the negroes peering up over the levees!"

The supper bell rang then; Stuart came up from the freight deck, bringing Captain Joe with him. Stuart was one who believed that a little drink now and then never hurt anybody, especially before meals. Automatically he led the way through the dining-room to the bar. Layton was about to sit down to the table alone, when Stuart spotted him. "Won't you join us," asked Stuart, "in a small libation to the god—or goddess—whichever it is—of food?"

"I don't drink," said Layton, "but if I am not intruding and I may have a lemonade——"

"You may have a lemonade—or any other cooling compound you desire, sir. I prefer good Bo'bo'n whiskey myself."

The charm of Stuart, with two quick Bourbons under his belt, or perhaps his own two lemonades, loosened up Layton's tongue. He went on to tell, as we ate, how his father had come originally from Louisiana; but a long time since he'd left there and gone North and made a fortune lightering cargoes on the water-fronts of the Great Lakes ports.

"What place in Louisiana'd yo' father come from?" asked Captain Joe.

"I don't know, captain. He would never tell me just where, but when he died—four months ago—I found this in a box where he kept his papers. I asked Mr. Stuart early this morning, but he could not help me. Possibly you gentlemen can help me to locate it."

He drew from a pocketbook a picture post-card such as tourists mail to folks back home. On it was printed:

OLD SOUTHERN MANOR HOUSE

And it was a fine specimen of one, setting up on a knoll with an avenue of moss-hung cypress-trees leading up to it.

Captain Joe looked at the picture side of the card, and then, with meaning, to Stuart. Again Joe glanced at it and turned it carelessly over. There was some writing on that side.

"Nothing private in the writing, captain," put in Layton, and showed Joe what it was:

Where I was bawn. G. W. L.

in a loose, scrawling hand.

"My father—George Washington Layton—he had not much education. While he was very young, his mother ran away from home with him. That was all he would tell me. I always imagined his mother had a bitter quarrel with his father. My father has a grand home in the South, but 'I don't want you to go there—never, boy. I want yo' to die respectin' yo' ancestors,' he said to me several times.

"'Yo' ancestors,'" repeated Layton. "He talked like that. 'But I want you to be of the kind that can meet ladies and gentlemen when you grow up,' he often said to me, and when I grew older he sent me to an expensive school—where I never felt at home. That was after my grandmother—his mother—died."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joe was eying him sharply. "What did she look like—yo' grandmother?" he asked abruptly.

"My grandmother? I can barely remember her—a slim little black-eyed, black-haired woman who never went out."

After a while, nobody saying anything, Layton put his post-card back into his pocketbook and went out on deck. Nobody spoke a word for another while. Then Stuart lit a cigar, and Joe said: "Charlie, that's a picture of the old Layton house!"

"There are forty houses look like that in the South," said Stuart.

"Not with the double row o' cypress-trees leadin' from the landin' almost to the po'ch, there ain't, Charlie. And he said his father give his name as Layton. Now, Charlie, I been steamboatin' down river since I was a boy, an' I don't remember ever hearin' o' no son George that old Layton had. There was a son, but he died of a hemorrhage same's his daddy did, after a drunk in New Awleans. I remember the day he was buried."

Stuart made no answer. Joe looked inquiringly at me. "I never knew much of the Laytons, captain," was all I could say.

"No," retorted Joe, "but you've lived long enough in the South to know about some things." He turned back to Stuart. "Charlie, you don't reckon——"

Stuart stood up. "Joe, all day long I been reckonin' rates and freights and discounts and bills o' lading and sight drafts and a heap mo' things that nature never intended me to, and right now I'm goin' out on deck to smoke a seegar in comfort."

It was an hour or so after supper, and on the lower deck most of the roustas were dozing among the freight. There was one trying to play on a jew's-harp, and a dozen or so had found a clear space and were shooting crap. Over by the guard-rail was the slim mulatto girl, alone; and streaming out from the fire-box was a great blaze of light, which shone onto the girl's figure. Presently two tall, muscular figures emerged from the recesses of the freight into the glow of light.

"All I has to say to yo', Cyrus Larmie," came in a heavy, rich, guttural voice from one, "is jess dis one word. Ah beat yo' up dis fo'noon once. An' Ah's gwine beat yo'all up agin, an' two an' t'ree an' fo' times agin, ef yo' don' quit bodderin' dat yaller gal. Yo'all's got a woman wid chillen b'longin' to yuh in N'Awleans, an' I is a unmah'd man. Yo' hear me, nigger?" Cyrus faded back into the shadows, and Buzzard passed on through the valley of light to the guard-rail.

I made my way to the cabin deck, and came up behind Stuart, with his chair tilted back against a stanchion and his feet up on the cabin rail.

"Night," he was chanting to himself, "night and early spring in the Southland. Stars and the scent of jasmine. And a river a mile wide rolling from northern snows to tropic coral reefs."

Layton was standing under the cabin-deck lights, listening like a man entranced. "If this river could talk!" he uttered fervently.

The sound of his voice shook Stuart out of his revery; he peered up and saw Layton. "Oh!" said Stuart, and Layton shrank, as might a faithful dog before the not quite pleased voice of his master.

Layton could not understand—and who could tell him there?—that Stuart, wakened suddenly out of a dream, was a Stuart of other days—of old days—slave-owning, well-to-do, self-approving days. Knowing Stuart, I knew that. But in another moment the mood was gone; Stuart was now of the living day.

"Yes, Mr. Layton, if this old river could talk," he said, "she'd speak more than one piece—that's sure. Won't you sit down, sir?"

Layton smiled delightedly, and sat down.

"Yes, Mr. Layton, if this old river could talk! Of the old days, say, when planters would come aboard these boats with half a season's cotton crop, ready to gamble away in one night over the card-table some of 'em—and gamble away a bunch o' slaves besides, sometimes.

"And the steamboats of those days, Mr. Layton! I recall my grandfather telling of a race up river, and how they tore the doors off her saloon, so the air could blow through without checkin' her speed. And how three or four young bucks of 'em threw a consignment of hams to a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German firm in Saint Louis into the fire-pan to keep her steam up.

"Afterward," continued Stuart, "they paid a fine price for the hams. But can't you see 'em, Mr. Layton—the planters who owned their ten thousands of acres an' thousands o' slaves, and young people travellin' with 'em, with not a care in the world except to find mo' pleasure in it? Can't you see 'em on one o' those river boats of the old days—a string orchestra inside and the voice o' the old Mississip' singin' outside?

"They must 've had some hours worth livin'! But now—" With a sigh Stuart heaved himself out of his chair, and with another sigh let himself down. "There's a million dollars in Confederate money in my daddy's old safe at home—and nothing else. And I'm a cotton buyer, competing with men that don't know, some of 'em, what the Civil War was about, but they know how to get the money—and nothing else. And if I don't watch out that's about all I'll know before I die. Yo, yo! but I feel like havin' another drink o' Bo'bo'n every time I think of it."

I left Stuart to his memories and to Layton, and moved to the after end of the cabin deck. Here two forms—a man's and a young woman's—had climbed up onto the top tier of the piled-up cotton. From the cabin deck I could have reached over and touched their heads. The man was Buzzard, the girl Diana.

"Now I's yer, what yo' brought me yer fo'?" said the girl.

"Ah tuk yuh up yer whar dere's no rowdy roustas to be listenin', to 'splain 'bout dat Christmus week. An' 'twas disaway. Ah save mah money fo' eight weeks, an' Ah leave it wid Cap'n Joe. Ah say, 'Cap'n Joe, please don' gib me fo' not eben one drink o' whiskey tell Christmus week.' Is yo' listenin', Dinah?"

"I's listenin', but y'aint tol' me yit."

"Ah's gwine tell yuh, gal. Come Christmus week, an' Cap'n Joe he han' over to me—oh, one-dollar, an' two-dollar, an' fi'-dollar, an' ten-dollar bills, an'—Ah 'membah heem—one twenty-dollar bill. I ain't no ejcated mahn, Dinah, but Ah sho' has a good eye fo' dem numbers on dem money bills. An' such a heap o' money! An' Ah mek up mah min' what to do—Ah's gwine git somebuddy write a letter to say I's acomin', Dinah, an' when Ah's lookin' 'round, come Ab'aham Cosson an' Cy Larmie, an' dey say: 'Ain't yo' gwine buy a mahn a drink an' all dat money in holiday week, Buzzard?' Dey don't save dere money for no one gal laik I do, Dinah, an' Ah know dat. But Ah buy dem a drink o' whiskey, an' anodder drink o' whiskey, an' bimeby dey say, 'Yo' sho' is one spo't, Buzzard,' an' evver one in dat barroom say I is a great spo't, an' den Ah say Ah gwine be de bes' spo't of a nigger in all N'Awleans. An' Ah buy one o' dem raw-aidged hats like Cap'n Joe wear fo' one fi'-dollar bill, an' Ah buy mahself a pair o' patent-leather shoes. Dey have a time fittin' me, Dinah, but Ah busts into 'em finely—seben dollars dey was. An' Ah buy mahself a green silky shirt fo' fo' dollars, in de best buckra mahn's sto' in all N'Awleans. An' Ah buy mahself a red necktie an' yaller gloves an' a high white collar an' white stockin's. An' den Ah put dem clo'es an' mahself inside a cream-colored overco't an' a checked suit o' clo'es dat de buckra mahn who sells 'em to me says dere ain't nuttin' like dem 'tween here an' Memphis. An' Ah buys mahself a cane. An', Dinah gal, ef yo'all 'd ever seed me den, yo' sho' seed a black gen'man steppin' down a lane.

"An' Ah buys one o' dem new yaller suit-cases. Ah don' have nuttin' to put in it, but Ah buys one, an' Ah goes up to dat Ab'aham Limkum Hotel fo' cullud gen'men, an' I has one o' dem hot baths I done hear white folks talk about—outer a white coffin laik I has dat bath, an' den Ah goes blissful to baid. An' when mawnin' come, Ah has mah breakfus brung to me in baid. An' dat sho' was spo'tin' life fo' a ribber rousta! An' Ah slep' awhile mo', an' I git up feelin' rested an' content, an' Ah'm havin' mah dinner in de dinin'-room quiet to mahself, when dere's a li'l' puckery yaller nigger to de nex' table, an' he says up to de ceilin' laik: 'How-come dese yer rough roustas f'om de river boats to be 'lowed in yer?' An' Ah look over hees way, an' Ah say, quiet an' mod'rate: 'Look yer, mahn, does yer call me a river rousta?' And he say, 'Is yo' a river rousta?' an' Ah say, 'Yass, dat's what I is—a river rousta. But lem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me tell yo' somet'ing, li'l' mahn—lemme tell yo' somet'ing, li'l' boy. I is a rousta, yass, but I's a mahn—a mahn, yo' hear me?—an' Ah mak mah money doin' a mahn's wuhk. Why, yo' aig of a alligater f'm out de bayou mud, Ah done took a bale o' cotton las' trip down ribber—yo' hear me? Ah say, "Whar dat bale, Cap'n Joe?" when he done bet a hund'ed dollar wid a buckra mahn f'm Memphis, an' Ah tak mah cotton-hook in mah lef' hand an' anodder cotton-hook in mah right hand—for I's a two-cotton-hook rousta, I is—an' "Show me dat bale," Ah say, an' Ah hooks into de biggest bale dey ever done see in de Arkansaw Bend—six hund'ed pounds he weigh—an' Ah tote heem on mah back up dat bouncy stage to de deck o' de *Creole Belle*. I does a mahn's wuhk,' I say, 'an' Ah don' have to mak up no baids in no sleepin'-cyars laik a chembermaid, an' Ah don' have to be runnin' 'round a dinin'-room wid no fried aigs on no platter to mek mah livin'. No, *suh*, Ah does a mahn's wuhk, li'l' mahn——'

"'Doggone, but some folks has a heap to say for deirselves,' he say.

"'Does dey?' Ah says. 'Den Ah'll say no mo' fo' mahself,' an' Ah picks heem up wid de fo'finger an' one thumb to hees naik, an' Ah picks up anodder li'l' mahn who's wid heem atween de odder thumb an' de odder fo'finger, an' I hustles 'em across de dinin'-room flo' an' drops 'em bot' down a place where dey is no stairs. An' dere's mebbe fo' or fi' mo' has a min' to say a word. An' dey does, an' Ah bust deir haids togedder, an' den de polees poke deir haids in, an' nex' mawnin' in co't de jedge tek what Ah done have lef' o' dat roll o' money fo' to pay mah fine. An' I is dat shamed Ah nebber has nobody fo' to write yo'all, Dinah gal."

Diana sighed. "I knows yo' is a pow'ful fightin' mahn, Buzzard, but yo' mussen' 'low yo' tempah run 'way wid yo' dataway."

"Tempah, Dinah? Why, I's de mos' peace'ble mahn!"

"Huh!"

"O' co'se, when some o' dem low black 'n' yaller niggers begins fo' to crowd me, Dinah, why——"

"Yo' done tol' me dat. When is yo' gwine to give up yo' crap-shootin' an' yo' fightin' ways? Dat's what yo' ain't tol' me, Buzzard."

"Dinah, ef yo' don' git off at no Layton's Landin'—ef yo'all keeps on down ribber to N'Awleans wid me, den Ah quits afightin' an' agamblin' right yer. An' yo' say de word, gal, an'——"

Three long whistles sounded from above us.

"Listen to it, gal! Doggone! A mahn's mekkin' ready to enjoy hisself, an' one o' dese yer landin's has to bust in! Dis yer's sho' a wear'some world!"

From the forward end of the cabin deck I could see a light swinging across the night. A bell rang below, our paddles ceased turning, our search-light was switched on; stumps, snags, overhanging trees flashed into relief. We rolled up little waves as we neared the shore; chunks of earth dropped into the yellow eddies under the bank.

There was a dying fire on the bank; and beside the fire a man with a lantern; a moment later the search-light lit some baled cotton and beyond the fire a great pile of cotton-seed in sacks.

Under a cluster of incandescent lights hanging from the jack-staff, Captain Joe now took his stand. Both hands were in his waistcoat pockets and his feet wide apart; and from under his felt hat-brim only his flowing mustache, a half-chewed cigar, and his broad jaw could be seen distinctly.

"Out, you roustas—out, you niggers!" barked Joe. "Take hold that after-stage guy and stand by the capstan! Stand by, I say—by the falls—by the *falls*—by the FALLS, I said! An' blast yer black hides to everlastin' perdition, come arunnin'!"

From shadowy corners of the deck they came arunnin' and began to lower the stage to the bank.

Stuart leaned over the cabin rail and hailed: "How many, Jeff?"

The man on the bank held a slip of paper up to the light of his lantern. "Two hund'ed an' fo'ty bales o' cotton 'n' 'bout eight thousand sacks o' seed, Mister Charlie."

"Eight t'ousand sacks!" came a wail from up under the cabin rail. "Doggone, dat'll sho' be tell sunrise!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You Buzzard you, get tuh hell out yer an' work!" barked Captain Joe.

"Law-w-dee!" groaned Buzzard. "Dat Cap'n Joe, he got a eye like a owl for seein' a nigger in de black dark. Dinah, don' yo' move, gal, f'om whar Ah c'n see yo' while Ah'm wuhkin'." As he went bounding down the stage he threw up both hands. "Mah soul, niggers, look at dem piles o' seed an' den tell me, somebuddy, why-all was we-all ebber abawned!"

Buzzard loped onto the bank and across the clearing, where two darkies, standing by the pile of cotton-seed, tossed the first sack onto his shoulders. That first sack weighed 160 pounds, but Buzzard loped easily across the clearing and up the stage and to the after end of the boat's deck with it.

It may have been easy to Buzzard, but it was heavy toil to most of them. They shuffled after Buzzard across the clearing and up onto the 60-foot stage that bridged the bank and the steamer's front deck. They loped close to the ground till they made the stage; when, their weight and the weight of the sack hitting the long stage together, the stage began to spring and to swing. Up and down and sideways it went, swinging and springing; the loaded men went swinging and springing with it.

We watched it from the cabin deck for perhaps an hour. "Pack-mule work," said Layton with a shudder.

"Pack-mule work?" echoed Stuart. "No. Any self-respecting mule would take one good look at that heap o' sacks, and then he'd roll over, lie down, and die. Wouldn't he, Joe?"

Joe had left the jack-staff and was standing on a tier of seed sacks with his head all but on a level with the cabin deck. He looked up at Stuart. "Charlie, you know the company pays 'em three dollars—some of 'em, like Buzzard there, three-fifty—a day and their grub; an' ev'ry minute this steamer lies here, pay 'n' grub 'n' other expenses are goin' right on, but freight don't. I have to drive 'em. Lemme stop drivin' 'em for just one lone minute, an' the next minute you'd see 'em all settin' around like strawberries on ice, afannin' theirselves."

Another hour went by, and around and around they were still coming. Across the clearing, up onto the bounding stage, and always at the same stiff-legged lope. Across the firm footing of the clearing, and then the length of the springy stage, from which they dropped suddenly, for the length of the deck, into the soft footing of the sacks already piled up.

The man on the bank was keeping tally. One thousand, two thousand, three thousand, we heard him call out. Tough roustas they were, but beginning to show signs of distress. One staggered after dumping his sack, leaned up against a stanchion, and, taking a red handkerchief from around his neck, wiped the globes of sweat away.

"Well, nigger!" barked Joe.

"Cap'n Joe, I mus' stop fo' a drink—I sho' mus'."

"Order yo' drink, then. An' don't be all night about it."

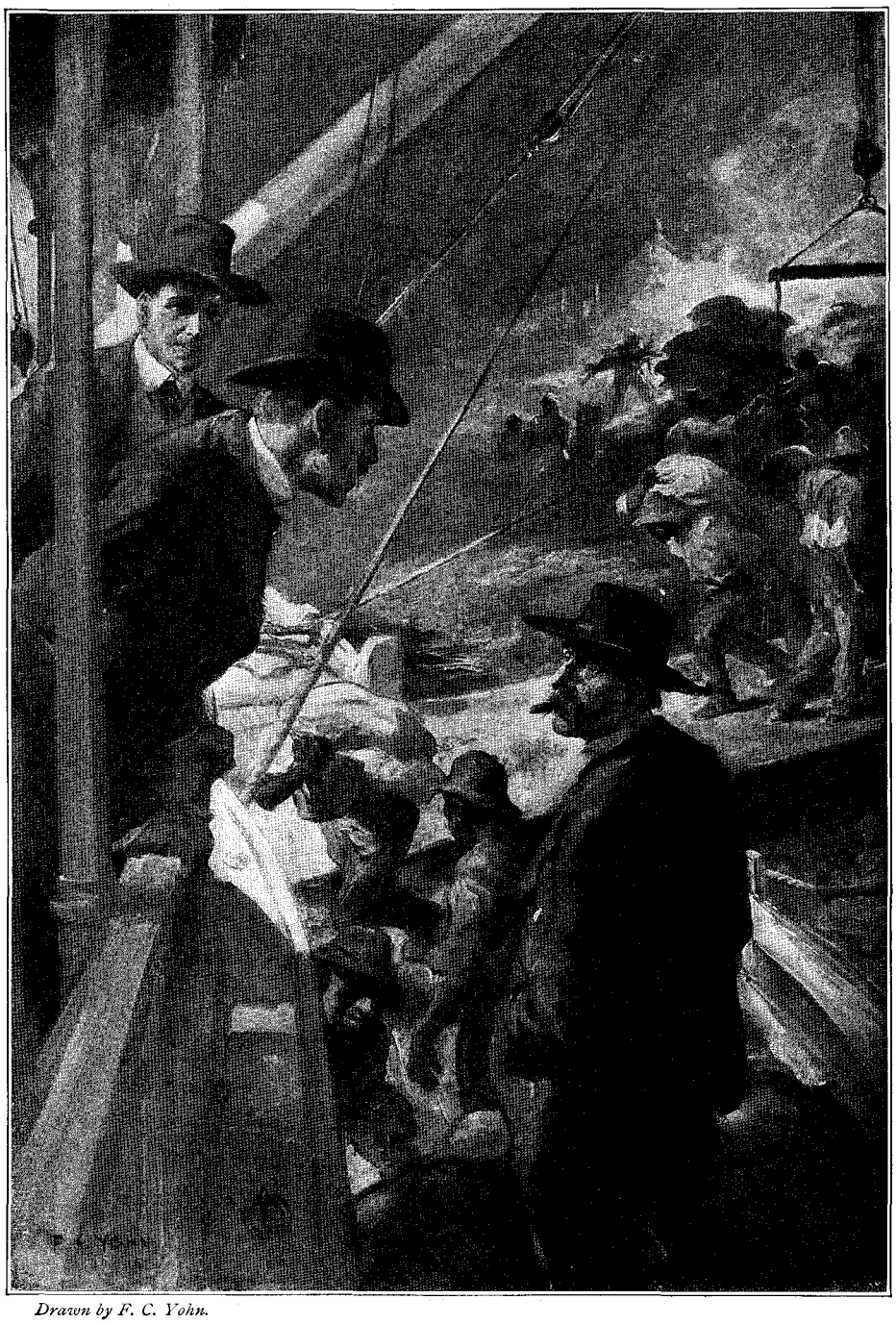
He turned to the bar boy, who was standing in readiness. "Hi, boy, gemme a drink o' liquor! Hear me, boy—a drink!" He is a picked river hand, his time valuable, and he knows it. Exhausted as he is, there is arrogance, contempt in his voice for the underling of a bar boy. "Nex' time 'round, min', boy!"

And next time around, after he had dumped his sack, there was the bar boy waiting for him with a glass of whiskey filled to the brim. And he grabbed it, snapped his head back, gulped it, tossed the glass back to the boy, and, almost without stopping, was on his way loping down the stage.

Across the clearing, up the stage, along the deck and back again; across and up and along, and back again; and always with that shuffle-footed lope. Round and round, sagging at knees and haunches, they kept it going. One stopped for a drink of water, but was too long over it. Joe eyed him, allowed him perhaps ten seconds of grace, and then w-r-rup—"Well, nigger, goin' to drink the river dry?" brought him back jumping to his work.

Round and round they go. Another dumps his sack and leans against a stanchion. He looks as if he would fall if he hadn't. "Dis yer's what I call a mis-er-ee!" he says softly. "Yes, suh, dis sho' what yo' might call a mis-er-ee. Gemme a drink, boy—quick!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"There's no half white—a man's a nigger or he's a white man."—Page 314.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The orders for whiskey became more frequent. One time around they would order; next time around grab it—the thin glass filled till it ran over—and g-l-l-p—down their throats as straight and quick as ever they could throw it into the river. One gulp, one sweet, sad smack of the lips, and they are back to that everlasting shuffle.

And, shuffling, they keep up a running, wordless chant, not much more than a vibration of the lips. Now and again one breaks into articulate words:

"Oh, tek me bahk whar yo' tuk me f'om—
O my niggers, roll dem bales!
Ah b'longs 'way up in Ar-kan-saw—
Bully niggers, stow dem bales!"

The air of it, floating across the dying fire on the bank, up the staging, down the deck and out onto the water of the great river—it was immeasurably melancholy.

"There is something in that," said Layton suddenly, "which grips me here." He put his hand on his heart. "It's like an echo, too, in my ears, as though I'd heard it somewhere before."

"Poor humans," said Stuart, "they're surely not having the best of life."

"Humans!" spluttered Joe—his head was rising nearer to us at the cabin rail with the increasing height of the sacks of seed. "They're niggers, jest niggers, and you, Charlie—your father owned hundreds of 'em—you ought to know."

"Some of them are half white," said Layton, leaning over the rail to see them better.

"Half white!" The sneer in Joe's voice straightened Layton up again. "There's no half white—a man's a nigger or he's a white man. And one drop o' black blood in a man makes him black. Leastways, that's how we reckon it down this country. O' co'se, up North there's some of 'em passes for white. But not down yere."

I could feel Layton shrinking from Joe's voice.

"Joe," said Stuart, "there's Buzzard stealing time on you."

Buzzard had just dumped his sack and, noting Captain Joe's absorption, stopped to look around. "Dinah!" he called softly. "Dinah! Whar is yo', Dinah?"

"You black——"

"Mah Lawd, yes, suh! Comin', Cap'n Joe—Ah's acomin'! Doggone!" Buzzard's legs and arms were convoluting like a galvanized wire as he hopped back to the stage.

A dozen cackled at his discomfiture. "Don' yo'all know better dan try dat on Cap'n Joe? Hah, Buzzard, don' yo'?"

The next time around Buzzard had a sight of his Dinah. She had come out from the deck shadows and perched herself up where he could see her; whereat he smiled widely, "Dere yo' is, hah, gal!" and tossed his heavy sack lightly from him and began:

"De *Creole Belle* am ahaided down-stream—
Hustle dem sacks, hustle dem, boy!
But dis yer wuhk ain't what I dream—
Hustle dem sacks, boy, hustle dem sacks!"

So Buzzard chanted, and went loping down the stage; and a score of others droned it with him, and went loping down the stage and across the clearing after him.

"Seven thousand," I heard the tally clerk call, and came out of my nap.

The roustas were still shuffling and droning and sagging under their loads; and Stuart was still sitting there, chair tilted and feet on rail, looking down on them; Captain Joe was forward under his cluster of electric lights, driving his roustas.

"'Bout this time o' night—just before dawn," explained Stuart, "it's right hard to keep some of 'em awake."

By and by Joe crossed the front deck and came up to the cabin rail. He peered past us, plainly with something on his mind.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Layton?" said Stuart. "I told him he'd better go to bed so's to be up early and not miss any daylight along the river."

"Huh! Y'ought to let him stayed awhile." Joe looked at Stuart as if expecting a retort. Stuart said nothing.

"I've taken a couple o' good looks at him to-night, Charlie, an' it's sure plain enough to me. I've an idee for somethin' in the mornin'—for him—him tryin' to pass for somethin' he ain't!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Joe," said Stuart slowly, "you surely don't admire that work—telling a man anything like that?"

"I won't have to tell him, Charlie. We'll be here till daylight. Then all I'll have to do will be to take him out on the bank, when there's no brush in the way, an' say: 'This yer's Layton's Landin', an' that big house yo' see beyond that double row o' cypresses yonder—that's the picture on yo' post-card where yo' father said he was bawn.'"

"And then what, Joe?"

"And then, Charlie, he'd go up an' begin to look around an' talk, an' in about five minutes Buzzard's old grandmammy, who's takin' care o' that house—her that's black as coal an' half-sister to this man's grandmammy that run away Nawth—she'd soon tell him who he was. Him an' Buzzard's half-cousins, Charlie—an' look at Buzzard there an' what do yo' see?"

"Why, what do I see, Joe, but a poor, hard-workin' human who is strong as a horse and doin' the work of a horse for what wages he gets. And nothing ahead of him in life but just that—a river rousta."

"It's all he's good for. And what better could he ever hope fo'? An' what in hell, Charlie Stuart, does anybody want to come winchin' in where they ain't wanted? You an' me, we wouldn't go in where people didn't want us to, would we?"

"I don't know. Suppose, Joe, we were born to believe that there were people better than ourselves on this earth, and we wanted to put—not ourselves, but our children after us—in among 'em, so's the best would be theirs, Joe?"

"Charlie Stuart, I'm not agoin' to listen to yo'! I'll tell this man in the mawnin'."

Stuart sat up. "Joe, hold up for one minute. I've been sittin' here to-night lookin' down on your roustas doin' the work of dumb animals."

"Somebody's got to do it, Charlie."

"That's right, Joe. But, as it happens, they're doing it, not you and I—and through no great virtue of you and me. Somebody happened to forelay for us, Joe. And sitting here to-night, Joe, and looking down on those beasts of burden, and thinking of that man from the North inside there in his room, I couldn't help thinking of that yellow girl who was half white, and the many nights she must have sat nursing her little baby that was three-quarters white, Joe, and nursing that baby and watching roustas just like these slaving like pack-mules—and how she must have said to herself at last that her little baby, nor his after him, wasn't agoin' to slave like that. The instinct for stevedoring which later made her baby—this man's father—rich along the Great Lakes ports, was possibly what he soaked in with his mammy's milk, while maybe his mother sat out on that very landing there and watched some first-class river mate like you, Joe, load a steamboat. But can't you see her, Joe, thinking things over and over till she couldn't stand it any longer, and one night jumping out and flying to the far, strange, cold country? And her fighting her way in that far, strange, cold country? She was only a little slip of a girl, mind, and not many things she could do. She sure must have spent many a hungry day and many a freezing night, and the little boy, this man's father, with her. It must have been so, for, hard as she must've worked, she wasn't able to give her boy an education. But she put the spirit to struggle into him, and he struggled till he was well-to-do; and when he was well-to-do, there was no putting herself and her comfort in the way of his going ahead. Do yo' remember him, Joe, speaking of her as a little, old, dark woman who never went out? And why didn't she go out, Joe? You and I, Joe—and so would anybody who ever lived in the South—we know why she didn't go out."

"Charlie Stuart, my own daddy owned slaves, an' yo' granddaddy owned a thousand slaves in his day, an' yo' talk this-away!"

"Joe, I sometimes wish 'twas some other man's granddaddy owned 'em. It spoiled them and it spoiled me for real work."

"But you're not agoin' to let this man, Charlie, go back and live among white people without tellin' him what he is?"

"I reckon the race will be able to stand it, Joe. They've stood for more than that," smiled Stuart. "Joe, we can't go on fashioning people to our own image

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and then say: 'You're none o' mine—go 'way!' He's one of ours, Joe, if he wants to claim it."

"Claim it! Tell him an' he won't claim it!"

"His father and his father's mother claimed it for him, Joe. And after what they went through for him, it would be a crime, Joe, to tell him. And I'm not goin' to do it; nor you, either, Joe. Let the poor fellow make what he can of life. He can't make much of it—'tisn't in him, Joe. His grandmammy and his father lived in the shadows, Joe, and now he blinks in the sun. He's got the weaknesses of the Laytons, Joe, who had more good living than was good for 'em—without any of the big, strong body of Buzzard's there. To strike him down—it would be like striking a child, Joe."

Joe beat the cabin rail. "I oughtn't never told yuh. I had a feelin' you'd bluff me out. You oughtn't be buyin' cotton, Charlie Stuart—you ought to be in politics or somethin' else, separatin' people from their votes or their honest beliefs. Good Lord, you c'n pull arguments down out o' the air fo' yuhself!"

He jumped down to the lower deck, waving his arms in disgust; and "you splay-footed, ganglin'-legged, slab-sided, double-jointed—" was the next thing we heard. "I'm back on a job I know somethin' about!" he called up to Stuart. "Come an' run me out o' this, too, will yuh! An' you, boy—blast you, hurry an' bring me a cup o' coffee!"

His coffee came, and with it the sun.

Joe drank his coffee, and Stuart passed him a cigar. Joe lit it—before this he had been chewing his cigars—and began to smoke. After a few puffs he took the cigar and sniffed it. "Doggone, Charlie, but this sho' a good seegar!" He stuck it back into his mouth; and then: "Let him do what he damn pleases, Charlie! He bought a cabin passage to New Awleans, an' maybe it ain't any o' my funeral, anyway!"

A few minutes later the last of the seed was stowed, the stage hauled in, the boat backed off, and once more the *Creole Belle* was pointing down-stream.

And it was full morning—a cool, crisp morning, with the sun above the levee on the Mississippi bank, and a little breeze putting life into the yellow, rolling waters. Not too much breeze; just enough to make it airy and comfortable up on deck, and to cause the sweated, exhausted roustas lying around on the cotton-seed to open their mouths and breathe in great gobs of it thankfully.

Stuart went inside the cabin. Soon I could hear him knocking on some one's door; and presently calling out: "Full daylight, sir. Time to get up—unless you-all want to miss things along the bank."

Soon Layton came out on deck, with his post-card picture in his hand. But we were too far down-stream then for him to make out the double row of cypress-trees and the house on the knoll beyond.

For three days and three nights the *Creole Belle* had been coming down-stream; and now, loaded to the guards, she was nearing New Orleans.

In that three days and nights she had made one hundred landings; and now her roustas, snatching what sleep they could between landings, should have been pretty tired; and most of them were, but not so tired that they did not come bounding up to the cabin deck when Captain Joe passed the word to line up and be paid off.

Ten, fifteen, twenty were paid off, Captain Joe identifying each rousta as he stepped to the pay window.

"Cyrus Larmie!" called Joe.

"Cyrus Larmie," repeated the clerk. "Six days at three-fifty—twenty-one dollars, less a bar bill of eight sixty-five—twelve thirty-five," read the clerk.

"Check," said Joe.

Cyrus took his money, and peered through the grill. "Cap'n Joe," said Cyrus, "Ah gives yo' notice Ah's done wid roustaboutin' on dis long river."

"That so? What you goin' to do now, Cyrus?"

"Ah's gwine tak dis yer money, Cap'n Joe, an' when Ah done rest mahself laik a gen'man, Ah's gwine find a easy job somewhere in New Awleans."

"All right. Move on."

Cyrus, jingling his silver, skipped down to the freight-deck bar, laid down a loose dime, and had a quick drink of whiskey; then he hopped over to where in the one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

She must have said to herself at last that her little baby, nor his after him, wasn't agoin' to slave like that.
—Page 315.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear space on the freight deck three crapboards had been set up.

A bunch of howling, yelling, husky roustas were there before him. Cyrus was a husky one, too; but even after he had butted his way to a place, there wasn't much room for action; which annoyed Cyrus.

"Mahn, mahn!" he bellowed, driving his elbows into the ribs of those either side of him. "Mahn, gib a mahn a chance to see how he lose hees money. How much am it? Two dollars a roll? O' co'se I's in for two dollars."

He laid down two silver dollars; and two more silver dollars; and—however, six times Cyrus saw the dice roll at two dollars a roll—and six times only.

He backed wearily away from that board. But—he had twenty-five cents left. At the second board he was allowed to roll for twenty-five cents. One roll there and he was done.

"Doggone!" said Cyrus, and rubbed his kinky hair, and after a period of rumination came slowly back to the cabin stairs, went up to the grill, peeked through, and when Captain Joe had done paying off, said: "Cap'n Joe, please Cap'n Joe, Ah'd laik to wuhk one mo' trip up river wid yo', Cap'n Joe."

Captain Joe eyed him sardonically. "What was it yo' said 'bout ten minutes ago?"

"What Ah say, Cap'n Joe? Don' yo' know, Cap'n Joe, I ain't never gwine quit yo' an' de *Creole Belle*, don' yo', Cap'n Joe?"

Joe laughed. "Yo'll never change, Cy. Here!" He passed him a ticket through the grill.

"T'ank yo', Cap'n Joe. Yo' sho' is one gen'man."

Cy did not look at Stuart, but he did say in a melancholy voice in passing: "Not eeny, weeny cent lef' fo' one li'l' drink out o' all mah money!"

Stuart threw him a silver dollar; by this time we were into New Orleans and tied up to the levee. "Whoop-ee!" said Cyrus, and skipped below, left the steamboat, mounted the levee, and loped straight across the street to a saloon.

"There's the river rousta," said Joe. "No mo' sense than a mule."

"If he had sense," said Stuart, "do y' reckon, Joe, you'd be driving sixty of them so easy like?"

A couple of carriages were on the levee waiting for possible passengers; soon the mess boy brought out Layton's baggage and stowed it into one of the carriages.

Layton, following his baggage, stepped over to where we were. Joe saw him, but he continued being intensely interested in the actions of the levee roustas who were hustling the freight ashore. Layton did not disturb him. He shook hands with Stuart, then with me, and turned to Stuart for a parting word.

"Mr. Stuart, from all that my father had told me, I came gradually to picture his idea of a Southern gentleman; and when I saw you, it was as if he were speaking to me again. But there is something in this life which leaves me sad. And now I am thinking here that there was something more in my father's warning not to look up his old home than he could put into words. I am going to take a train straight home and never come back."

It was while looking after Layton's carriage driving off that we took notice of the girl Diana. She was sitting with her carpet bag on a sack of cotton-seed up on the levee. She had been sitting rather limply, but we saw her all at once straighten up, pat her hair, feel to see if her brass earrings were in place, glance down at herself to see if otherwise she was presentable. We looked below to see what had stirred Diana so.

It was the superb figure of Buzzard which emerged from our freight deck, and he was wearing all the wonderful clothes he had bought Christmas week—big soft hat, green shirt, checked trousers, yellow-colored vest, bright red tie, socks, patent-leather shoes; in one hand he was swinging a suit-case, in the other hand was a cane, and over that arm the new cream-colored coat.

"Doggone, but look at Buzzard! Mah soul, but will yo' look at de style o' dat nigger! Has yo' de money to go wid dem clo'se, Buzzard?"

"Has I?" He let his teeth shine to their full. "Yes, I has de money to go wid dem clo'se. See yer, nigger"—he had set down the suit-case and pulled a handful of money from a trousers pocket

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

He with an ear bent heedfully down to hear a lot of very earnest talk.—Page 320.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—"see yer—nineteen dollars jess come to me!"

"Is yo' gwine buy a few rolls o' de bones, Buzzard?"

He hesitated. He looked over to the crap-board. "M-m——"

"Buzzard!" came a strong soprano voice from the bank.

Buzzard turned away from the crap-board; a chorus of guffaws went out from the roustas; and remarks went with the guffaws.

Buzzard's foot was on the stage; he paused and looked back; and there was one man whose looks he didn't like—a big yellow one. Buzzard looked toward him, smiled, and he said: "Sim Chadwick, Ah's done promised I ain't gwine to fight no mo'—Ah done gib mah wuhd to mah promised wife, an' I ain't gwine to fight an' roll dem bones no mo'. Ah wants to be a peace'ble mahn, but lemme tell yo' somet'ing"—he laid down his suit-case, laid his coat on that, and his cane—carefully—on the coat; and he ran his fingers between his white starched collar and his neck, and he took one step forward on his toes, and one more step on his toes, and he smiled gently on Sim Chadwick. "Ef yo' had any idee, Sim Chadwick, dat I kaint beat yo' up laik Ah done once befo', den Ah wants to say right yer now——"

"Ah don' want no truck wid yo', Buzzard," came hurriedly from Sim.

"Oh, yo' doesn't! Den is dere any odder——"

"Buzzard!" came the voice from the bank again. "Buzzard, is we gwine to be mar'd dis evenin' or is we?"

"Is we?" Buzzard grabbed up his cane, his coat, his suit-case, and bounded over the stage to the levee. "Jes' havin' a li'l' fun wid dem niggers. Yo' know, honey, Ah wouldn't——"

He led the way to a waiting carriage and was for bargaining for a passage, but she drew him away; and up onto the street they walked, he with an ear bent heedfully down to hear a lot of very earnest talk.

Joe turned to Stuart. "Some of 'em has sense, Charlie. And the mo' I think o' that little yaller grandmammy, the mo' I can't help thinkin' she was a great little one."

"To my mind," said Stuart, "that one going up the levee with Buzzard is a greater one. Diana could 'a' gone either way—white or black—and there is what she picked."

"Huh! Probably don't know any better," grunted Joe.

"That not knowing any better is sometimes a knowing so deep down in 'em that they can't bring it up in a hurry for explanation purposes. Her children, and Buzzard's, won't be born of any ruling race, Joe, but they'll be able to look the sun in the eye."

"Who the devil," exploded Joe, "wants to ruin his sight lookin' the sun in the eye!"

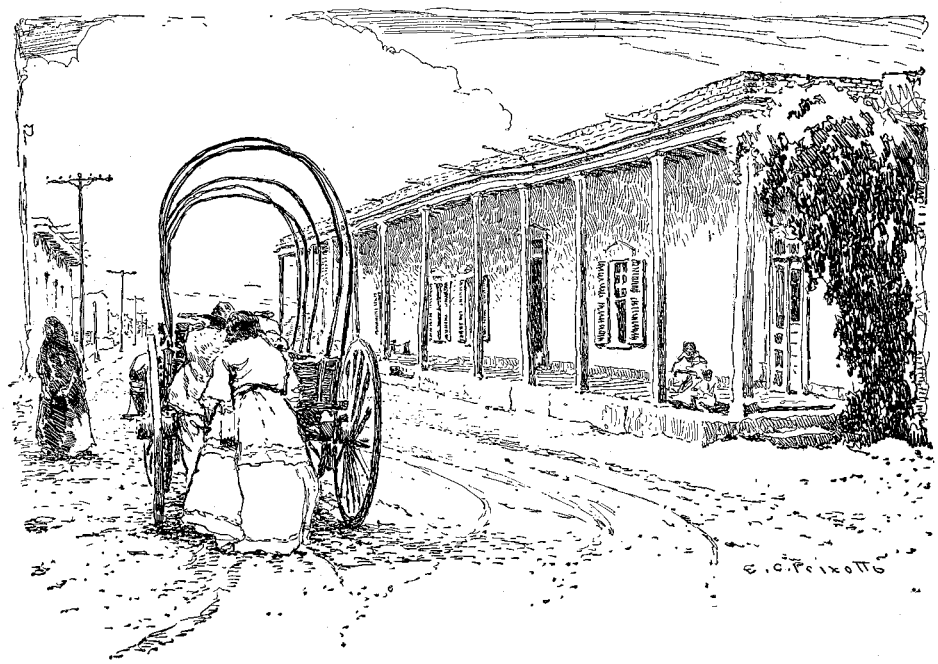
"Some of us," retorted Stuart, "sometimes stay too long in one spot. What d'y' say if we-all go ashore and forget the river for a while?"

SALUTAMUS

By Margaret Sherwood

AUGUST for aye in courage without flaw,
Crowned with the best that mortal lot may give,
O soldiers dead, in envy we, and awe
Salute you,—we who are about to live.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hooded wagons stand before colonnaded porches.—Page 323.

THE CITY OF THE HOLY FAITH

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WE were on the slopes of the Great Divide—the very backbone of the continent, more than six thousand feet above the sea. The big overland train pulled up at a station, Lamy, where such a small group of houses greets the eye that one wonders why the Limited should stop. Few tourists alight here, and more is the pity, for few realize that but a short hour's ride on a branch line would bring them to the Ciudad Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco, one of the oldest and most interesting communities in our country. To one who will approach it in the proper frame of mind its romantic atmosphere is rare and subtle and the country round about it replete with interest.

Immediately upon leaving Lamy our engine began to puff and snort, climbing a long, steep gradient, hill succeeding hill, covered only with stunted growth, piñons and dwarf cedars for the most part. But there was a singular majesty and austere beauty about the landscape—a bigness and grandeur that recalls the vast table-lands of Mexico and the wild wastes of Bolivia and Peru.

Great cumuli piled their billowy masses about the mountain-tops, and, as the sun neared its setting behind the Sandia Mountains, far down toward Albuquerque, it shot lurid rays of light upon these clouds and upon the mountains, that lit them ruddy-red, flamboyant, so deep and so crimson that I realized at once why the pious Spaniard had given them their strange name, Sangre de Cristo—Blood of Christ.

In the twilight we crested a summit at Hondo, and a broad valley lay spread be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

low us, the longed-for vision of many a weary wanderer, of many an emigrant driver on the Overland Trail, of many a tired woman and hungry child, the City of the Holy Faith, Santa Fé.

A brick penitentiary loomed to the right like a fortress with armed guards pacing its ramparts, and the train drew into the station.

I climbed into a lumbering bus—a vehicle savoring of other days—that swayed and rattled through the uneven street to the plaza. It was a Sunday night and the lights were lit. In a pavilion under the cottonwoods a brass band, brilliantly uniformed in scarlet coats, was discoursing Spanish melodies. Beyond, the long arcade of the governor's palace seemed endless in the darkness.

The people walked in groups—a knot of men, a quartet of laughing girls, a pair of leather-skinned old women—arm in arm, along the avenues, all going in the same direction, encircling the square, just as I had seen them many a time down in Honduras or Guatemala City or in the plazas of Arequipa and La Paz. Could it be possible that I was more than three hundred miles north of the Mexican border, in the heart of the United States, and that still the people and the place smacked so strongly of Latin America?

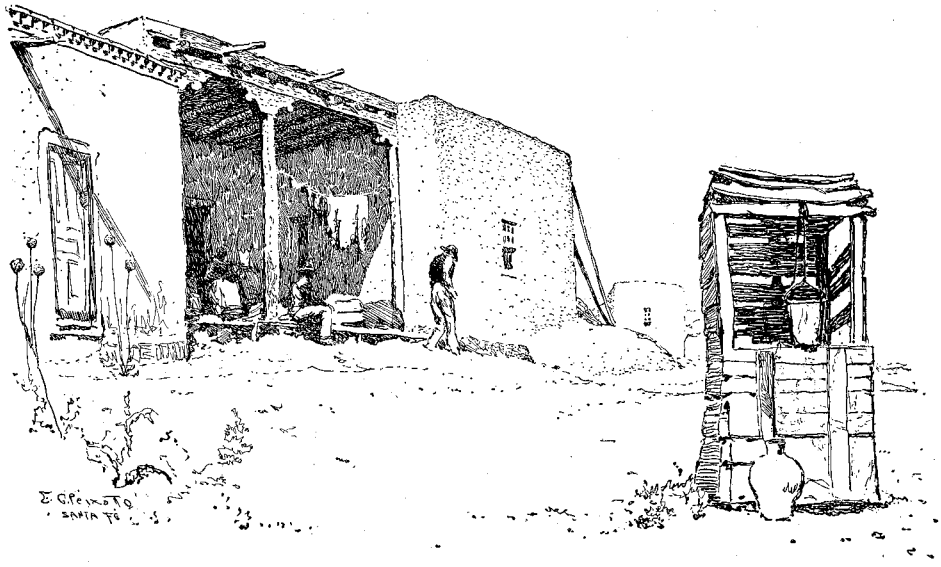
Laden with wood from the mountains.—Page 323.

But a square or two farther on we drew up at the hotel named for Santa Fé's hero, de Vargas, who wrested the city from the revolted Indians after the Pueblo uprising in 1680. I could not abide the modern atmosphere of the hotel that evening, so wandered back again to the plaza and lingered there listening to the music, the sibilant Spanish voices, the quiet shuffle of the many feet that mingled with the rustle of the leaves overhead.

Next morning I met a friend, a New York painter who went to New Mexico a year or two ago and who, enthralled, cannot now shake off its charm. With him I explored the purlieus of the old capital. First we ascended to the ruins of Fort Marcy and from its dismantled earthworks took a survey of the city lying in its great saucer among trees and gardens, the cathedral, the Federal Building, and the Capitol, with the Executive Mansion striking the dominant notes.

Vast, undulating plains stretched all about, clothed with chamisa and greasewood, and bounded to the southward by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An old adobe, Santa Fé.

the graceful profiles of the hills of Los Cerrillos, at whose feet lie turquoise mines whose sky-blue stones rival the Persian products of Khorassan and Nishapur and form one of the main sources of the American supply.

Farther over to the north the dark masses of the Jemez Mountains towered to the clouds, hiding within their rifts those enigmatical cliff dwellings that I was to visit a few days later, while to the east the Sangre de Cristos, now deep and purple in the bright light of day, stretched off in impressive ranks to Mount Baldy, their culminating peak, that attains an altitude of thirteen thousand feet.

Then we descended into an arroyo and threaded the mazes of the Mexican town that meanders about the Camino del Cañon, a picturesque agglomeration of old adobes that conform to a certain well-defined architectural type noticeable through all this New Mexico region—houses with *torreons* forming the corner angles, holding between them short arcades of rude wooden columns with characteristic corbels that support the *vigas*, or roof-beams. This shaded, recessed portion of the house thus makes a sort of outdoor room in which the natives love to rest in beatific idleness.

Women wash by the rivulets; strings of burros laden with wood come down from the mountains; hooded wagons stand before colonnaded porches; mongrel curs snarl at you as you pass—in short, the life is that of old Mexico as far removed as possible from the aims and aspirations of America to-day.

We returned toward the plaza by way of the Acequia Madre, the main aqueduct that irrigates the field and orchards, and came at length to the old Santa Fé Trail, that still runs undisturbed through the town.

What pictures its winding lengths evoke! "Its mile-stones are the bones of pioneers." Up it came the caravans laden with merchandise under military escort; up it came prairie-schooners gray with alkali dust, creaking on their wooden axles, six oxen to every wagon; up it came bronzed emigrants and their families, exhausted by their long trek overland, by constant alerts and fights with savage Pawnees and Comanches, and glad at last to reach a refuge, a city, outpost though it was, in which to rest their weary limbs.

At the corner of the Calle de Vargas we turned aside a step or two to visit the ancient church of San Miguel, one of the oldest shrines in our country, but rebuilt,

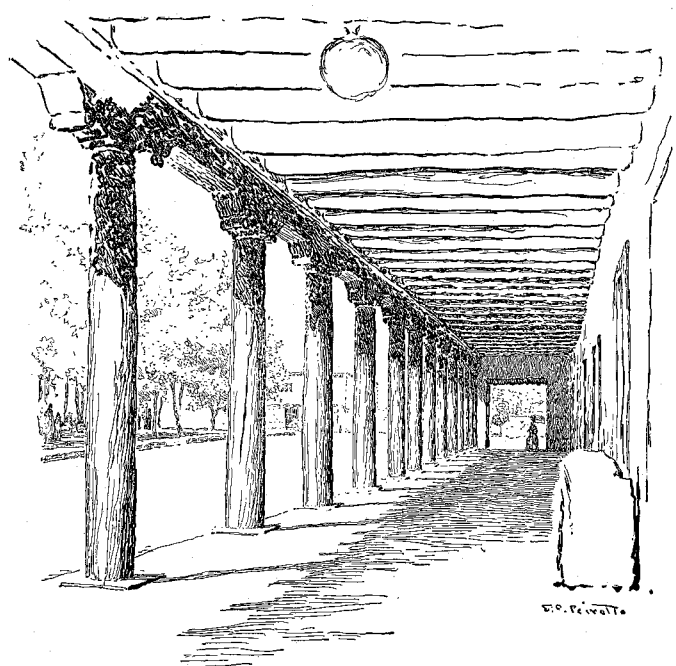
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after the Pueblo revolt, in its present form in 1710. It has the same queer, coffin-like plan that was adopted in so many of the Pueblo churches hereabout, the walls narrowing toward the altar to form an apse and restrict a space for the pictorial reredos that was the artistic feature of the church, contrasting its crude paintings and statues and rude architectural embellishments with the simplicity of the mud-covered walls that surround it. Here in St. Michael's, besides the reredos, are some interesting old Spanish pictures, but pray put no faith whatever in the asseverations of the garrulous usher and his ridiculous tales of Cimabue.

A few steps across the river bridge and we were back in the plaza. At the corner where the trail enters the square the gaunt ruins of a *fonda*, or hostelry, charred and blackened, still mark the "End of the Trail." The plaza, in the broad light of day, lacked the charm of the night before. Brick buildings of an ugly, utilitarian type have replaced the old portals that once surrounded it—arcades that could so easily have been copied as the more recent edifices were built.

I must confess also that the new colonnade of the Palace of the Governors is, to my mind, a fatal mistake. Why this so-called Mexican Pueblo style grafted upon the front of a venerable Hispanic building? Why should the palace of the Spanish governors adopt the architecture of the Indian when it was built as castle and fortress to protect the settlers from these very Indians? Why not have designed a handsome colonnade such as those one sees in front of any of the Spanish government buildings of Latin America?

However, despite this new (and I confess picturesque) façade the palace itself is eloquent still—eloquent with three centuries of tradition, eloquent with memories of the old captains-general from Juan de Oñate, who began its six-foot walls, to Antonio de Otermín, who shut himself within it when it became his last refuge against the revolted Indians, finally losing it as he and his followers fought their way out and retreated to El Paso; eloquent, too, of heroic de Vargas who regained it from the Pueblos and restored it to the Spanish crown—eloquent of many another of the seventy-six Spanish governors who succeeded each other one by one to rule this province, at one time



The colonnade of the Palace of the Governors, Santa Fé.

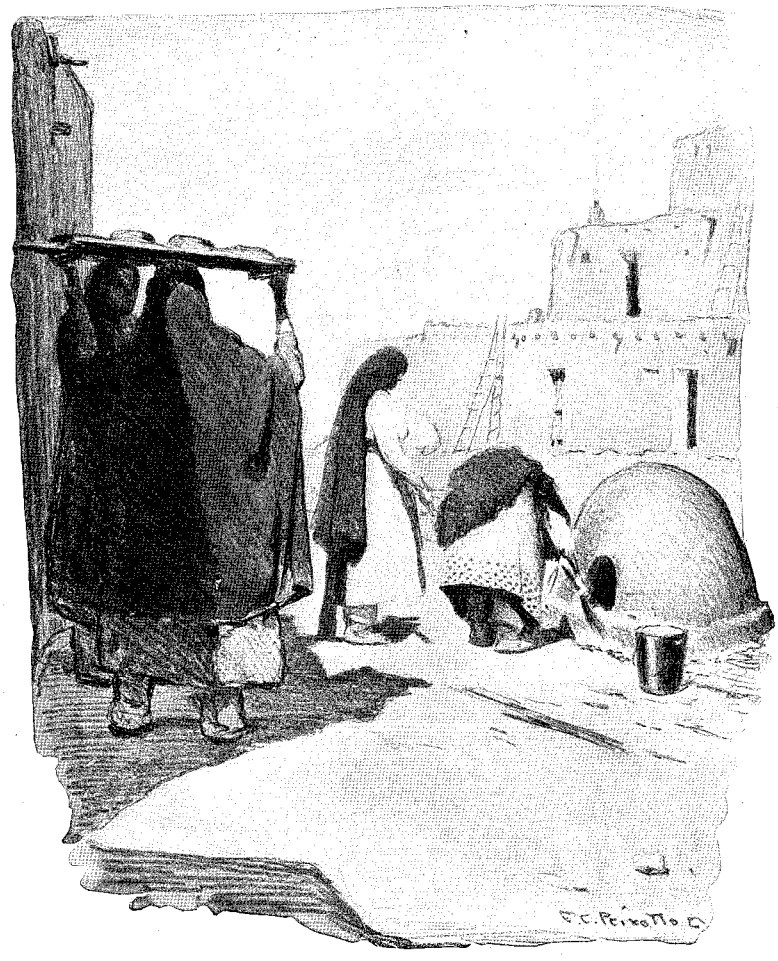
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as extensive as the modern German empire.

There are other memories that cling about the pile—those, more recent, of the American governors, from General Lew Wallace, who wrote much of "Ben Hur" within its walls, to Governor Curry, the last to occupy the old palace as an executive mansion only a few years ago.

Its rooms now serve as a museum, arranged under the auspices of the New Mexico Historical Society and the School of American Archæology, which from this point directs its activities not only in this vicinity but as far afield as the Maya monuments of Yucatan. The objects shown in the state apartments evoke all three periods of New Mexico's long and checkered history: the epochs of its prehistoric cliff-dwellers and of the Pueblo Indians found hereabout by Coronado and Oñate, and, finally, the epoch of the Spaniards.

The rude Spanish churches have contributed paintings of saints and martyrs and curious processional pictures limned, for want of canvas, on elk-skin and buffalo-hide. There are great *cajons* for storing laces and altar-cloths and groups of little, doll-like statues—figurines of virgins and saints dressed in stuffs, with tin crowns upon their heads like those still to be seen in many of the isolated churches of Mexico.



Women baking at the outdoor ovens.—Page 329.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Other rooms are devoted to specimens of the varied crafts of the Pueblo Indians and especially to collections of their pottery—pots and vases covered with the black glazes of Santa Clara, reminders of Etruscan ware; fanciful designs from Cochiti; Zuni vases adorned with animals and flowers; and especially old Acoma pottery, most beautiful of all, that spreads its geometric patterns of black and dull red over a lucent, ivory-white ground.

There are stone fetiches uncouth enough for any cubist sculptor, rude utensils of stone, and jugs and water-jars that resemble the *huacos* of the Incas. The pottery taken from the cliff-dwellings has the stamp of the true primitive races. In the Cole Collection are remarkable specimens of these gray-and-black bowls and jars decorated with lightning-bolts, clouds, and horned serpents, evidencing the innate desire of man, even the most primitive, to decorate the common objects used in his daily life.

These and the strange bell-stones and lightning-sticks from the kivas, the mortars, metates, and axe-heads from the houses, the shards with their ruddy ox-blood glaze from Tyuoñi interested me so profoundly that I made up my mind that I must pay a visit to these cliff-dwellings.

This resolve was strengthened that evening by a visit to the home of ex-Governor Prince, the president of the New Mexico Historical Society, an author and an authority of note, whose old Spanish demain, with its flowering patio and colonnaded front, is a veritable museum of rare objects gathered in the region through a period covering many years.

So I made arrangements at the Transcontinental Garage, and early one morning set forth for the Rito de los Frijoles, some twenty-five miles west of Santa Fé. As long as I live I shall never forget that day. First we sped out on a main highway over a prodigious plateau with the dome of the sky spread above us, ineffable, blue as the turquoise that comes from the mine of Los Cerrillos yonder.

After we passed Agua Fria there was never a house except at Buckman's, where two or three shacks guard the rickety bridge that spans the Rio Grande. But the plains were mottled with greasewood and with vivid patches of chamisa, with scrub palmillas and dwarf cedars, and gay at times with sunflowers, wild lilac, and lupin. Now and then we came upon great herds of sheep grazing so quietly that I mistook them at first for smooth boulders thickly scattered in the shrubbery, and once we encountered three wagons, hooded like prairie-schooners, slowly meandering, single file, along the road, that had now dwindled to a mere byway with two deep ruts for the wheels.

Steadily we headed for the indigo Jemez Mountains, about whose heads thunder-clouds were beginning to gather, and after a long, slow descent came to the bank of the Rio Grande.

Once across the flimsy corduroy bridge we began to climb a long, steep hill, the engine snorting like mad and the views down upon the river and its valley becoming more and more giddy as we shot around each curve. Great streams of vitrified lava and igneous rock, dark and sinister, walled in the canyons, until finally we pulled out upon the top of the Pajarito plateau among the pine woods. I thought we had finished our hill-climbing, but suddenly we plunged down into the Pajarito Canyon and puffed up its opposite face; then down again into Water Canyon and up to the great plateau beyond. A third plunge brought us deep into Ancho Canyon, and a last stiff climb in the swaying car, rolling over solid boulders, and we stopped definitely upon the brink of another gorge more profound than any we had yet seen. This was the Rito de los Frijoles.

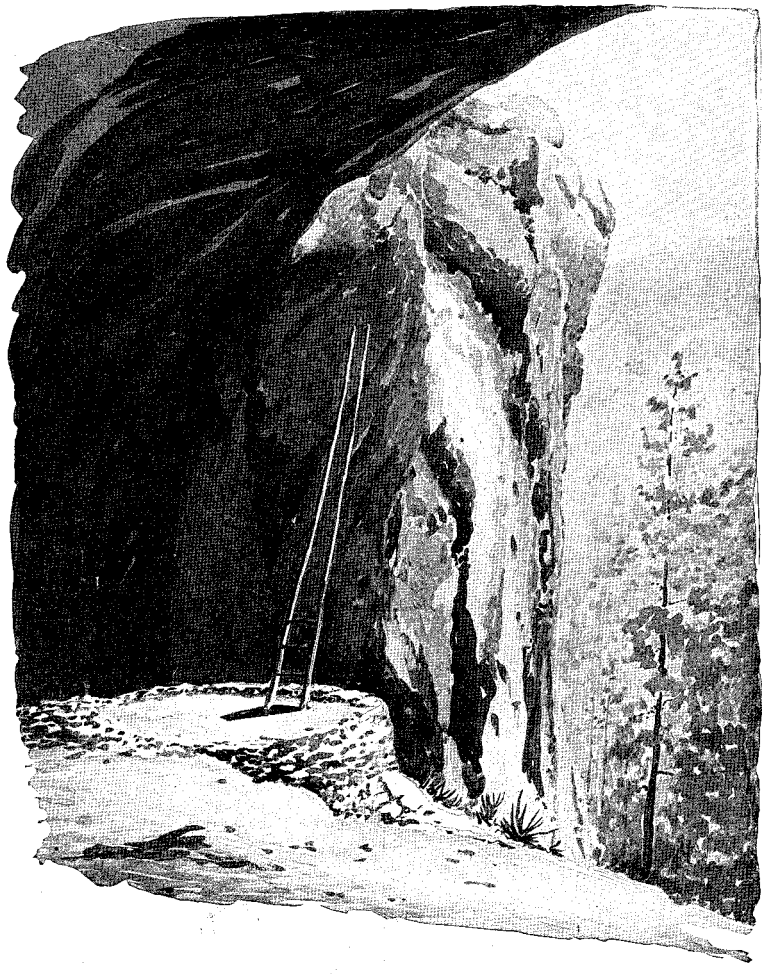
We left the motor and prepared to follow the zigzag trail down the canyon wall to Abbot's, whose tents we could see more than five hundred feet below us. As we descended I noted the strange formation of the cliffs. At the top lay boulders of lava, basalt, and obsidian; then, as I climbed down, I came upon a deep stratum of lava flow, pinkish and pierced by innumerable blow-holes, made by the escaping steam, and then, after a long, winding descent, the gray volcanic ash lay friable and colorless, the cinders that had belched from the volcanoes before the lava began to flow.

I had now reached the floor of the valley, where a stream runs among willows and alders. Here, in an encampment, a retired judge and his wife, fond of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outdoor life, dispense hospitality to the rare wayfarer.

I registered my name and went out to look at the ruins of Tyuoñi that lie near by—a great communal house of some two hundred rooms, semicircular in form, that sheltered a whole village in its day. The lower faces of the surrounding cliffs are honeycombed, just above the talus, with the cave-like abodes of cliff-dwellers who, using the blow-holes that I have mentioned as a basis, have enlarged them into rude chambers provided with bell-shaped openings. When you peer in you discover that some still preserve their rough fireplaces and smoke-holes, while the spot upon the floor where the inmate slept can still be traced. Some are painted an earthen red, others ochre. Rows of holes for *vigas*, or roof-posts, are still plainly marked upon the face of the cliff.



The kiva in the Ceremonial Cave, Frijoles Canyon.

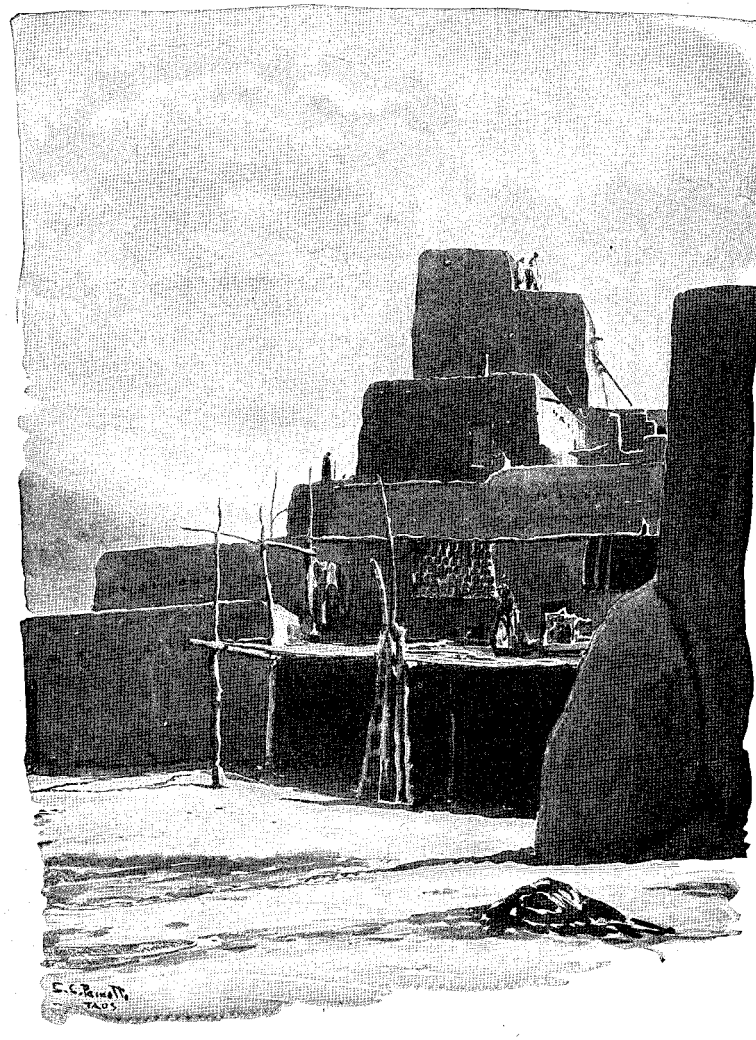
Pictographs are scratched on the rocks both outside and in. How old are these dwellings? Who can say? No record shows that they were inhabited when the Spaniard came, and no object—bead or utensil—has ever been found in the excavations that could possibly have been traded with the early explorers.

The storm that had been gathering now burst in a furious downpour, and the thunder rumbled like a cannonade in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

narrow valley. I took refuge in the room at Abbot's, and as I entered it a young man in khaki arose and greeted me by name. He was one of the artists connected with the American School of Archæology, and he introduced me to his comrade, and I found, to my great pleasure, that their party (all people who had known the valley for years) were camping near by. We lunched together and they showed me the latest tracings of cave pictures that they had found scratched in the plaster under several coatings of earthen paint—pictographs of extraordinary vitality and sureness of vision, scenes of the hunt and kiva dances.

Trained archæologists have profoundly studied these cliff-dwellings (of which they tell me there are twenty thousand in the vicinity) and have written exhaustively about them, so why should I discourse upon them? Instead, I shall only chronicle the walk we took that afternoon, six of us, along the murmuring Rito. The valley, refreshed by the storm, was now radiant again, and at length we came to what we had set out to see, the Ceremonial Cave. This cavern, scooped out of



Taos Pueblo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the solid rock by nature's hand, some two-thirds of the way up the canyon wall, can only be reached by a series of tall ladders, between which you scramble over rough stretches of volcanic ash until you finally haul yourself into the cave itself.

Its situation alone is most impressive, hung, as it is, in mid-air in a cliff of strange and fantastic conformation, the opposite canyon wall completely blocking the view except up and down the narrow valley that lies sheer below.

To this cave the bell-stone summoned the cliff-dwellers from their troglodytic homes, to assemble in the underground kiva which to them commemorated man's birth from Mother Earth, and in which secret ceremonies, still kept up among the Pueblo Indians, were enacted, the medicine-men rubbing stone fetiches to make lightning, produce rain, or enact other sacred rites, the males dancing the while and beating their tom-toms.

This kiva still remains quite intact, so we went down the ladder into it and inspected its so-called altar, that faces the valley, and its two side orifices, which are said to symbolize birth and death. At some time or other there were stone structures in and about this cave. The black square on the roof plainly indicates the position of one construction that stood against the back wall, while the regular rows of holes in another end mark the roof-beams of other buildings.

What they were and who occupied them who can tell? The whole history of the cliff-dwellers, who left no record behind them, is wrapped in an impenetrable veil of mystery upon which the taciturnity and secretiveness of the modern Pueblo Indian will never shed a ray of light. But this very mystery adds a romantic note that stimulates the imagination and provokes the fancy to dream of strange gods, of savage customs and legends like that of T'yotsaviyo, the child-eating giant that dwelt in the Black Mesa of San Ildefonso.

The country about Santa Fé abounds in pueblos. I have visited a number of them: Tesuque, Nambé, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, San Juan; but the best of all unquestionably is Taos, that stands to-day untouched by the white man, quite as the Spanish soldiers discovered it centuries ago, when it became their last outpost that faced the wilderness.

It lies about ninety miles north of Santa Fé on a vast plateau at the foot of the Sangre de Cristos. Its two communal dwellings, rising five or even six stories high, rear themselves on either bank of the Taos River, their tawny, mud-covered walls mounting tier above tier to form a succession of terraces that diminish in size as they ascend.

I shall never forget my first impression of this strange village as I approached it quite alone and saw the thin threads of blue smoke rising straight from the chimneys in the still morning air, the women in their gaudy wrappings ascending from ladder to ladder and the men enfolded in their blankets squatting silently upon the housetops. And when, having tied my horse to the cedar post of a rude corral, I poked among its narrow passageways, I was transported to another world—a world of long ago, when men dwelt simply and contented themselves with simple things.

These quiet Tañoans sitting in their chimney corners; these women baking their coarse corn bread at the outdoor ovens; these men, vigorous, healthy, in this pure mountain air, harvesting their grain and hunting in the mountains and housed within the same mud walls in which the Spaniard found them—how far they are removed from us and our ideals; how little have they been affected or influenced by centuries of contact with the white man; how well and with what dignity they wrap themselves in the impenetrable reserve of the Indian, hiding from every one, friend or enemy, their cherished traditions!

Even their ostensible religion—typified in Taos by a rude chapel no bigger than a family house—is but a cloak to hide the persistence of their old-time beliefs and superstitions. So completely do they dwell within themselves, shut in their own little circle, that the affairs of the great outside world touch them not, and, provided their own corner remains untouched, neither world wars nor cataclysms, nor the most violent political upheavals, disturb them in their utter isolation.

A strange land, this far-away New Mexico, where Spaniard and Indian retain still their racial character so completely!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY REMEMBRANCES

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

RHYME AND TIME—CHARLES FROHMAN—"THE PICTURES NEVER PAINTED"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

RHYME AND TIME

"LOVE is a madness," says Rosalind, "and deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do." What is to be said, then, of persons who, not having the excuse of being in love, indulge in the reprehensible conduct common to lovers, who indite verses to fictitious divinities and venture to rhyme while retaining their reason? If the whip and the dungeon should be the fate of the one, surely the block or the stake should put an end to the other. Therefore am I a fugitive from justice, and, as the criminal is drawn back to the scene of his crime, here am I confessing to once having written a love-song. Still, as a moral hangs thereby, the tale may justify the ditty. The rhyme having been committed, I took it, with some others, to my friend Walter Slaughter, the leader of the orchestra of the Royalty Theatre, London, where I had an engagement at the time. He had told me that he wanted some lines to set to music.

"Here you are," said I. "I built this song myself."

"'Load' does not rhyme with 'bowed,'" said Slaughter; "'cloud' would be better."

I wished that I had thought of "cloud" myself, but I had to accept the amendment.

Slaughter came to me a few days after. "I have written some lovely music for your words," said he, "but now I don't like the words and I want to use the music for something else."

"What's the matter with the words?" said I.

"They seem rather senseless," replied Slaughter.

I was a bit dashed, but I had other troubles just then, so I soon forgot all about my song. As a matter of record, here is the song:

"When cruel Fate or weight of years
The head has lowly bowed,
One mem'ry dries the bitter tears
And lightens sorrow's load.
Oh, sweeter than the twittering song
That summer zephyrs bear,
The sound of one dear word that long
Has lingered in mine ear.
When, in the silent winter night,
The shadows of the firelight
The past express—
'Will you be mine?' again I cry.
Again I hear her soft reply:
'My darling, Yes.'

"It is the magic word that opes
The cavern of the past,
Recalling youth and love and hopes
Too honey-sweet to last.
Once more her trembling hand I take,
I press her lips once more,
I hear her voice! I start! I wake!
The dear day-dream is o'er.
When I at eve at summertide,
Kneeling, her flowery grave beside,
Cry in distress,
With heavy heart the sad refrain,
'Ah, shall we ever meet again?'
She murmurs 'Yes.'"

I thought the song rather good and read it frequently. Slaughter was, no doubt, right about "load" and "bowed," but "twittering song" struck me as first-rate. I liked "summer zephyrs," too; "cavern of the past" sounded tip-top and "magic word" was fine, recalling "sesame"—Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. It seemed fraught with associations of romance. However, I threw the masterpiece over my shoulder and proceeded.

We were busy at this time rehearsing a play called "Out of the Hunt," by Farnie. Richard Mansfield was cast for a small part. The leading comedian was J. G. Taylor. A number of well-known people

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were in the cast. We were to open a new theatre in Panton Street, which was not ready, so we were transferred to the Royalty. Mansfield was a young man then, about twenty-four, I should say. He was practically unknown. He soon began to shine at rehearsal. His part was that of an old beau. J. G. Taylor was to play a certain waiter. The play was an adaptation from the French. Farnie was the adaptor, with no pride of authorship, so he allowed Mansfield a good deal of liberty in the way of interpolation and business. Day by day the part of the old beau was built up, especially in Taylor's scenes, until Mansfield's part assumed the proportions of a leading character and Taylor's part, which was the principal comedy part of the play, faded away into the background. We all began to take notice of Mansfield and to perceive that his character was going to be the part of the play.

One day Taylor rebelled. He told Farnie and Alexander Henderson, the manager of the theatre, that he was the leading comedian of the company and that Mansfield's character had now become the most important personage in the comedy. He protested violently. Farnie was in a dilemma. Mansfield's business and additions were so clever and so valuable that he deserved the prominence accorded to him. Taylor was an important actor and could not be dispensed with.

Mansfield came forward. "Would Mr. Taylor like my part?" said he.

Taylor felt that, as the principal comedian, the best part belonged properly to him. He ought to have Mansfield's part.

Mansfield handed it to him. "By all means," said he; "here it is," and he handed over the manuscript covered with interpolations, corrections, and business.

We resumed our rehearsals.

"You will allow me," said Mansfield to Farnie—"you will allow me the same privilege with this new part you were so generous as to accord me with the other? Mr. Taylor has the advantage of my suggestions on the other character; you will permit me to do my best with this?"

"By all means," said Farnie, and to work we went again.

Mansfield built up again. Day by day, little by little, his new part absorbed scene after scene. Many of his scenes were with Taylor, and again his part began to excel Taylor's part. In the end Mansfield's performance was the play, as far as the play went, for it was a failure, but his work was remarkable. He played some other smaller parts in that theatre and then he went to America. I played a few engagements in London and the provinces and then I followed him. At that time the impression I made was not quite victorious. A critic wrote: "Talent is seldom hereditary. A lamentable instance of this is to be seen at the Royalty."

This was not encouraging and seemed to fulfil my father's predictions. Still, one must live even if other people do not perceive the necessity. If one has a pain in one place, one always believes one could bear it better if it were in another. So, to be "on the go" from where fortune frowns appears to be "on the way" to where that fickle lady may smile.

I went to New York. I could get no employment. There my resources were at an end, so I wrote a play. Having written my play, I looked for some one to produce it. One day I went into a dramatic agent's office—Mr. Spies on Union Square. He was talking with a Mr. Fort who was manager of the Academy of Music at Baltimore. I heard Fort declare that he must have an attraction at once to play three performances for "the police fund benefit" at Baltimore in two weeks from that day.

"I will do it," said I.

"Who are you?" asked Fort.

I told him who I was and spoke of my play.

"How much do you want for yourself and play and company for three performances?" said Fort.

I indulged in some rapid arithmetic. "Two hundred dollars," said I.

"I'll give you three hundred," said Fort.

There were seven people in the play. Myself and my sister and my friend Joseph Haworth were three. I engaged the other four and started rehearsal.

We went to Baltimore. The theatre was crowded for the benefit performances. The play went like wild-fire. I had been my own stage-manager, my own business manager; I had played the leading part

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and written the play. I now took on myself the office of press-agent. I went to the office of the *Baltimore Sun* and asked to see the dramatic editor. A large man in shirt-sleeves was pointed out to me.

"Has any one been to the academy tonight?" I asked him.

"I guess not," said he.

"Will there be a review of the play there?" said I.

"Who are you?" said he.

I told him my name.

"What play is it?" asked the big man.

"'Whose Are They?'" said I.

"Who wrote it?"

"I did."

"Who played the chief part?"

"I did."

"Who's the manager?"

"I am."

"Look here," said he, "since you wrote the play and play the chief part and manage the show, you can write the notice," and that large man motioned me to a chair and to pen, ink, and paper.

Alas! I was too ingenuous. At a later day would I not have lauded myself to the skies and blown a blast to wake the heavens? Now I blushed and stammered and retreated in confusion. I believe the big man took pity on me, for a review appeared next morning saying the play was one of the wonders of the earth.

Our fame spread to New York, and I received an offer to open at Wallack's Theatre, later the Star. We played there one week and made money; we played a second week and—lost it. We then went to Brooklyn and collapsed. We were done for. However, one John P. Smith, a manager of the day, took up our banner, and off we went on a tour the next season. He changed the title of the play to "Crushed," which proved ominous, for "crushed" we were. We went from bad to worse until we got back to Baltimore. The policemen who acclaimed us so wildly before surely now would rally to our rescue. Not a bit of it. Those policemen avoided us as though we were honest men. Disaster overwhelmed us. We returned to New York. I had not one penny in my pocket. Smith had lost a good deal of money, and I could not ask him for anything. The company left me at the depot. Smith went off in a cab. I stood beside a very large gripsack, literally without one cent in the world. It was Sunday, about eleven o'clock in the morning. Very few people were about in the lower part of New York, for the depot was away down-town then. A young fellow named Armstrong was the only one of the company who stayed behind.

"Are you going up-town?" said he.

"Yes," said I. "I'm waiting for a car. Armstrong," said I, "have you any change?"

"Not a nickel," said Armstrong.

"Then we'll have to walk," said I, "for I have none either."

We lifted our bags—mine was an awful weight—and up Broadway on that damp, misty Sunday morning we trudged. The tramp was interminable. My bag bothered me so I had to stop and change hands every block. Still, I was rather glad Armstrong was there, for misery loves company. We walked to the Sturtevant House on Broadway and 29th Street, where I had always found shelter under the wing of the kindly proprietor, Charles Leland.

Weary and wet and disheartened, without funds and without prospect, I entered the office. Sadly I reflected that my hair needed cutting; more sadly I reflected that barbers have to be paid for their services. I registered my name at the desk. My old friend Mr. Scofield, the clerk, handed me a letter with an English postmark. I opened it. It was from Slaughter. Said he: "I enclose a draft for three pounds, your share from the sale of that song of yours."

Who shall say that the Muse is ungrateful? Who shall say that the rhymester follows a will-o'-the-wisp? Who shall say that "loves" and "doves" and "hearts" and "darts" and "kisses" and "blisses" are for fools and their follies? Here I had three pounds, the reward of such rhyming.

"Armstrong," said I, "we will have our hair cut."

We did. I asked Armstrong to breakfast on the American plan. I walked out into the open air a free man once more. Three pounds! The world was mine!

A period of repose was forced upon me, however. I did not find anything to do for about a month; then I joined a company playing the prophetic repertoire of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Called Back" and "Lost." Lost we were, and called back we soon became. Cyril Maude, Louis Mann, and other people now distinguished were minor members of that company. After much tribulation we landed in Chicago. We played on the North Side and lived at a small hotel called the Svea House. The company had not been paid for a month, and things looked quite hopeless; still, we had no prospects and the only thing for us to do was to stay on. At this moment I received a telegram from New York offering me an engagement.

On what accidents does our fortune depend? I had heard this play read one day and had been frank enough to say I did not like it; the other people present offered perfunctory and insincere or rather polite praise. The author recalled my poor censure and sent for me to play the wicked nobleman in the drama. "Fame awaited me!" "I must be off!" But I had no money. The manager wanted me to stay, for I played a leading part. I declared I would go at once. I telegraphed, accepting the engagement. My friends in the company begged me not to forget them in my good fortune, but to recall their many excellent qualities and their past performances to the various New York managers. This I swore I would do. We sat up late that night considering how I could possibly escape from Chicago with neither wings nor greenbacks. We were at a deadlock. The manager declared he had no money and that, if I stayed, the coming performances would enable him to pay his people. We knew better. Despair was on the point of gnawing at our hearts when one adorable old woman named Annie Douglas arose and made this memorable remark:

"You must go!" and she led me aside. "I am an old actress," whispered Annie Douglas. "You are young and you must not miss this chance. I have been in this sort of company before and I am always prepared."

That adorable woman lifted the hem of her dear old frock and took from her stocking a roll of bills which she proffered to me. What shall be said of her? I proclaimed to the waiting crowd the virtues of this most excellent of comrades. Much embracing followed. Somebody found the wherewithal to toast her. I declined the dear Douglas's proffer. Then I stated my determination. With Napoleonic precision I proceeded to act. I attacked the hotel proprietor in his lair. I arranged to leave my hotel trunk and my two theatre trunks as hostages to fortune. I received my railway fare and some pocket money. I called a cab and, amid sorrowing and rejoicing, I went my way.

I played in "Favette" and failed. I played in another play, "Mona," with Miss Dauvray, and I met with some success. I was engaged then for Bronson Howard's new play, "One of Our Girls." I was so bad at rehearsal that Frazer Coulter was secured to take my place. Suddenly I began to develop a bit and was permitted to play the part of Captain Gregory. Fortune favored me in that character and the sun began to shine.

"MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME"

False spiritualism and those pretenders who trade upon the credulity of the superstitious and unhappy—these were especial antipathies of my father. It was he, in conjunction with the late Sir Henry Irving, who, about 1868, exposed the tricks of the celebrated Davenport Brothers in London, not because they were tricks, but because they claimed their wonders were controlled by spiritual influence. My father and Irving performed all the Davenport miracles on a public stage, showing that they were merely conjurer's inventions. The house we lived in was a veritable wonderland, for my father, in his study of magic, had all kinds of paraphernalia installed. The place was wired throughout so that trap-doors in floors or walls would open and swallow or eject various objects. For example, at a certain séance a peculiar shoe-buckle, procured after vast search and trouble, was projected with precision from behind a clock onto the centre of the dining-room table so that a certain unbeliever should receive this token, the long-lost fellow of one in his possession. I saw this projection practised with infinite pains so that the shoe-buckle would land exactly where the victim was seated. A small trap-door was made under the table. This opened with the pressing of a button. Within

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the trap was a basin of ice-water. During the demonstrations my father would surreptitiously take off his shoe and sock, place his foot in the ice-water, dry it on a napkin, and, under cover of the dimmed light, present a ghostly and clammy hand (foot, of course) to some one under the table. Usually, when he had sufficiently mystified his guests, he would tell them that all his wonders were mechanical tricks. He hated the humbug of spiritualism, but really believed deeply in actual spiritual manifestations.

I mention these facts to make clear that I, having been accustomed to the exposing of trickery since childhood, was not likely to be readily deceived by spiritual appearances. We have all encountered the "amazing coincidence," and may have paused, perhaps, to consider how strange it is that the paths of two persons shall, after wandering hither and thither all over the globe, in an apparently aimless and unconnected manner, suddenly assume a direct relation to each other; shall cross or connect so that a clash or climax of circumstances is the result. Two sets of events—hastening, retarding, directing—each covering a period of years, the links of each chain being forged day by day, the victories or the defeats of the two lives keeping those lives in the precise path where they will finally collide, at a ball, at a street corner, on a train. This is, of course, an ordinary reflection, but instances are always entertaining.

This instance concerns a match-box, a snuff-box, a bronze equestrian statue, a pair of paste shoe-buckles, a leather cigar-case, and a walking-stick with a cloisonné-ware handle. From the four corners of the earth the footsteps of the people here discussed approached one another. Failure and success, health and sickness, moulded the succession of events which brought them hour by hour to the cross-roads where they encountered after many days. In our drawing-room at "The Cedars," Kensington, there stood a curio-table with a glass top. Under the glass cover, ever since I can remember anything, I remember the articles enumerated above, with the exception of the statue in bronze which stood on the sideboard in the dining-room. This was a statue of my father on horseback with two dogs looking up at him. I remember the sculptor modelling the horse in the stable yard.

It has been my observation that when people die their small and more intimate belongings disappear in quite a mysterious way. Whether it is that our elders give them away as souvenirs, or whether the articles walk off of their own accord when he who most cherished them is gone, certain it is that things vanish. I recall, I say, all of these articles mentioned, and then I became aware one day that they no longer existed. Where, I said to myself one morning, my mind harking back, as is sometimes the case, to that curio-table—where are those shoe-buckles which belonged to David Garrick? And where the walking-stick with the cloisonné-ware handle, also the property of that great actor? Where is that snuff-box which belonged to Liston? Where is that big leather cigar-case with the initials in gold on the outside? And finally I wondered where was the statue of my father on horseback and where the small gold match-box in the form of a portmanteau which had been presented to my father by the late King Edward when he was Prince of Wales. As the event will disclose, these articles had travelled to the ends of the earth, and when the hour had struck they turned, as though they were so many needles on the mariner's compass, and pointed toward me, as though I were the true magnetic pole. By devious ways and through many hands, over sea and over land, these things made their way to me, who wanted them back. They seemed to actually escape from one person to another who should more readily carry them nearer and nearer to me, who during this time continued to see them in the mind's eye ever in that drawing-room under the glass top of that curio-table.

To begin with the match-box, the Prince of Wales, at the time he gave the box to my father, was very fond of riding to hounds. My father, too, was passionately fond of hunting. The Prince had been exceedingly kind to him on many occasions, and one day on the field presented him with this small gold match-box. Shortly afterward my father met with a bad accident while hunting. He was thrown from his horse against a tree;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his arm was broken and his eye badly damaged. He was carried unconscious to a farmhouse near by. When he recovered his senses and prepared to depart he observed that the match-box, which he had worn attached to his gold chain, had been broken off. Farm-hands were sent to the scene of the accident but could find no trace of it. My father begged the farmer to institute a search and offered a reward, but no sign of the box was discovered. A duplicate box was ordered from "Coster," the jeweller, who had made the original, and this duplicate my father wore for some years. When my elder brother, Lytton, was about to depart on a professional engagement to Australia my father gave him this duplicate. My brother, when about to return from Australia, gave the duplicate to one Mr. Labertouche, who had shown him much kindness. Labertouche, in turn, gave the duplicate to an actor, Arthur Lawrence, who in the year 1890 joined my company in New York. We will leave the fortunes of the duplicate for the moment with Arthur Lawrence. Meantime, the original match-box had never been found. One day my brother Sam, who inherited my father's passion for hunting, was riding to hounds. He got into conversation with an old farmer who rode beside him, and during the talk divulged his name —Sothern. "Are you the son of Dundreary Sothern?" said the farmer.

"Yes," said my brother.

"I want you to take a bite with me after the run," said the farmer. "I have something to show you."

My brother went. The farmer, while lunch was preparing, went to the cupboard, then, approaching my brother, said:

"Thirty-five years ago your father lost this match-box in my field. This morning one of my men was ploughing and found it. Accept it."

Please observe that the paths of my brother and the farmer crossed for the first time on the very morning on which the match-box had been ploughed up after being buried for thirty-five years. My brother wrote me an account of this curious coincidence. I received the letter while I was travelling. I was seated in a Pullman car with Arthur Lawrence by my side. He had joined my company that day. My manager brought me my brother's letter. I read his account of the incident. I then told Lawrence the strange history of the match-box and said: "I wonder what became of the duplicate."

"Here it is!" said Lawrence, showing it to me on his watch-chain.

Observe, again, that Lawrence had joined me that day, that he was seated beside me when I opened my brother's letter, that he had recently arrived from Australia and had applied to me, a total stranger, for an engagement. Over the years, over sea, over land, he had brought this duplicate match-box to me at the exact moment that I received news of the finding of the original after thirty-five years. Lawrence gave me the box. Both boxes have come home.

An agent in my employ, named Craeger, said to me one day in Saint Louis: "There's a snuff-box in a barroom downtown and the barkeeper says it belonged to your father."

Said I: "It is an octagonal box made of brass and it has paste stones on the outside about as large as peas. Inside is this inscription: 'From William Liston to the Reverend Charles Klanert—From the Reverend Charles Klanert to his son, James Klanert—From James Klanert to E. A. Sothern, 1870.'"

"That's the one," said Craeger. "Have you seen it?"

"Not since I was about ten years old," said I.

We went to the barroom. I examined the box. I asked the man where he had obtained it. He was rather mysterious and would not say. I offered to buy it from him. He would not sell it. "Well," said I, "I'll leave you my address in case you change your mind; meantime, leave it to me in your will if you die." I went my way, sad at heart, for I wanted the snuff-box badly.

Two years afterward a bell-boy at the Virginia Hotel in Chicago announced: "A gentleman to see you, sir."

"What gentleman?" said I. "Go and ask his name." A strange name appeared on a card. "Well, show him up," said I.

A tall man appeared, a perfect stranger. "I have come to give you this snuff-box," said he, and he handed me the box; "also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this cigar-case," and he handed me the leather cigar-case with the initials in gold. "They belonged to my father," said he, "who received them from Mr. Connor, the manager of John McCullough."

I thanked him and remarked: "I saw this snuff-box two years ago in a barroom in Saint Louis."

"Never!" said he. "It has been in a glass case in my mother's sitting-room, under lock and key, for fifteen years."

"Pardon me," said I, "but I went to the place and handled the box and read the inscription and offered to buy it."

"You are mistaken," replied my benefactor, smiling kindly. "The box has never been out of our house since we received it from Mr. Connor. We have valued it highly, but I want you to have it." With some generous and complimentary remarks he departed.

The thing is inexplicable. But the box had walked into my hands at last.

A certain storage-house sent me a letter one fine day to say that a trunk belonging to my father was in its possession. I sent for it. It contained some odds and ends of old theatrical wardrobe. I took out a pair of square-cut shoes. In each of the toes was a silk stocking; in each of the silk stockings was one of those buckles that had belonged to David Garrick and that had been presented to my father when he first produced a play of that name in London, about 1870. I opened a very dilapidated make-up box. There was the cloisonné-ware handle of the walking-stick; the stick itself, which had been of ebony, was missing. Said I:

> "'Serene I fold my hands and wait,
> Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea.
> I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
> For lo! my own shall come to me.'"

Last year my brother Sam entered his dressing-room one night in London. The actor who dressed with him said: "Sam, I saw a bronze statue of you on horseback in a shop in Cheapside."

"Never had a statue in my life," said Sam.

The man assured him that in a pawnbroker's window was the statue with a placard reading: "Mr. Sam Sothern." My brother went to the place indicated. There was the statue. He went in and questioned the pawnbroker, who knew nothing about it except that there it was and that the price was so much. My brother bought it. Where had that bronze horse carried my poor father during forty years? Through what lands had he and his two dogs wandered by hill and dale? What adventure had landed him in this pawnbroker's shop in Cheapside? Who had harbored him in content or sold him in poverty? At last we have him home again, and that is enough.

THE "BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE"

"WHY fear death? Death is only a beautiful adventure."

Thus spoke Charles Frohman as he stood with three other passengers, his arms locked in theirs, upon the slanting deck of the *Lusitania* as she sank off the coast of Ireland. At 2.30 P. M. on May the 7th, 1915, the vessel was torpedoed by a German submarine. Mr. Frohman could have had no hope of escape. He was probably wounded by the explosion, and one of his legs was permanently disabled from illness. He could not walk without the help of a cane.

At such a crisis a man's soul speaks, and Charles Frohman's words illuminate his life and shed a radiance upon his death. God grant we may greet the inevitable hour in such wise when it shall strike for us! A man who can speak thus at such a moment can need no other epitaph.

I had not come in contact with Mr. Frohman for some years, although we would exchange a greeting now and then at Christmas or New Year's Day; but on February the 22d, 1915, I received this letter from him:

"MY DEAR EDDIE:

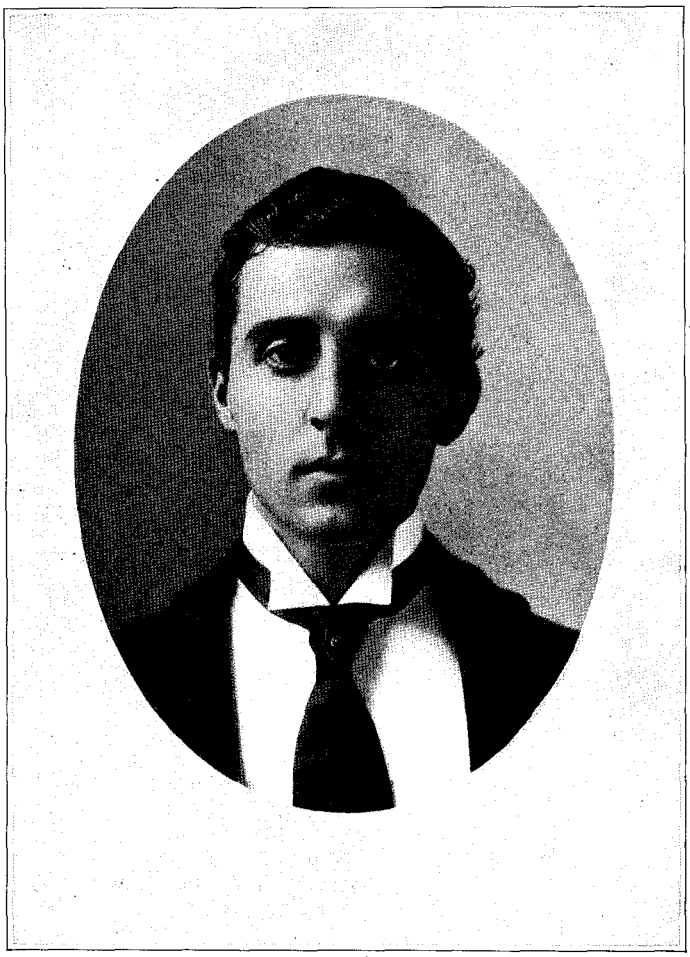
"I am writing you a confidential little letter because I don't want it known what play Belasco and myself propose producing here in the spring, but I know I can tell you, and that is 'A Celebrated Case.' We were both wondering, Belasco and myself, whether we could get you to come back to the New York stage this spring to play the big part in this play and to be our leading star for the occasion. It would be fine for us and a fine thing for the audiences to have you in this part, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am sure. I hope you will both talk it over, and, if there is the smallest chance, if you don't want to come to town I will come up and see you. At any rate, I want you to know how eager we both are to have you in case we can get you. It was a great pleasure for me to receive the New Year's telegram from you both. I am happy that you thought of me. Give my best wishes to Julia and accept also the same for yourself.

"Very truly yours,
"CHARLES FROHMAN."

On the 24th of February I called on Mr. Frohman at the Empire Theatre to thank him for his offer, which I was unable to accept. I had not seen him since his illness, and my wife and I were distressed to see that he could not walk without a stick and that one of his legs was stiff at the knee. However, he made light of his ailment. He was enthusiastic, as ever, about his many plans. He stood up and acted vehemently the various parts in a play the plot of which was his own invention. He was in great good humor as he told of the proposed production of "A Celebrated Case," in which he had wanted me to play.



Edward H. Sothern in 1884.

Mrs. Sothern told him that she had decided to retire from the stage.

"But you will give some farewell performance!" he cried.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No," said she. "I am tired. I have done enough."

"But you *must* say farewell!"

"No. I have said it."

"You will never act again?"

"No; never!"

He became very solemn and was silent a moment. "Strange," said he, "you don't want to."

He couldn't understand it. That there could be anything else in life but work seemed incredible. We have heard from those who were present how he conducted his rehearsals from a stretcher while he was ill, with what indomitable courage he persisted in his labors.

"Well," said he, as we were going away, "when you have your home in England you will ask me to come and stay with you. I'll bring Barrie, and we will stay for a week, a month. You'll love Barrie."

We were quite sure we would.

"Good-by," said Charles, "and thank you again for coming to see me."

He seemed unusually, almost pathetically, affected by our visit. We both remarked upon and wondered at it. I believe in premonitions myself, and I have thought since that his mood sprang from some cause beyond our ken.

Mrs. Sothern and I were both touched by his manner, and frequently during the next few days we said how glad we were that we had paid him this visit.

We shortly returned to Washington, where we had passed the winter, and on April the 9th we received this letter:

"Dear Julia Marlowe and Eddie Sothern:

"I know you will forgive my writing you through the typewriter. I am compelled to do so because I cannot express my feeling for you with my hand, which trembles so much when I think of you. I want to thank you about the osteopath, and I have started in on your advice at once. I have tried everything else. I wonder why you both don't sail with me (about the first of May I want to go). It would be a fine thing. As far as I am concerned, when you consider the stars I have managed, a mere submarine makes me laugh. Most affectionate regards to you both.

"Yours truly,

"C. F."

On May the 15th a letter *arrived* from London, written to my wife by a mutual friend. It said:

"Just a line to beg you not to come on the *Lusitania*. The Germans are bent on sinking her. They nearly did in the dock at Liverpool a few weeks ago. This is not generally known, but a shipping man told me."

Alas! even those who had been warned did not believe that human nature was capable of such a deed.

Hanging in Charles Frohman's office was a placard which bore this verse:

"Blessed is the man diligent in business. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."

Stand before kings he assuredly did, for his London ventures brought him "command performances" from Queen Victoria and from King Edward. As for mean men, I fancy they would not remain long in Charles Frohman's presence, for he himself was the soul of generosity. Indeed, he was princely and large about most things that he did.

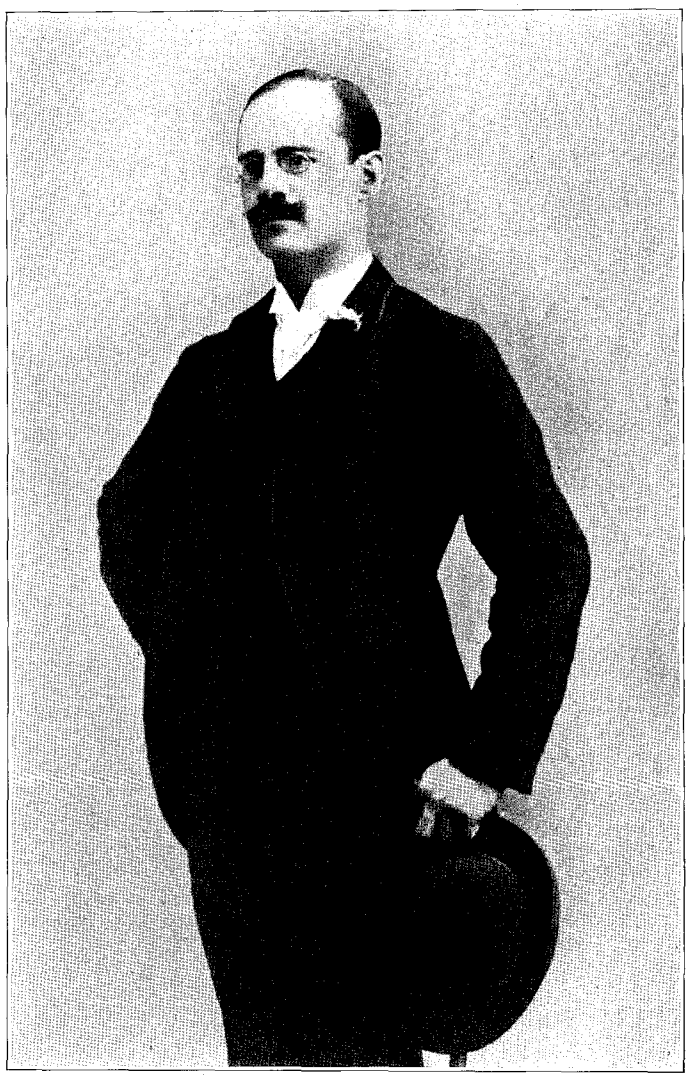
My earliest contact with him began about 1883, when I landed in New York to seek my fortune. When Daniel Frohman had accepted the play of "Trade" (afterward called "The Highest Bidder") for production at the old Lyceum Theatre, he sent me to Charles Frohman, with whom I made the contract for the play on behalf of my brother Sam, whose property it was. Also, I contracted with Charles for my own services. Charles subsequently transferred these contracts to Daniel Frohman.

My brother and I found Charles in the Coleman House, on Broadway and 28th Street, where he lived at the time—the summer of 1885. I had met him frequently before, for, from the moment I landed, no manager escaped my importunities. I was on their trails all the time, seeking engagements. Charles had ever greeted me with glad good humor, but he himself was on the skirt of prosperity at that period, coquetting with fortune but not quite accepted as a suitor. Shortly he was to win her favor with Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah." But on this day, when we arranged for "The Highest Bidder," I fancy Charles wanted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sam and me and our little play as badly as we wanted him. The success of this comedy aided the fortunes of Daniel and Charles Frohman and myself.

Charles had no office at this time. He occupied a desk in a room with several other men, and here, on this hot summer day, in his shirt-sleeves, he drew up the contract for our little drama, which was to waft us all on the way to good fortune. We all signed it then and there. My brother was to receive a hundred dollars a week for the play, and I was to receive a hundred and twenty-five a week for playing the leading part. Later, on the success of the play, another contract was made for my own services.



Richard Mansfield in 1883.

In our hurryings to and fro I would often meet Charles Frohman—always eager, always smiling, always kind, humorous, gentle, and lovable. Once in Boston he asked me to witness a dress rehearsal of "Shenandoah," just previous to its production at the Boston Museum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the streets of various cities, in restaurants, all over the country we would encounter in our wanderings. Then one day he came running up the stairs of Daniel Frohman's office on Fourth Avenue. I was going down-stairs with my new play under my arm.

"I am to play 'The Dancing Girl,'" said I. "I am rather nervous about it. I have never played such a serious part before. What do you think about it?"

"What will you take for your season?" said Charles.

"How do you mean?" said I.

"What will you take in cash—now—for your season?" said he.

"What will you give me?" said I.

"I'll give you forty thousand dollars for your share," said Frohman without a moment's hesitation.

"No," said I. "If you think I'll make that I may make more," so I did not take it. But this illustrates Charles Frohman's spirit of adventure.

It was many years later, when Charles Dillingham had approached me with a view to my joining forces with Miss Julia Marlowe, that I went to see Charles Frohman about an entirely different matter. My business concluded, I rose to go.

"What do you think," said I, "about this plan of my playing with Miss Marlowe?"

"Fine!" said he. "What do you expect to make out of it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "About a hundred thousand dollars on the season."

"I'll give it to you if you'll let me manage you," said Charles. "I'll give you a hundred thousand a year each."

"For three years?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "for three years. Will you take it?"

"Yes," said I.

"All right," said he. "I'll send you a contract down to the Garden Theatre tonight." And, sure enough, Dan Frohman had the contract there that very evening, and I signed it in between acts of "If I Were King," which I was playing at the time.

Miss Marlowe was abroad but was cabled to and wired her consent. The thing was done. Such rapid action was truly Napoleonic, and bore out Charles's saying, "I would rather be rightly wrong than wrongly right," a remark which requires some figuring out; but in this instance it meant, "If this Shakespearian combination is going to be a good thing for the theatre I want to be in it and help it along."

Charles did not entirely approve of my desire to play the Shakespeare rôles, but since that was my determination he was eager to support the venture. He was humorously candid in his criticism and told me frankly enough that he did not like my performance of Malvolio and that my conception of Shylock was all wrong. In a general way he preferred me in romantic parts, and once, as he sat at a dress rehearsal, he sighed and said to Miss Marlowe: "Why does he want to play Shylock? Oh, for the Eddie Sothern of twenty years ago!"

Under his direction we produced six Shakespeare plays—"Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Much Ado about Nothing." These productions were all new and elaborate. I had a free hand, practically, in the matter of scenery, costumes, and accessories.

The venture was expensive, and, although the receipts were great, Mr. Frohman felt at the end of the second year that he did not want to make three more productions as we agreed should be done. We, however, wished to proceed with our original scheme of three plays a year; also we wished to take our productions to London. Charles could not sympathize with our plans, so I asked him if he would like to give up the contract for this third year.

He said "Yes"; so we handed him back the agreement and undertook the enterprise ourselves. He wished us Godspeed and we went our way.

When Charles and Daniel Frohman entered upon their careers as managers the business of the theatre was frequently conducted on a haphazard plan. If a venture succeeded all went well. In the event of failure the actors very often suffered loss. Any irresponsible person could take out a play and obtain time in various theatres. I have myself been a victim of such adventurers. Owing greatly to the Frohman faculty for organization and fair dealing, theatrical affairs were soon conducted on a sounder business basis. The Frohman word was as good as a bond

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to any man. This was Charles Frohman's especial pride.

It has been the custom in certain quarters to exclaim against Mr. Frohman's "commercialism" in the conduct of his business. This abuse is quite nonsensical and unfair. The amusement-loving public demands many kinds of entertainment. It can be said of Charles Frohman that he never on any single occasion offered anything below the standard of cleanliness and good manners, and that, on the other hand, he provided his patrons with the very best plays by the very best dramatists of his time, interpreted by the most capable actors procurable. The salaries of players and the royalties of playwrights increased by leaps and bounds under his generous direction, for he was ever ready to pay for the best. Masterpieces are not written frequently; if Mr. Frohman overlooked any in his generation they are yet to be discovered.

A recent play contest offering a prize of ten thousand dollars succeeded no better than previous occasions of the same nature in unearthing neglected genius. Nor did the generous experiment of the New Theatre nor any of the several excursions of the dissatisfied and inspired display one actor or play superior to those produced by the commercial managers.

From a photograph taken for Mr. Frohman's passport.

Charles Frohman in 1915.

We are informed that the theatre has great power along lines of instruction and reform, but it is observed that philanthropists do not endow playhouses.

Sir Henry Irving's oft-quoted axiom that the theatre "must succeed as a business or it will fail as an art" is no more than plain common sense, and the froth-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing and foaming of all the ink-pots in the world will not make it otherwise.

When Haroun-al-Raschid desired to learn how he should govern his kingdom, he went disguised into the taverns and there the toss-pots instructed him; for the failures in life can always advise the successful ones as to the conduct of their affairs.

Charles Frohman, no doubt, lost much wisdom by not hearkening to the wine-bibbers. They, on the other hand, would have had lighter hearts, heavier pockets, and happier heads had they denounced him less and spent the time thus gained in emulation of his honesty, good humor, kindliness, industry, and courage.

The sincere tributes at his funeral paid homage to a public benefactor. As I sat and saw and listened I could but feel uplifted in my sorrow; for here, surely, greater than Death victorious was Life triumphant, a purpose vindicated, a calling honored, an example declared.

It was no idle statement made by Rabbi Silverman that Charles Frohman's last words will echo through the days and nights for "those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters." They will strengthen many a doubtful wayfarer. They are the greeting for our journey's end. "Then they are glad because they are at rest and so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be."

UP THE CHIMNEY

Said my Fairy Godmother, who is responsible for these pages: "There is no talk here about your own acting."

Said I: "There shall not be, and for these weighty reasons: Acting, if it speaks at all, leaves nothing to be said. If it is still-born, the less said of it the better; also I have observed of the greatest actors of my time—Jefferson, Irving, McCullough, my father, Barrett, Tree, even Edwin Booth—that, although they continued industriously to act, many persons in the theatre and out of the theatre, who were not acting, insisted that those who were acting could not act; so that the curious condition existed that, while the informed, but unemployed and inactive, proclaimed that the acting ones could not act, the uninformed, but employed and active, were constantly and successfully acting. That is to say, those who could act did *not*, and those who could not act *did*. I have ever been one of those who cannot act, and yet do act, which, being admitted, makes comment on my own acting needless."

"Still," persisted my Fairy Godmother, "you must have some estimate of your own work."

"I have," said I.

"As, for instance?" queried my Fairy Godmother. "What were your best achievements?"

"King Lear, Coriolanus, Cardinal Wolsey, Richard III——"

"Stop!" said she. "You have never played these characters."

"Never!" said I.

"How, then, can they be your best work?"

"One's execution," I replied, "never comes up to one's conception. It is so with a sculptor, a painter, a poet, also an actor. The figure that imagination bodies forth so far exceeds in beauty, truth, and grandeur the actual achievement that the thing done is puny to the thing undone."

"But those parts you have played?"

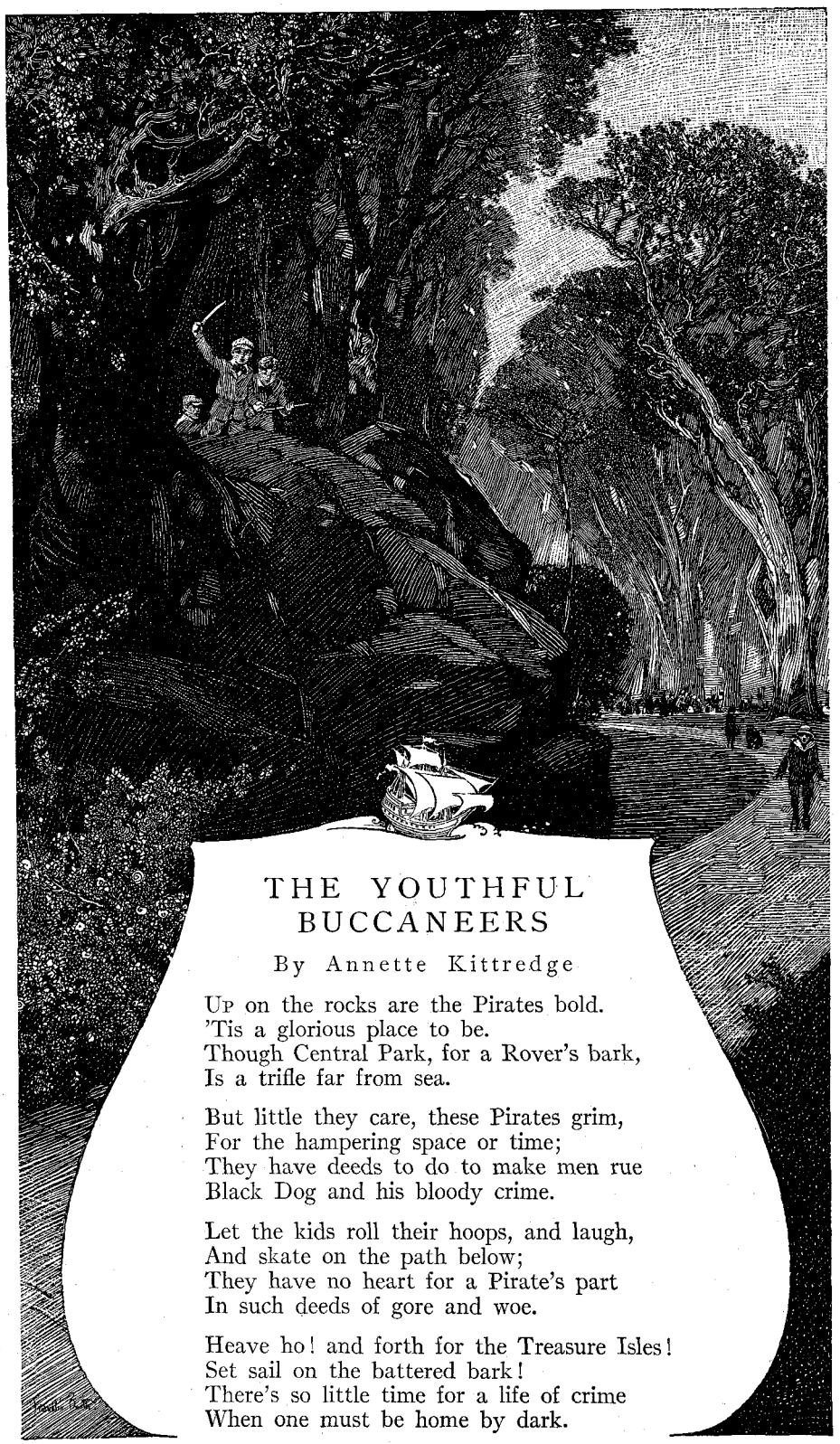
"Hideous disappointments, all of them! Crippled at birth, bereft of half their promised perfections, never to be contemplated without regrets! But for the songs never sung, the pictures never painted! Yes, I must say I was the best King Lear I ever heard of; the best Wolsey, Coriolanus, Richard, Othello, Iago, King John, Brutus, Cassius——"

But I was talking to the air; my Fairy Godmother had fled up the chimney.

"The swallows fly beyond the setting sun,
Seeking the shelter of a kindlier shore.
To such fair haven, now my work is done,
I, too, would steer, nor venture evermore.
Arise, dear heart! and hasten—haste before
Our wings are broken and our weak eyes shun
The cloudless skies—away! away! where none
Shall vex the quiet that our souls adore.
Not all the gaudy trappings we have worn—
Nor all the glitter of the gallant throng
Whose shouting bore our argosy along—
Outshines the beauty of a summer morn—
Outsings the music of the throstle's song
To some sweet solitude at evening borne."

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE YOUTHFUL BUCCANEERS

By Annette Kittredge

Up on the rocks are the Pirates bold.
'Tis a glorious place to be.
Though Central Park, for a Rover's bark,
Is a trifle far from sea.

But little they care, these Pirates grim,
For the hampering space or time;
They have deeds to do to make men rue
Black Dog and his bloody crime.

Let the kids roll their hoops, and laugh,
And skate on the path below;
They have no heart for a Pirate's part
In such deeds of gore and woe.

Heave ho! and forth for the Treasure Isles!
Set sail on the battered bark!
There's so little time for a life of crime
When one must be home by dark.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LANDLUBBERS

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrations by Walter Tittle

EVERY one who knows anything about yachts, and the Astor and King's Cup races, and the New York Yacht Club cruise, and all that sort of thing, knows Tommy Dillingham. He goes in for big-boat sailing. For a season or two you will see his burgee flying over a fifty-foot racing-sloop; then he will blossom out with a schooner anywhere from seventy-five to ninety feet water-line. He is the first to put his craft into commission in the spring, the last to send her to the shipyard in the fall. The salt water is something more than a hobby, a source of occasional diversion, with him; it is an absorbing passion.

I had heard of his having built a new auxiliary schooner, but was rather hazy about it because at the time, as I recall, we were all interested in his astonishing engagement to a Western girl, a Miss Telfer—Diana Telfer—whom he had met in Denver while on a junket of railroad directors. I was in South America when she came east and so missed seeing her. But every one I talked to later was crazy about the girl—even the women—which, I fancy, is saying a great deal for her.

I had been wondering how this child of the soaring Rockies would meet the awfully salt-sea instincts and proclivities of our intrepid and indomitable shellback, Dillingham. . . .

An uncanny and inexplicable movement, involving stocks in which I was interested, had brought me from the mountains to Wall Street, than which, in late July, no place, with one exception

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably, can be so pestiferously hot. As it turned out, nothing particularly was the matter with the market, and affairs were returning to normal when I arrived at the office. One of my clerks studied Bullinger for me and picked out an afternoon train for the mountains which quite hit my fancy—it left early and was fast.

This settled, I walked around the corner and drifted skyward to the Bankers' Club, and the first person I saw was Dillingham. His gesture of recognition was eager; his greeting as I approached him was equally so.

"Keats Ballard—what luck!" he cried in his deep-sea voice. "You're the very fellow I've been looking for. Wired Van Gieson's Gap for you only an hour ago. Sit down and have a dash of luncheon." As I dropped into the opposite chair he went on. "I want you to go on the *Magua* for the New York Yacht Club cruise. It starts Thursday week, August 5. You——"

He paused as I raised my hand protestingly. Almost any one would have been delighted, but the sea is *not* my game.

"Look here, Tommy," I expostulated, "why annoy me when I'm perfectly happy? It's too deuced hot. Salt water doesn't agree with me, as you know; never did. I——"

"Keats, you've simply got to go." Tommy is a rolling, heavy-set chap with a lot of jowl, a man of one idea. "Diana Telfer is coming up for it, and I'm going to have Rutherford Talbott, my Aunt Rebecca Snedecor and Uncle Elias—a family party; you're about the only one I know who could live with them a week on a boat——"

"Thanks," said I, grimly. "Any one else?"

"Only two," replied Tommy. "Grace Alcott and her kid brother."

"Grace Alcott!" I looked at him curiously; for it was with Tommy that her name had been most frequently connected since her coming out. His sudden and surprising engagement was commonly supposed to have been a knockout for her. "Why Grace especially?"

"I don't know," Tommy responded, either carelessly or affectedly so, I couldn't tell which. He added, after a second's thought, that she had not missed a cruise with him in the past five years. He supposed that was the reason. I nodded.

Grace Alcott! Certainly, here was to be either a tragedy, a comedy, or a mixture of both, and I, being somewhat of an amateur in human personality and emotions, was not averse to a front seat. Besides, I was dying to see and know this formidable Rocky Mountain girl who had crumpled my self-centred friend, as it were, with one look. I said I would go.

Diana Telfer, as it chanced, was the first one of the party I saw when I landed on the *Magua's* deck from the launch which had picked me from the float at the foot of East 26th Street. The first impression of her was altogether surprising. I had—knowing Tommy Dillingham—adjusted my expectations to a creation of the Brunnhilde caste—majestic, heavy-framed, dominant, handsome. Instead I saw a creature who was striking in her sheer femininity. Not that she was at all by way of being a drooping flower; quite the contrary, she was a girl, in all that the term implies.

Lithe, poised against the rail with the easy resilient grace of the goddess whose name she bore, without a hat, the sun brought out the bronze in her hair. She was not a blonde, nor yet a pronounced brunette; she represented, to me, the glorious golden mean. A trim, white flannel skirt, white shirt-waist rolling wide at the throat and caught by a blue scarf, were the salient features of her costume.

It was fortunate that her interest in a Blackwell's Island prison-boat was so keen; otherwise she might have suffered some loss of equanimity through the frank curiosity of my gaze. She turned her head in my direction, in fact, just as I was speculating about her eyes—Tommy saved the situation by appearing on deck and introducing us. They were deep gray—the eyes, of course.

I caught her flashing white teeth as she smiled at me, uttering my name in a full-throated voice. As for me, I mumbled inanely and, bowing, turned toward my cabin.

Here I had been a bachelor for thirty-two years, not through inclination but through excess of taste—and then Tommy Dillingham must go and fling an ideal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of my dreams and most romantic fancies into my face, all marked, signed, and sealed as his own. His own—the web-footed, rumbling, opinionated sea-dog!

I moped about my room, trying to catch up on a book I was writing, for hours after we had got under way, and it was not until luncheon was announced that I saw her again. She was at table with the rest of the party as I entered the saloon. I knew them all very well with the exception, of course, of Miss Telfer. The Snedecors were Tommy's nearest living relatives—quiet, conservative, but immensely wealthy, according to all accounts. Mrs. Snedecor had always been "Aunt Rebecca" for me as for Dillingham. Rutherford Talbott, Tommy's cousin, considerably his senior in years, punctilious, precise, almost overbred, was likely to be encountered in any club along Fifth Avenue you might happen to drop into. Grace Alcott, a striking blonde, I had never cared much for; not that I had disliked her or she me—our circles didn't meet, that was all. Jack Alcott was a cub who had grown to prep-school dignity almost before I realized he was out of knickerbockers.

We went on deck after luncheon. It was a dreamy, hazy day, with no wind at all, so Tommy was proceeding down the Sound under power to New London, where the squadron was to rendezvous in the late afternoon. Under the stern was the quick thrash of the propeller. The Sound was a misty blue, on which the vague sunlight seemed to smoulder. Occasionally a cargo-boat or a tug towing coal-barges slid by silently, and in the distance, to port, we could make out the indefinite bulk of Falkner's Island.

Aunt Rebecca, a dominant woman of double chin and ample proportions, sat and knitted until my eyes grew tired watching the movement of her hand. Her husband, a debonair old aristocrat, sat at a wicker table laden with Scotch and soda and cigars, facing the lanky, impeccable Rutherford Talbott. Young Jack Alcott was at the wheel with the captain.

In the course of the afternoon I found my original problem, the precise influence which had brought Dillingham to Diana Telfer's feet, complicated by the additional question why the girl had ever accepted him in this position. Certainly, I could discover no special bond of sympathy between the two. I watched them as they sat together on the stern seat, Tommy, matter-of-fact, as of a man who having made his choice is willing to regard it as settled and out of mind, and Diana, brilliant, beautiful, full of fun, and yet more or less casual in her attitude toward her fiancé.

At no time did I catch subtle glances, or lover-like byplay, except when she occasionally leaned forward and put her arm around his shoulder for support. Tommy, of course, I always suspected, would maintain precisely this demeanor; but this keen, alive, red-blooded girl—could she be perfectly happy? And if not, why had they ever become engaged? Possibly she had been carried away by the Dillingham prestige; or, again, perhaps Tommy, who had a heavy-browed, cave-man method of getting anything he wanted, had simply overborne her. I confess I could not determine. I merely record that, seeing the situation, Grace Alcott joined the two and was immediately successful in interesting Tommy in a discussion of submarine signalling. Dillingham presently arose.

"I'm going up to navigate the boat for a while, Diana," he said, "we're running into a bit of a fog. You see that seaman over there is rigging the log-line. Come with me."

She hesitated, flushing, shaking her head.

"Tommy, if you don't mind—" she said; "fog on land doesn't bother me—I mean on hunting-trips in the mountains," she added, a trifle defiantly I thought. "But on the water—Tommy, I was on the bow of the *Babylonia* three years ago when we hit a fishing-boat in the fog on the Grand Banks. I heard the screams of the—" she closed her eyes. "I hate an ocean fog," she went on at length. "If we have one to-day I shall go into the library, light the lights, and read."

"So shall I," grunted Aunt Rebecca approvingly, which was all very well from her—but from Diana Telfer! Here was heresy; here was schism! I fairly started from my chair, curious to see if she were joking. But her face was as serious as her words had been. You may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be certain Tommy's countenance was equally devoid of humor. He stared at her a moment as though unable to believe his ears; then he shrugged.

"Come on, Grace," he said at length.

She came as a dog comes when you whistle. I had admired her poise throughout the day—subdued, sad perhaps, but game as a pebble. Now, as I watched her—she was tall and handsome, as much of a shellback as Tommy, her father having been a commodore of the yacht-club—I could not help thinking how damnable are the freaks that human nature plays. Grace Alcott was made for Tommy Dillingham; yet he must persist in refusing to see it.

The fog came, and good and thick. Our siren began to wail, and from all sides, as it seemed, floated muffled bell-notes and hoarse roars of inquiry and warning. Off to port the horn of a light vessel snorted at short intervals like a bull. From mast and spar and furled sail-cover came the drip, drip of moisture.

Aunt Rebecca, good as her word, arose and went below. Diana, equally consistent, followed her. When I went into the library the older woman was sleeping. The girl was reading "The Egoist." She laid it aside as I approached.

"I noticed several books bearing your name," she smiled. "I didn't know you wrote."

"I approve your passing me up for Meredith; it shows discrimination."

"Oh, I glanced over yours. And I'm going to read them, too," she said. Then, with a quizzical glance: "You are not with the navigators. Doesn't the fog appeal to you, either?"

"Not when there's a library around," I answered. Then, lest this sound too highbrow, I added, banally enough, "I do quite a lot of hunting and mountain-climbing. In fact, one of those books of mine over there relates to my ascent of the new glacial route up Mount Rainier."

"I have never cared much for the sea," she said slowly; "perhaps because most of my spare time has been spent in the mountains. Then, I've always been so fearfully seasick going abroad. I never realized until"—she smiled glumly—"I came on this time how great a part of Tommy's life are the sea and his yachts. Of course," she added, "it was always apparent to me that he was an enthusiastic sailor—but not to the exclusion of everything else." She shrugged. We began to talk of the mountains. More than an hour had elapsed before she arose and left the apartment.

When I ascended the companionway she was on deck. It was still foggy, but not so thick as it had been. We were off the mouth of the Thames, and ahead arose a vague blur of masts and sails and spars and yellow funnels—the armada of the New York Yacht Club at rendezvous. Viewed through the mists it was an impressionistic picture and one well worth seeing. The bell-buoy on Sarah's Ledge sent forth its dreamy notes, and the waves swished gently past our bows. I joined the group on the after deck, and found Diana Telfer quite entranced with the scene, much to Dillingham's satisfaction.

Morning brought us one of those blue-steel days, so brave and inspiring on land, so jumpy and wet and so thoroughly disagreeable on the sea—the water pure cobalt slashed with snarling white, the heavens filled with dark, tumbling clouds, the horizon blue-black. The *Magua* had been entered in the auxiliary class for the run to Newport, and race Tommy would in spite of the lumpy sea and the whistling thirty-knot wind. When we rolled and pitched out to the starting-line off Sarah's Ledge he found himself alone in his class, the other auxiliaries having cut for Newport under power. All right, he would take a sail over and show the lubbers a thing or two. His anger, easily excited over nautical shortcomings in others, was intense.

"Beastly flat-foots!" he exclaimed. "A bobble of sea and a capful of wind." His eyes fell upon the oil-skinned group who had gathered on the after deck to witness the start of classes in racing trim. "Where's Diana?"

As a matter of cold fact, Diana Telfer had taken the count precisely ten minutes after the *Magua* had left the harbor; I hadn't believed a beautiful girl could look so utterly sick. Grace Alcott, not to be told from a man in her yellow slicker and sou'wester, raised her eyes significantly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Diana has gone below, Tommy—poor girl!"

"Seasick!" roared Dillingham. "Seasick—in this!"

Well, for my part I regarded it as a pretty humpy morning. When the two cup-defense candidates crossed the line under reefed mainsails and one headsail each, heeling over until the water boiled up to the hatch-coamings, I suspected that there were others who shared my opinion. So far as that goes, the *Magua* had reefs both in her fore and main sails, with one little rag of a jib and no top sails.

We got a cheer from the regatta-committee tug as we crossed alone in our class and heeled over on our course with a rattle and a crack. We went—yes. You could feel her split the water and fling it high in crackling spindrift. I had just begun to strut a bit, to congratulate myself upon unsuspected weatherly ability when we entered the Race. Never in my life have I seen a craft so maltreated by the waves as the *Magua* was; she stabbed at the clouds, she speared the depths, she slithered upon her beam. I found myself confusing the water for the sky and the sky for the water. Then, as Jack Alcott would say, I blew. . . .

When I again began to take an intelligent interest in events and environment we were safely anchored in Newport harbor, off the Torpedo Station on Goat Island. I crawled out on deck and found Tommy and Grace gloating over a long procession of craft of all sorts which, having been driven to shelter from the tumultuous weather, were making their way in from Stonington and the Point Judith breakwater.

"Only a dozen finished the race," exulted Dillingham. "Fine showing for a deep-water crowd! Where's Diana?"

I was hoping he would forget her in the flush of a well-won victory; for, as you know, a great many persons do not bound up from a bed of mal-de-mer as soon as a craft ceases to misbehave. The process of recovery is liable to be most deliberate.

Poor Diana! Aunt Rebecca raised her hands in voluble sympathy when she waddled into the girl's room immediately after breakfast.

It was some hours after they had started us on the squadron run for the Vineyard that she appeared on deck. I was never so sorry for any one in my life. She looked pathetically at Tommy who, assuredly, was most unsympathetic.

"You and Keats Ballard are a great team!" he grunted. "It's lucky you're along, Grace—for the credit of the sex." He rumbled on with clumsy compliments for the Alcott girl, who had been with him on deck throughout the tumultuous run to Newport, and then moved forward growling at the wind, which, as he declared, was "up and down the mast."

With this I was perfectly content—at first. But as we drifted deeper and deeper into the doldrums time began to move at laggard's pace. The dreary slatting of sail and spar, the log-like heave of the *Magua*, became almost unendurable. The ocean was like a painted picture. The sunlight poured down upon a surface of flawless blue; the sky was an even turquoise, save for little fleecy shreds and strips which occasionally floated across. Here and there a graceful white hull, topped by listless, flabby canvas served to differentiate the monotony of the scene. Far off to starboard old Gay Head cliffs sent forth coruscating blues, yellows, and reds, and the steam-yachts, leaving long stratified smudges from their funnels, passed us and disappeared into the misty blue ahead.

It might all have been wonderful, simply wonderful, if a common malady had led to a renewal of pleasant relations with Diana Telfer—as I had hoped might be the case. But no; she reclined with eyes closed, beautiful beyond dreams in her pale languor. I began to realize that she had studiously avoided me since that talk in the library. Why? I arose and glared at the uninspiring group—Tommy and Grace reading together, Aunt Rebecca knitting, old Snedecor playing solitaire!

"Tommy," I cried, "for the love of Heaven put on your power and let's get to port, or anywhere out of this!"

He merely grinned, but late in the afternoon he did hook up his engines and proceeded under full headway for Vineyard Haven, which we reached while we were at dinner.

In the evening we all sat on deck watching the life aboard the fleet—the rush of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

launches, the laughter of guests at hospitable gangways, the inquisitive searchlights which, reaching shoreward, pencilled out the cottages and hotels of Oak Bluffs. Tommy and Diana sat apart from us, conversing in low tones; occasionally I heard her laugh, and knew therefore that he was at his best—and at his best Tommy Dillingham was lovable to man or woman. Somehow I was sorry to see him thus. I don't know what demon of jealousy possessed me, but certain it was I envied him and hated him, and began to formulate plans for leaving the *Magua* and everything connected with her.

Perhaps I should have carried them out, but the *Magua* weighed anchor next day before I was awake, the itinerary calling for an early start on the long road to Bar Harbor. When I came on deck we were off East Chop preparing to cross the line. Every one was up, every one was alive and excited; for a sixteen-knot northwester was combing the waters, giving us just the slant Tommy had been whistling for, a reach. The wind went to twenty knots before we were an hour under way, but it came from a direction to keep the sea flat, and as a consequence we enjoyed the sheer poetry of runaway momentum under canvas. The *Magua* drove ahead like a living thing. Diana, radiant under the thrill of the race—the sharp clack of the tight canvas, the whine of the wind through the gear—was the life of the party. She stayed on deck with Tommy, Grace, and me, her hair blowing from under her blue yachting-cap, her cheeks flaming, her gray eyes snapping with the zest of the struggle.

We were third when we passed the *Pollock Rip* light vessel at one o'clock—only two crack racing-schooners ahead of us. Tommy frequently took his mind from the race to talk to Diana, pointing out landfalls and elaborating points of sailing, she responding with the keenest sort of interest. I am afraid I wasn't overly civil to Grace, but, as I knew, much *she* cared about that!

The change came not fifteen minutes after we had left the light ship astern. The wind, without warning, turned from west to north, and began to hit up twenty-eight miles an hour. The sea began to take us from an angle and the *Magua* forthwith proceeded to play the part of a dervish. In just about five minutes I began to feel pale; but a glance at Diana informed me that I had nothing on her. Tommy frowned at the sagging figure.

"Diana," he cried, "for Heaven's sake go below and stay below—until you can stop being so idiotic!"

I think I would have remonstrated more emphatically than eloquently had I been able to speak. I had just gumption enough to try; then I wilted.

Of what happened thereafter I cannot speak with authority. I have merely a vague memory of terrific pounding, of falling twice out of my berth, of salt-water making its way into the cabin, of screaming wind—and, about midnight, to cap all, one of the worst thunder-storms I ever listened to. At two o'clock a black squall hit us, and I could hear the rush on deck as the crew doused the foresail and staysail. Many lubbers have smiled at the statement of a person being so seasick that he really in his heart hoped a ship might sink and end all. But it's no joke, it's true.

Not a single yacht was in sight when I came up for air about nine o'clock in the morning. Tommy, bleary-eyed—he had been on deck throughout the night—passed me on his way to his cabin, nodding grimly at the sections of shattered rail, the splintered whale-boat, the absence of movable deck-fittings.

"Some storm," he grunted. He paused. "Grace Alcott was up until we hit the black squall; I made her turn in then—there's no limit to that girl."

"A daughter of the Argonauts," I feebly grinned.

He growled some noncommittal reply and glanced seaward, where the ocean, gray as the rime of ages, rolled in long, greasy swells—a most unpleasing prospect from a heaving, weather-smitten deck.

"Cleaned out! Blown off the ocean!" chuckled Tommy. "There's not a sail nor a stick in sight. There's Cape Elizabeth off to port—you make in past that for Portland——"

"Tommy," I cried, "haven't we had enough? I have. Go in to Portland and put me ashore, or else go in close enough so I can swim to land. The Boston and Maine Railroad station is dearer to me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just now than all my hopes of eternal reward."

But Dillingham scowled.

"Stow that whine," he returned. "This is a race, not a game of bumble puppy. Put in to Portland when we're ahead! Ye gods!"

I went to bed again.

It was the middle of the afternoon when my head ached me back to consciousness. A steward brought me bicarbonate of soda, and presently I was able to stagger from my cabin. Outside we were shattering the air with our whistle-blasts, while the port-holes were blank disks of gray—all of which told me we were again groping in the heart of fog—no Sound affair this time, but one of those frightful Maine-coast palls which seem to blanket one's very soul. I found every one, including Diana Telfer, in the library listening to Tommy, who stood before them in his boots and oilskins.

"It's the worst fog I ever saw," he was saying. "We are going through the Fox Island Thorofare. In about an hour we ought to be rounding Swan Island and standing for Bar Harbor."

I suggested that Tommy use his engines and stop fooling around in the murk, but he roared me down, saying we had a good quartering wind, and that he would make Bar Harbor under sail and win this race or lose his ship.

"Oh, all right," I growled, "go to it." I picked up a book, and Diana, who had been playing with a paper-knife, smiled wanly. Tommy and Jack went on deck.

The rest of us remained in the warm library, with its mellow lights, but seemingly the fog cast its spell of depression over all of us. Aunt Rebecca proceeded with her interminable task of knitting a sweater, Grace and the two men sullenly played dummy whist. Diana and I napped.

I don't know how much time had elapsed when Tommy again appeared—it was two hours at least.

"I don't want to alarm you people——"

"What!" At the word "alarm" I bounced up from a nap.

Tommy glared at me.

"Don't act like a hysterical schoolgirl, Keats," he roared. "I say, I don't wish to alarm you, but I think you'd all better dress warmly and come up on deck."

One by one we assembled on the forward deck, peering ahead fearfully into the blank, yellowish, gray veil. Near the bowsprit we could see vague figures leaning forward scanning the murk. We had lowered our sails and were proceeding under slow headway; we could feel the measured beat of the screw. Our siren wailed unceasingly through the reeking atmosphere. Great banks of mist rolled aboard, shutting out even our bowsprit; it was as though we were breathing water. We were all silent as ghosts and immobile.

Diana wasn't with us. I walked aft, unable to endure the strain of waiting and watching and doing nothing, and found her talking to the steward. She had completely recovered from her malady, apparently; for her voice was firm, even bright. Sailors were bringing articles from below and placing them under the davits of our small launch. One man, in fact, was standing on the rail, stowing articles away.

I was about to ask her the reason for this proceeding, when a shout from forward, and then a series of quick commands and the reversing of our propeller, caused me to run forward. I found the faces of the party turned toward a figure with arm outstretched.

"There! Rocks!" It was Tommy's voice. "Full speed astern, captain—quick!"

I was about to turn to Talbott with a light remark that our danger apparently was more fancied than real when suddenly under our feet came a bump, or, rather, the impression of a bump. Then, as one of the women screamed, we got it amidships, a palpable shock. Now it was as though the keel of the yacht were being ripped out—a long grinding and tearing, an uprearing of the bow; ahead, almost within arm's reach, a vast blur of sand, rocks, and trees. The in-rolling waves were lifting and lowering the stern, and the *Magua*, now partially listed over, seemed beyond all hope of remaining intact. Then we could see that the vessel had by some chance entered a sort of harbor, bringing her up close to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shore; our bowsprit, in fact, protruded right over a ledge of rock above the flying surf. Jack Alcott was out on the big spar almost as soon as we hit and found it a safe and simple avenue to land.

The experience of translation from an environment containing every modern manifestation of convenience and luxury to a limbo of the elemental, remote from pale of civilization, is not pleasant. Quite the contrary, it is distinctly grisly and unwholesome. It was to our party—to most of our party, at all events. For, take us by and large, as Tommy was wont to say in his nautical jargon, we were irrevocably adjusted to the unnecessary, as well as the essential, comforts of our age.

Consider the plight: only a few minutes ago the sumptuous library with its imported leather upholstery, its great chairs and mellow lamps; the genial saloon, its glittering cut-glass and impeccable napery glowing dully against the carved wainscoting; the comfortable staterooms; porcelain baths; smoking-room; a steward at your elbow whenever you batted an eye—only a few minutes ago! And now—a desolate stretch of black rock and sedge, circumscribed in area by the creepy gray fog which rolled and billowed in from the shrouded sea, shutting out all perspectives and causing even your nearest neighbor to loom distorted, blurred, ghostly.

No one said anything for a moment or so. We just stood, huddled, staring out through the pallid gloom toward an enormous dark shape which rose and writhed with each incoming wave and gave forth sounds of metallic rending and grinding. Tommy stood next to me and next to him stood the Alcott girl; I didn't know it was she until I heard her voice. And I'm willing to swear she was holding his hand. It wasn't so much that I could see—although, for that matter, their relative attitudes suggested it indubitably—but somehow I simply *knew* it, that's all. She was the first to speak.

"Tommy," she cried—and her quivering voice, breaking the human silence so unexpectedly, sounded as insistently as a fog-bell—"Tommy, it's a beastly shame! The dear, beautiful *Magua* pounding her pretty sides to pieces—and after you had spent so much money for her, taken so much pride in her. Oh, I could cry!" She proved her sincerity by doing it, her head resting strategically against Dillingham's oil-skinned shoulder.

It wasn't until I heard a low echoing laugh behind me that I located Diana Telfer. She had come up from the water's edge, dragging a long canvas ditty-bag, which she dropped at my feet.

"I suppose, Miss Telfer," I said,—somewhat amused at the thought,—"that you are perfectly at home now."

I think there must have been something in the casual, rather genial cadence of my remark, not to mention its nature, which appealed to her as attractive amid the general atmosphere of mental, as well as meteorological, depression. At all events she placed her hand on my arm and put her face close to mine.

"I don't think," she whispered, "I have been so completely and blissfully at home in my life. These wonderful rocks!" She stamped a foot upon them, as though in sheer ecstasy.

"Yes," I replied, quoting, "there is a 'grim rectitude' about them that appeals. You may have noticed—although I doubt it, since you appear not to have noticed me at all—you may have observed that I am not such a great shellback myself."

"Yes," was her rejoinder, "I think I have. I suppose I am horrid," she went on in a low, confidential voice that thrilled me and warmed me, "but I don't know when I was ever so glad to feel things under my feet—things that can't move."

I nodded solemnly, assuring her that I, too, was feeling quite at home. What more I would have said I don't know; for at the moment Dillingham bore out of the murk with Grace Alcott still trailing him like a nebulous satellite.

"That you, Ballard?" he called, peering in my direction. "Well," he continued, as he drew near to us, "this is the devil of a fix—*Magua* hard and fast, probably booked to break up. We're probably somewhere on Swan Island," he said. "I'm not sure, because, as you know, we were proceeding by dead-reckoning——"

"Swan Island," interrupted Talbott; "is it as desolate as it looks?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"More so, I guess," growled Tommy. "If it is the island, then Burnt Coat Harbor, quite a settlement, is over on the other side, but that's a matter of quite a number of——"

"Of miles!" exploded his aunt. "And here we are in this wilderness! It seems to me with all your sailing you might have picked——"

"Mrs. Snedecor," interposed Grace with a sort of proprietory asperity, "you don't seem to understand that Tommy was not sailing his yacht with a view to selecting places upon which——"

"Grace, I—I was not addressing you. I wish you would attend to your own affairs." Oh, yes, things were becoming quite elemental. The woman turned to Dillingham. "I am asking you, Thomas, what you intend to do?"

In the pause that followed Diana Telfer laughed.

"At all events," she said, "we are on land"—she paused abruptly.

"So we are, so we are," snapped Talbott. "What I want to know is, what of it? This fog's going through me like milk through a sieve—I'm cold."

"Perhaps the crew may find a fisherman's cabin," suggested Dillingham.

"Yes, and they might blunder around all night," retorted Talbott. "It's late in the afternoon now—and we can't do any exploring."

"Rutherford is quite right," interpolated Aunt Rebecca. "I'm quite sure that if I have to die it shall be right here—and without undue exertion."

It was then—and I shall remember it always—that Miss Telfer took charge of the situation.

"Pshaw!" she said. "No one has to die—and no one is obliged to be extremely uncomfortable. We will camp pleasantly for the night."

"Pleasantly!" snorted some one.

"We'll camp for the night," she went on imperturbably, "and then in the morning some of us can explore, if the crew hasn't returned, and no doubt obtain all the assistance we want. Just now I'm for a good dinner and comfort." You could feel the effect of her manner and her words. I could see Snedecor and Talbott start up like grenadiers at the mention of food.

"Here?" Grace Alcott's query was both derisive and curious.

"No, there." She faced about, pointing. Then she turned to me, still pointing. "Mr. Ballard, you're a woodsman; what do you detect from that direction?"

I strained my eyes through the fog and was about to confess my inability to detect anything, when suddenly to my nostrils came something familiar. I waited a second, then clashed my hands together.

"By Jove, you're a wizard!" I cried. "It's a fir woods!"

"A fir woods, Mr. Ballard," she agreed approvingly. "Well, there is where we camp."

"Any one would think," complained Dillingham, with that note of complete alienation in his voice that I had noticed frequently in the last stages of the cruise, "that because you think you've located a fir woods you've located beds, food—and bell-boys."

"Not quite," laughed the girl, "but almost. For those woods mean comfortable beds and fire and warmth, and oh, ever so many things." If a handsome girl may ever be said to sniff, Grace Alcott achieved that distinction. But Diana—pardon, Miss Telfer—didn't mind, probably didn't notice it. She was intent upon other things. "Tommy," she ran on, "when I heard we were drifting ashore I took the liberty to order the stewards to pack blankets, a frying-pan, and other utensils, some food and whiskey."

"Eh!" Talbott and Snedecor again straightened up, while Aunt Rebecca gave guttural signals of interest.

"And some whiskey," the girl proceeded, "in the tender. I got into the boat and the sailors lowered it into the water. Then I towed it among the rocks into a little cove."

"You did!" Dillingham's voice betokened not disillusionment from a solidly founded idea, but disbelief.

"I did," she replied. "I have been lost several times in the mountains without the creature comforts; this time I profited by the lesson. Tommy"—her voice was now one of command—"you and Jack and you other men go down and unload the boat; it's"—pointing—"straight down there. The women stay

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Walter Tittle.

At two o'clock a black squall hit us.—Page 349.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right here, so you won't get lost. Mr. Ballard and I will go and select a camp-site and then return. Now don't worry, any of you; we are going to be fine." Without waiting for reply she turned. "Come."

She stepped over the crags, heading inland. I, following, placed my hand upon her arm, but she laughingly shook it off.

"Don't bother, please, I'm a regular mountain goat when it comes to land." She paused a moment. "Tommy warned us to be careful lest we walk into danger in this fog—but I'm certain there are woods ahead of us."

"I am, too," said I, rather perfunctorily, I'll confess, since I didn't greatly care what was ahead, so that this radiant girl was at my side.

We walked on silently, leaving the rocks behind and entering upon a domain in which the sedge seemed of much thicker growth. Presently we encountered a palpable slope, covered with juniper. Through this we toiled and at length were confronted by a heavy dark blur.

"The trees!" she cried. And so they were—a fir forest on a bluff with branches forming a perfect canopy from the reeking clouds and the ground covered thickly with a soft brown carpet. In our sylvan transept we were as cosey and comfortable and aloof from all the grewsome things of the sea as one may imagine.

"Wonderful!" said I. I don't know why, but somehow I had to touch her; the environment, the entire atmosphere—just we two apart from all the world—was altogether more than I could accept with calmness. I stretched out my hand, resting it lightly on her shoulder a minute. "Miss Telfer, you're—you're a corker!"

She didn't budge an inch until I let my hand drop. Then she laughed in rather an embarrassed manner, I fancied.

"May I have your match-box?" As I fished it from my pocket and handed it to her she added crisply: "Now if you'll go down to the shore and bring up the crowd I'll make a start at things——"

"Leave you here alone!" I shrugged indignantly and stood as though rooted to the ground. She gazed at me for a second in silence.

"I thank you, Mr. Ballard," she said at length, "but, really, I've often been alone—and in places more dangerous than this, I fancy."

I didn't say anything—what could I say?—but instantly struck out for the rocks. Here I found Grace Alcott, Aunt Rebecca, and her husband precisely on the spot where they had been when we left. But at their feet was a growing pile of food, utensils, and blankets.

"I am glad," remarked the older woman, "that some one evidently had her wits about her. Did she find a place for us, Keats?"

"She did," I affirmed stridently. "A perfectly bully place." I turned to Tommy and young Alcott, who came up at the moment, with additional loot from the launch. "If you fellows 'll grab what you can I'll take you to the sylvan retreat."

If I have any knowledge of anything, it is woodcraft, and I think—know, in fact—that Diana Telfer appreciated all I did. Using Talbott and Jack Alcott alternately as errand-boys and laborers I soon began to establish a scene and an atmosphere of which I was proud.

Miss Telfer, a very genius of the fire, turned from her culinary ministrations when she found time and smiled approvingly at me.

"Delightful, Mr. Ballard—really! I am proud of you—" She stopped abruptly and turned to the skillet. "I am glad you made all the beds close to the tree-trunks—that's quite according to Hoyle."

Well, as may be imagined, the concentration of all in the bustling task of creating approximate civilization out of a sea-blown wilderness drew us all together, evolved a spirit of self-abnegation and of give-and-take fellowship that was delightful to experience. Snedecor, finding after all these years that his hands were of material use to him, seemed to shake his age from his shoulders, and Talbott, who proved himself a good sport—I'll say that for him—became provoked when he couldn't be useful. As for Aunt Rebecca, the picture of her sitting close to the fire in a sort of couch I had made for her, placidly knitting, was something I shall not soon forget. Nor Diana Telfer, laughing, singing snatches of opera, doing ten

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Walter Tittle.

"No, please don't," I replied, "for, if I remember, the goddess destroyed that ardent young man."—Page 356.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things at once with a deft hand and easy grace. She was grand, that's all—simply grand!

In view of these things the mood in which Tommy Dillingham and his comforter joined us when Diana turned from the improvised pantry and announced dinner was served, could not have been other than alien. Of course, Tommy is temperamental and the loss of the *Magua* was as the loss of a child, and Grace Alcott is sympathetic by nature and understands Tommy to the dot—I appreciate all that; and, again, Diana's relief at setting foot on land was almost too obvious. Yet it struck me—struck all of us, I expect—that Tommy might have bucked up a bit at the dinner and done his part.

For it was a real dinner—not only for a party of shipwrecked mariners, but for anybody. First of all, there was a puree, served hot in tin cups; there were three steaks, done to a turn, served on the aluminum plates, and French fried potatoes and French peas—picked fresh from the can. There was a lettuce salad which suffered not at all because of being served on the same plates as the entrée, and, by George! we found that Talbott's thermos bottle contained champagne punch. By this time, as any one will appreciate, we had gone quite beyond cavilling at the lack of individual drinking-cups.

Even Tommy began to brighten when Diana served after-dinner coffee in our soup-cups. Once or twice he was almost playful—with Grace Alcott. It rather got on my nerves, his treatment of Diana Telfer; he looked at her just once, as I recall, and that was when old Snedecor, after finishing the thermos bottle, arose and insisted upon delivering a chirrupy panegyric in honor of the goddess of the woods, a nymph, a dryad—Diana: in brief, Miss Telfer. Dillingham looked at her then, and I could see that she caught the glance, for she returned it. His eyes were hard and expressionless, but somehow I fancied I caught a little note of triumph—or defiance—in hers.

She replied to Snedecor with mock eloquence, and with a few pat classical allusions which I at least understood; and I took pains to show that I did by laughter and applause in appropriate places. I think she appreciated it. Jove, how wonderful she looked, as she stood in the glow of the firelight in her white skirt and blue sweater, her hair in disarray, her lips parted! I glanced at Dillingham to see if he were noticing, but he had slumped again, and with a pipe hanging between his teeth was staring into the fire. The Alcott girl was close at his side.

It was ten o'clock when we began to get sleepy. I got up and looked over the beds, and Diana Telfer joined me.

"Now, folks," she said, "let us turn in. Keep your sweaters on and put the blankets around you twice."

"But we'll get our deaths," protested Aunt Rebecca, looking at the bed of boughs.

"No, you won't; not at all," she declared. "Mr. Ballard has fixed them properly."

While they grouped around her to witness her demonstration of preparing for bed I piled up the fire, and then, as I sought my blanket, I heard her last words of injunction, having got Aunt Rebecca stowed away comfortably.

"Under no circumstances cover up your head. The crew will have brought us word by morning; don't worry. Good night."

When I awoke I awoke suddenly, I don't know why. I didn't move for some time, then slowly I raised my head. It was still dark. The fire was smouldering, but a few flames were flickering around a log, casting their light upon the face of Diana Telfer. She was sitting up, her hands about her knees, staring straight into the crimson logs, a mournful, brooding expression in her eyes. From the distance came the moan and slash of the falling seas; the fog had gone and the stars were shining. Through the boughs overhead the wind was sighing a threnody of the deep. I coughed and her head turned to me. I arose and threw myself at her side, looking up at her.

"Diana!"

"Shall I call you Actæon?" She blushed vividly.

"No, please don't," I replied, "for, if I remember, the goddess destroyed that ardent young man." I proceeded hurriedly. "You seemed distraught"—I hesitated. "I don't know that you know it; but I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am your friend. Can I help you—advise you?"

She arose slowly and motioned me to follow. She walked to the edge of the little clearing, and I came up, standing very close to her.

"Keats," she began, "there is no sense in my being silly. I do need help—advice. You have seen; you must understand. Tommy Dillingham and I are totally unsuited—I—I speak to you because you are his best friend."

"I saw from the first," I declared, "that you had nothing in common."

"But why haven't we?" she cried. "Am I a child, to so utterly fail to know my own mind! I—I thought out West, and when I was on here for the polo that I—I loved him."

"You saw him away from the sea, saw him when he was acting, when he was unreal; for the sea and the things thereof are his real life."

"I know it. Oh, *don't* I know it, now! Grace Alcott is the girl for him; she was made for him; I knew it all along, but my horrid pride—" she paused. "I have learned enough of him to know he is a man of his word, of inexorable honor, know he would die before, before—telling me he had made a mistake. But—oh, Mr. Ballard, Keats, I want him to."

"Diana!" I faced her sternly. "He has done everything but tell you. His every act——"

"His every act!" We both turned quickly. Dillingham's vague figure confronted us. "Well, go on, Keats—what about 'his every act'?"

"I will go on," I returned stanchly, "both for your sake and Diana's. Neither of you love the other; it is folly to go on. I can't stand by and see it."

Tommy stood a moment surveying us silently. Diana, standing rigid, was so close to me that her skirt brushed my shins. At length he spoke.

"You're right, Keats, it is folly. Damnable folly." He paused, then went on. "I heard the voices of some of the crew below and saw some lights and suppose they have found all about everything. I'll go down and pilot them up." Now his voice had a cheerful ring. "I suspect that you two, if left alone, can repair the mistake. I hope so—sincerely." He nodded and slipped down the bluff out of sight.

"Repair the mistake?" She was staring at me. "What did he mean?"

"What did he mean, Diana!" I replied hoarsely. "He saw what I have seen from the first—that you were made for me, or that I—I—" I stumbled.

"Do you know, Keats," she said, as though speaking to herself, "when I first saw you, when you first spoke to me that afternoon of the woods and the hills and your writing, and—and ideals, I was—afraid—afraid I had made the terrible mistake. That was why I avoided you, seemed horrid to you—I was afraid."

"Diana, my queen of the rocks and the woods and the free, open air—" it sounded so much like poetry that I stopped short, embarrassed. But I had her hand—or she had mine—or we both had each other's, I don't know which; anyway that wasn't a marker to what happened a second later.

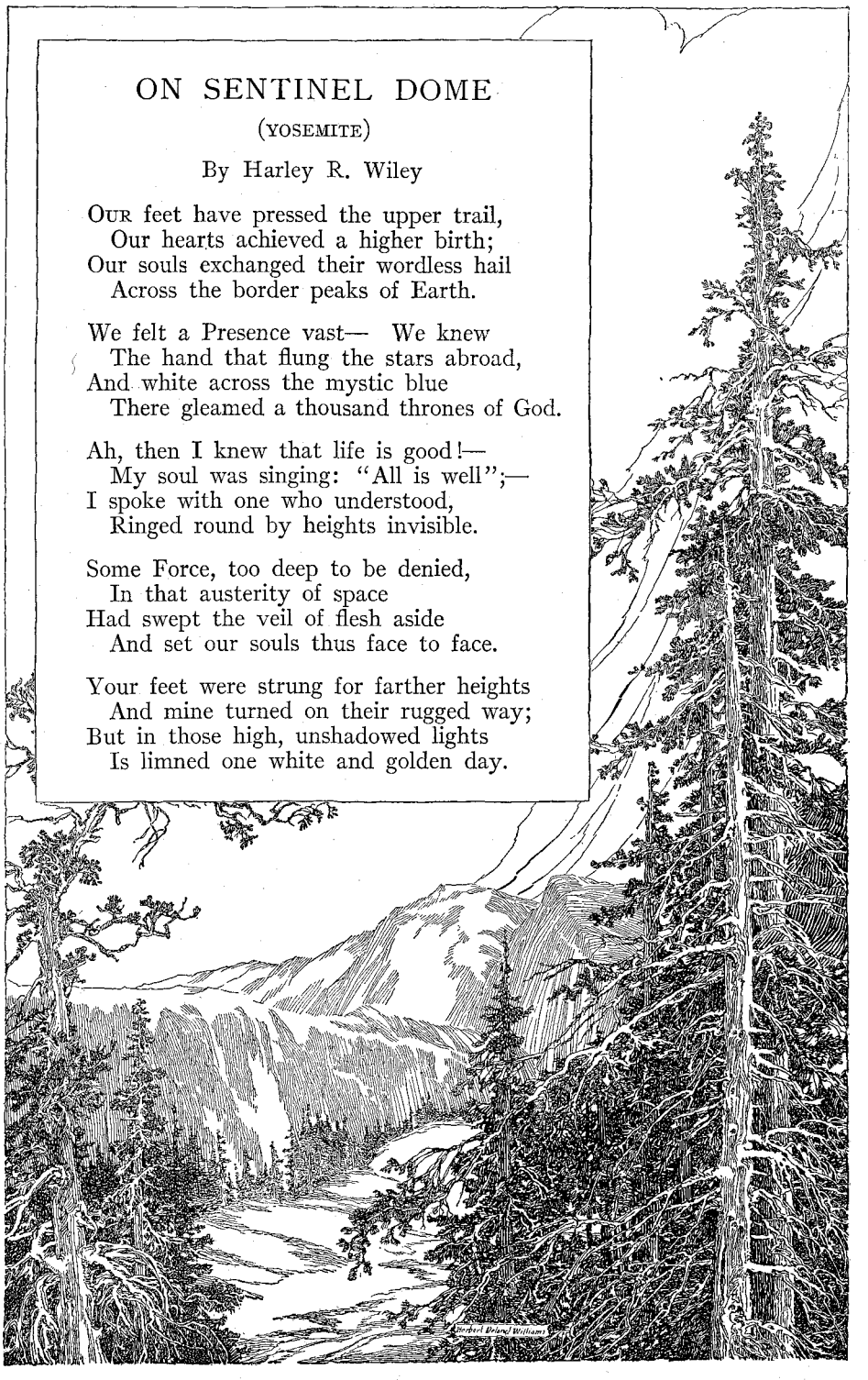
When Tommy returned—it seemed hours later—with the captain of the *Magua*, we, Diana and I, had just time to look and appear indifferent and casual and to create a decent amount of space between us.

"Good news!" he cried. "The sea has quieted and we've been out to the *Magua*. We're on Swan Island, as I thought, and they'll have rigs for us in a few hours from Burnt Coat Cove. Oh, Grace Alcott," he roared, "come here. The *Magua* can be saved."

"The *Magua!*" Diana stared at Tommy uncertainly for a minute. "Oh, of course; she was wrecked, wasn't she?"

Now, my opinion may not amount to much, having been a bachelor so many years—but that's what I call *love*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ON SENTINEL DOME

(YOSEMITE)

By Harley R. Wiley

Our feet have pressed the upper trail,
  Our hearts achieved a higher birth;
Our souls exchanged their wordless hail
  Across the border peaks of Earth.

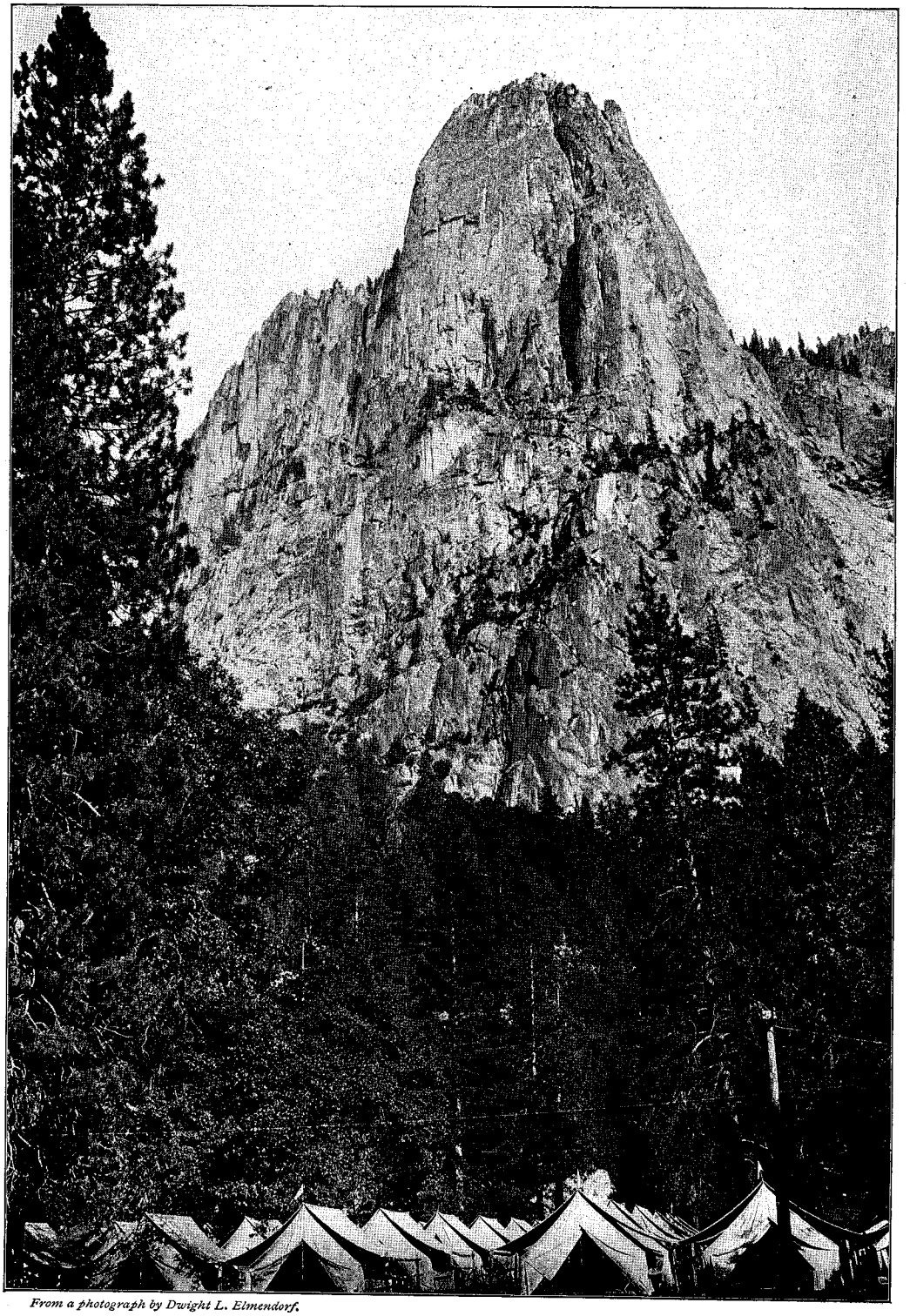
We felt a Presence vast— We knew
  The hand that flung the stars abroad,
And white across the mystic blue
  There gleamed a thousand thrones of God.

Ah, then I knew that life is good!—
  My soul was singing: "All is well";—
I spoke with one who understood,
  Ringed round by heights invisible.

Some Force, too deep to be denied,
  In that austerity of space
Had swept the veil of flesh aside
  And set our souls thus face to face.

Your feet were strung for farther heights
  And mine turned on their rugged way;
But in those high, unshadowed lights
  Is limned one white and golden day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by Dwight L. Elmendorf.

Sentinel Dome—Yosemite Park.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A happy bunch of early comers were crowded around the kindergarten table.

A PROPER SPIRIT OF REGRET

By Vesta Tharp

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATHERINE SOUTHWICK

IT was a quarter of nine when Clarence entered the cloak-room, jerked off his stocking-cap, and with benumbed fingers fumbled clumsily at the single button on his little red sweater. He glowered menacingly at the gray astrakhan overcoat and cap hanging from his own favorite hook. A second later the astrakhan coat landed in a far corner, the cap dropped among a pile of rubbers, and the thin red sweater dangled limply from the hook. Clarence hesitated a minute to wipe his nose on the sweater's sleeve and then shuffled into the big sunny schoolroom.

A happy bunch of early comers were crowded around the kindergarten table watching Miss Williams sort out the seatwork for the day. Clarence thumped into his seat and became a silent, morose spectator. He did not feel like talking, he longed to punch some one's head; things had gone bad with him this Monday morning. He was glad his grandmother had had to leave so early for her day's work. But he was sure she could never have made him do it—not if she had insisted on walking all the way to school with him. He would not wear that old plush coat. Never! No one in this world could get him to wear a girl's plush coat—not even teacher. No six-year-old boy would wear girls' clothes. Just because people his grandmother washed for kept on giving her crazy old clothes was no sign he was going to wear them. He would freeze first.

He watched Miss Williams's pretty face

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as she bent over her work and chatted pleasantly with the little folks. Once she glanced up, caught Clarence's eye, and smiled sweetly at him. A delicious thrill swept over the youngster. Since that wonderful September morning a month before when Clarence had been pushed, a grim, disgusted, and unwilling victim, into Room 1 of the Froebel School, the world had changed for him. He, Clarence Pierson, the acknowledged dirtiest, toughest, and meanest boy in Smoky Row; he, who had bragged near and far that he'd like to see any truant officer catch him; he—that same Clarence Pierson—had never missed a day of school. On that memorable morning Miss Williams had put a caressing hand on Clarence's matted light hair and in the softest of voices had called him "honey." And inwardly a new spirit had been created within Clarence by this baptism; that is, as far as his connection with Miss Williams was concerned. On the street he still maintained his lawless reputation, but in Room 1 he was a most exemplary pupil. His greatest desire was that Miss Williams could be his grandmother.

Clarence swung his skinny legs and indifferently listened to the conversation.

"Miss Williams, I saw you once before I started to school, didn't I?" said Susie. "It was at a band concert."

"Yes, dear," smiled Miss Williams.

"I saw you down-town Saturday," insisted Annabelle.

"Aw, that's nothing," put in Georgie; "I see teacher go by my house 'most ev-

A second later the astrakhan coat landed in a far corner, the cap dropped among a pile of rubbers, and the thin red sweater dangled limply from the hook.—Page 360.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ery night after school. She's with her big brother."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mike McCafferty, with his superior wisdom of seven years. "What's the matter with youse? Don't you know nuttings? That guy ain't teacher's brother—he's her feller."

And then poured forth his whole heart in a worshipful song message to his beloved teacher.

"Sure," agreed Timothy. "He's her feller. Ain't he, teacher?"

Miss Williams lifted a laughing, rosy face to her questioners:

"No, children. That is just a lawyer friend who is interested in social and economic conditions down in this district."

"Oh!" said Mike, puzzled but quite satisfied.

Clarence went on swinging his legs. He knew all about this business, but he wasn't going to tell. He had heard his grandmother and old Mrs. Brenon talking about it. Teacher's man was named John McCullough, and Mrs. Brenon liked him because he kept her son Bill from having to go to prison that time when four policemen had taken Bill away in the patrol wagon. Clarence guessed lawyers could do 'most anything. His grandmother had said that teacher's man was going to marry her, so Clarence was sure he must be her fellow. But he wasn't going to tell on her. He didn't blame her for not letting those kids know all her business. Teacher was a wise one.

The bell rang and in a few minutes six straight rows of bright-eyed first-room youngsters were sitting up erect in their seats singing their cheerful morning greeting. Clarence, in perfect unison with the others, bowed a horrible grimacing good morning to Georgie across the aisle at his left, nodded coldly to Susie at the right, and then poured forth his whole heart in a worshipful song message to his beloved teacher.

Clarence himself did not know how much he loved Miss Williams; he would have licked any urchin who dared in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sinuate that he entertained any affection for the young lady; but he did know that he liked to have Miss Williams smile at him, he loved to shut his eyes and just listen to the gentle tones of her voice, and he craved the light touch of her fingers. Clarence never had been called "honey" before, no one had treated him kindly in the half a dozen years of his existence; he knew he was an undesired nuisance, and he conducted himself accordingly. He realized that his grandmother did not want him, the neighbors would not have him around, and the corner policeman always eyed him suspiciously. He was an outcast. To have entered a sphere of existence in which he was treated as a real child, and allowed equal rights with the other children was earthly bliss enough for Clarence; but to have found a person who would speak to him lovingly was heaven. Miss Williams owned Clarence body and soul.

At the close of the opening exercises the A class in a dignified, orderly line filed up to the front of the room and took their places in the circle of little red chairs. Delighted gasps of "Oh!" and "Ah!" greeted the sight of the pile of new supplementary readers in teacher's arms. Clarence enviously watched Mike and that sheeny of a Reuben Bunstein self-consciously and proudly help teacher pass the books. Then a glorious ray of hope beamed through his sorrow. Those impolite boys had forgotten to give teacher a book first and there were not enough to go around.

Clarence hastened to open his reader and find the first page. Then he turned the book upside down and grasping it with a grimy hand started to arise. He dropped back disgusted. Mike had discovered his crime and with an apologetic smile was trotting toward teacher with his own unopened book. A terrible, uncontrollable fury enveloped Clarence.

Miss Williams beamed her thanks; and Mike, his big sailor collar flopping up and down, tiptoed importantly toward his seat. Clarence stuck out one thin, bony leg. Mike stumbled against it and fell headlong, striking against a chair. A howl of rage and pain burst from him.

"He tripped me, he did! Miss Williams," shrieked the angered victim. "He stuck out his foot! He——"

A howl of rage and pain burst from him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A profusely bleeding nose checked further remarks.

"You darned mutt, you!" ejaculated Clarence.

Miss Williams gave him a swift, hurt look of injured surprise and sorrow, and then hastened to aid the sobbing Mike. Her eyes frightened Clarence; a smothering, black cloud dropped down on him; he gripped the edges of his chair; startled children on all sides were standing up and watching the scene in open-mouthed wonder.

Miss Williams led the bleeding and weeping child out in the hall to the lavatory. Clarence settled deeper and deeper into his chair. Terrible curses were raging through his mind. He wished he had killed Mike. What was a bloody nose! The great big baby! An oppressive silence had descended over the schoolroom. The children had sat down and were listening intently for sounds from the hall. Clarence felt the frightened order of the place and raised his eyes.

"Clarenth ith a bad boy," lisped little Alice Swanson.

A fierce glare from the "bad boy" sent her cowering down behind her desk. No one else would vouchsafe a word.

"Come on, I dare you—just come on—I'll knock the stuffin' out o' the whole push of you!" challenged Clarence, doubling up his fists, his eyes burning like coals in his thin, defiant face.

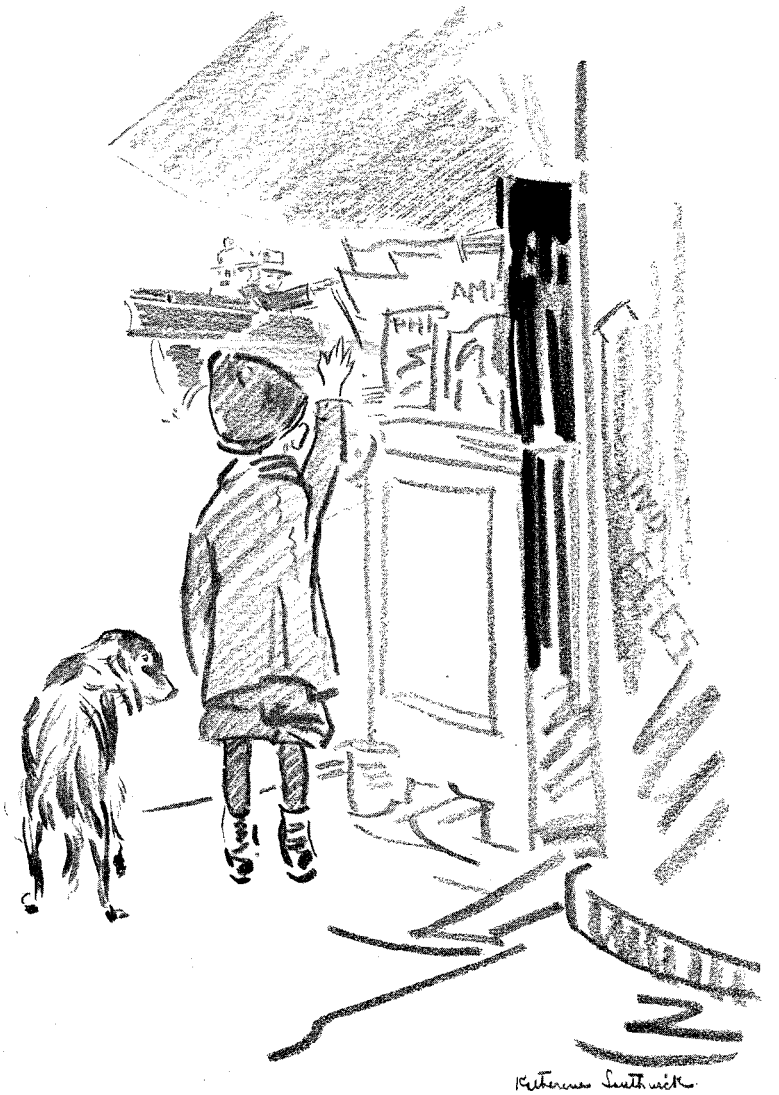
Forty shrinking children clung terrified to their seats. Clarence again settled back into his place, and his head dropped lower and lower against the cold buttons on his shirt-front. What had he done! What did Miss Williams think of him! He felt no sorrow for tripping Mike. The mutt! What right had he to stick in and give teacher his book when he had already been allowed to do something for her. The old hog! Bitter anger choked Clarence's throat and shut off his breath. For five tense minutes no sound was heard except the soft rustle of the breeze on the curtains and the occasional creaking of a seat.

Then the door opened and Miss Williams re-entered with a pacified Mike. The children interestingly noted the blood-stains on his nice sailor suit, and his general water-sopped appearance. His comforter put him in a seat and turned toward Clarence. That downcast culprit could feel the scathing stare of her dark eyes.

"Clarence," said a stern, uncompromising voice.

Clarence and Sport.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The man waved a friendly greeting, but Miss Williams did not smile.—Page 367.

"Yessum!" His chin pressed deeper into his shirt-button.

"Clarence, what made you hurt Mike?"

No answer.

"Clarence, have you no explanation? Why did you do it?"

A choked sob burst from Mike.

Clarence had an explanation, but he did not intend to use it. He maintained a dogged silence.

"Clarence! Look up. Look at me!"

The slight, shrinking figure in the little red chair slowly raised a pinched, pitiful face.

Miss Williams faltered, then announced her verdict.

"Clarence Pierson, the least we can ask from you is a proper spirit of regret."

Clarence remained unmoved. The awed baby audience listened breathlessly. Miss Williams waited. There was no response.

"Very well," she said frigidly, "I will give you until 3.30 this afternoon to think over your badness. I never dreamed I had a child in my room who could be so wilfully cruel and unkind. By this after-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

noon I hope you will be ready to show a proper spirit of regret."

Miss Williams paused a minute for the words to seep deep into the corrupted soul of the little criminal; then she turned to resume the routine order of the morning.

All day long Clarence was a despised and feared social outcast. During the school hours frightened eyes would send stealthy and wondering glances at him, but at noon the children carefully avoided his neighborhood. Mike went five blocks out of his way to arrive at school by such a roundabout route that Clarence could not catch him. However, there were no grounds for Mike's fear. Clarence was indifferent to his existence, Clarence was indifferent to every one's existence—with the exception of Miss Williams's. Living for him had ceased to be a pleasure; the joy of his life had been crushed out, it hurt him to breathe. In grim silence he endured the whole morning, and at noon he devoured the cold lunch his grandmother had left for him with the same mask-like absence of feeling. Sport, his pup, whined about and affectionately lapped his warm tongue over his little master's cold hands. Clarence got the despised plush coat and made a bed out of it for Sport. He gathered the dog up in his arms and pressed his face against the warm, soft body. Sport wiggled and barked his devotion.

That afternoon school dragged wearily. Miss Williams was as sweet and pleasant as ever to the other children, but Clarence knew he could never again bask in the light of her favor. He knew he must show a "proper spirit of regret." Those words ran over and over through his mind. He was worried and puzzled.

Three-thirty came. The six rows of little folks again sat erect waiting to sing their good-by song. All listened anxiously.

"Clarence," said the teacher's gentle voice, "now are you ready to show us a proper spirit of regret?"

The child hung his head helplessly. Miss Williams waited for two long minutes.

"You may remain after school."

Then they sang the good-by song, and, to a lively martial melody, one by one the little first-reader people passed out the door.

They were left alone—the "toughest little boy" and his teacher. Miss Williams sat down at her desk and began to write.

"I will wait until you are ready," she said.

Clarence sat rigidly in his seat. She had said he must show a proper spirit of regret. His mind groped helplessly. He had a dog at home, and at school he had two readers, a new red pencil, an old clay pipe, two pieces of string, and a movie ticket. He could show her all these, but he had no "proper spirit of regret." He had none to show. He wished he knew what it was and where he could get it for her. She had said he must have it. His grandmother always thrashed him soundly when he angered her. He wished Miss Williams would whip him too. That was what he deserved, a terrible beating. The big hand of the clock slowly crawled around, Miss Williams's pen scratched and scratched. The solemn baby eyes watched it. Twice the boy who helped the janitor sweep looked in the door, grinned, and withdrew.

An hour went by. Then quick steps echoed in the hall. The door flew open.

"For goodness' sakes! Why don't you keep your engagements?" demanded a vigorous, cheerful voice, and Miss Williams's lawyer friend strode into the room. "Here I've had my car waiting down at the corner for almost an hour."

Then he stopped abruptly and an amused chuckle burst from him as he caught sight of the one small figure in the sea of little, vacant seats.

"Now, this is what I call cruelty to animals," he declared. "What in the world has that poor little shaver done to have to be imprisoned like this? Come here, son!"

Clarence got out of his seat, and slowly approached.

"Clarence was bad. He tripped a boy," sadly explained Miss Williams.

"That little kid did! And with those pipe-stem legs. He sure has nerve," laughed the man. "However, Martha, if you keep him a minute longer I will have to entreat you with strenuous measures to pardon him," he threatened, advancing a step.

"You may go now, Clarence," hastily interjected Clarence's confused teacher.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A few minutes later he saw Miss Williams and her lawyer man whiz by in a big black automobile. The man waved a friendly greeting, but Miss Williams did not smile.

Not even Sport could bring a particle of comfort to his worried master that night.

And as the days passed on Clarence began to realize to the fullest extent his fall from grace. Miss Williams still gave him all the rights of a first-room pupil, but nothing else. She never smiled at him, she never patted his head, she never seemed to notice the perfection of his schoolroom behavior. One terrible afternoon Clarence decided he could stand it no longer and he played truant. But that one afternoon taught him how necessary school life was in his plan of existence. It was a miserable afternoon. He never missed school again. Among the children he was an individual to be respected and feared—and avoided. A few of the worst boys would associate with him, and glory in the fact, but he derived no satisfaction from the knowledge. Nevertheless he led them into thrilling escapes and daring exploits. Nothing was too dangerous or bad for

When he looked up again the terrible accusers were heartily shaking hands with the lawyer man.—Page 370.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him to attempt. His grandmother considered him an incorrigible degenerate. Clarence began to have an intimate knowledge of the word "reform school." on pie, a handful of marbles, six good sticks of chewing-gum, his new necktie, his Sunday-school cards, his whistle—all proved useless sacrifices. Even his

He had found the proper spirit of regret.—Page 370.

Still he could not quite give up all hope. If he only could get a "proper spirit of regret" he was sure Miss Williams would like him again. He took her everything he could think of, but nothing seemed to be the right thing. She would accept his presents with a polite "Thank you," and that was all. He carried milk for Mrs. Brenon and drew a weekly salary of seven cents. Every penny of this income was expended on Miss Williams. Half a lem- seventh birthday aroused no enthusiasm in the stern teacher.

Every evening after school Clarence and Sport would hang around the corner on Main Street until the big black automobile went by. The man always waved to the little youngster shivering in the thin red sweater, but the teacher seemed oblivious to his presence.

One cold November evening Clarence missed seeing the automobile, he missed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it again the second evening, and the next day he saw Miss Williams board the street-car. For two weeks the faithful child watched for his friend, but the dark shining car never came again. Clarence wondered what had happened. Mike, who was now a friend and stanch admirer of Clarence, said he guessed teacher must have had a fight with her fellow, she was getting so awfully cranky of late.

Clarence redoubled his efforts to get the "proper spirit of regret." He thought Miss Williams would like it. Christmas was approaching. Clarence found his red sweater a frail protection against the cold December weather, but still he spurned the plush coat. There was to be a programme and a Christmas tree on the last day before vacation. Mrs. Brenon had dispensed with Clarence's services as a milkman, and there was no way to get Miss Williams a present. Clarence was worried.

On the morning of the last day Alice Swanson tripped in happily just before the tardy-bell rang. A sprig of green holly with glistening red berries was pinned on her blue dress. She had another piece for Miss Williams.

"From my mothah!" she beamed.

"How lovely! Thank you, dear," exclaimed the teacher. "My! I wish we had enough holly for all of us to wear some."

For Clarence the morning passed in a dream. He had an idea. He knew where there was lots of holly.

Clarence was busy that noon. He had no time to eat. As the first-room children ascended the steps to enter school that afternoon a determined little figure accosted each one and allowed no person to pass until decorated with a generous piece of holly.

When school began Miss Williams laughed as she surveyed her holly-bedecked scholars.

"How nice my children look!" she said, smiling.

Clarence trembled with joy.

"Clarence—he got it for us," explained Georgie.

"All of it?" questioned the surprised teacher.

"Yessum—he——!"

A rap on the door interrupted and, with an affectionate smile at Clarence, Miss Williams hastened to greet several visiting mothers. A deep sense of peace and happiness swept over Clarence. At last he had found something to please teacher. For the first time in two months he sat proudly and surveyed the room in a friendly fashion. Holly must be something like a proper spirit of regret. He had known teacher would be pleased. He wished he could get her the lawyer man too.

The exciting afternoon passed pleasantly. Many mothers came to visit, there were lots of Christmas pieces and songs; and last of all the curtains were pulled down and the beautiful Christmas tree was lighted. The joyous little ones gazed fascinated at the shining candles.

Suddenly there was a sharp knock. Everybody started.

"It's Santa Claus!" shivered Susie.

The children held their breath as Miss Williams opened the door. Her cheeks paled. Men's voices could be heard talking in low tones to her. Then Miss Williams turned, and faced the excited children.

"Clarence Pierson," said her quiet voice, "where did you get that holly?"

"Down at Thompson's grocery store," he answered frankly.

"Did you pay for it?"

"No, teacher, it was out in front—he just went and swiped it," eagerly put in George.

"Yes, that's the kid," said a gruff voice, and a big man pushed his way into the room and pointed at Clarence. It was not a jolly Santa Claus; it was a stern, blue-coated policeman. And behind him followed Mr. Thompson of the corner grocery. Clarence was stunned, the children horrified, the mothers sat spellbound.

Then Miss Williams arose to the occasion.

"Sit down, gentlemen," she said. "School will soon be over. Then we will adjust our difficulty. Clarence, please keep your seat when the lines pass out."

Mr. Thompson and the policeman took the proffered chairs, and Miss Williams went on with the programme. It was a trying ordeal—the tree had lost its fascination; the visiting mothers became of secondary importance; the terrible uni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form was the centre of attraction. Several pieces of holly slyly dropped on the floor. That policeman had come to take Clarence to the reform school. All were relieved when the dismissal gong sounded. Miss Williams's voice shook as she wished them a merry Christmas, and the children's "same to you" response was solemn.

Soon the two men and Miss Williams were alone with Clarence. Cross-examination revealed that Clarence had stolen a large amount of holly from the grocery; Mr. Thompson demanded reparation; the policeman declared Clarence was the worst boy on his beat and he must be taken up to headquarters. Miss Williams pleaded for clemency; she endeavored to explain how the child had unintentionally committed the theft at her own suggestion of a wish for holly. Mr. Thompson was obdurate; the policeman was unconvinceable.

"I ought to have a lawyer," suddenly suggested the frightened child, fixing big, pleading eyes on his teacher.

Miss Williams divined his meaning, and she nervously paced the floor. The policeman impatiently tapped his foot. Clarence anxiously watched his teacher. She offered to pay Mr. Thompson for the damage done, but the officer of the law objected. She again walked the floor, and avoided meeting her pupil's pathetic eyes. Then a blue-coated arm firmly descended on Clarence's frail shoulder.

"Where's your cap, young man!" a terrible voice said.

Clarence cringed and lifted a white, agonized face in a last appeal. Miss Williams stood silent. Clarence, the iron grip heavy on his shoulder, walked to the cloak-room and pulled the sweater over his shaking frame.

"Wait," said a calm, determined voice; "I would like to telephone to Mr. McCullough about this affair. Wait a few minutes."

Clarence felt the heavy grip relax. Both men resumed their seats. McCullough was a powerful man in that ward. They remembered having seen this pretty young woman in McCullough's car. Miss Williams swiftly disappeared up the stairs. In a couple of minutes she returned, flushed but self-possessed.

"Mr. McCullough is coming at once," she announced.

Ten minutes passed in silence. Then a honk was heard outside, and soon teacher's lawyer man entered.

"Well, well! If here isn't my little skinny friend in trouble again," he said. "Now what's the fight?"

Clarence watched a broad smile spread over the lawyer's face as the teacher explained. The smile seemed contagious: the policeman and groceryman began to grin, then teacher smiled too. Clarence buried his face in his sweater arm. He was afraid he would cry. When he looked up again the terrible accusers were heartily shaking hands with the lawyer man. Then their footsteps began to echo down the hall to the awful pounding of something inside of him.

He heard teacher thanking the lawyer and talking a lot to him.

The lawyer man was saying he was sorry, and thought it a shame that two perfectly sane grown-ups should waste so much time fussing over nothing.

Clarence pricked up his ears at teacher's answer. "Well, of course," she said, "if you can show a proper spirit of regret—why——!"

"I do—I do!" fervently declared the lawyer man, gathering teacher close in his arms and kissing her lots of times.

A wonderful light of understanding broke over the watching child. So that was what teacher had been demanding all the time!

"Miss Williams," he said, timidly touching her dress, "I can show a proper spirit of regret too."

"You precious child," murmured the teacher, stooping and putting both arms around him. Then Clarence breathed the faint perfume of her hair and felt the caressing touch of her lips. Teacher had kissed him.

"Poor little devil!" exclaimed the lawyer man. "It's a shame. Just look at that sweater—and all those bones. Great Scott, Martha—what could you expect?—this kid has never had a chance—but by heaven, he's going to get it——"

Clarence could not comprehend all they said—he did not care; a great joy was singing through him—he had found the proper spirit of regret.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GARY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By Randolph S. Bourne

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY WILLIAM WIRT

Director of the Gary Schools

PUBLIC-SCHOOL ideals have changed during the past ten years. This change has been sudden and, in a sense, surprising. Many educational leaders, who as radical progressives were instrumental in promoting the new view-point, are now considered conservatives because they are not able at once to realize completely these new ideals of the school. For a long time the doctrine has been preached that the school should train the heart and the hand as well as the head, that the school should develop industrial efficiency as well as scholarship, that the school should teach the art of right living as well as arithmetic, reading, and writing. But when the public has at last been converted and demands that the whole child be sent to school, and that the needs of all the children be met, the school is overwhelmed with its responsibility. The traditional school organization and equipment are found to be inadequate.

The first business of the school is to get the child into a condition to be taught what the school has to teach: the child must have good health, intelligence, reliability, and industry in order to succeed either in the school or out of the school. He must have real life experiences to supplement the book study, and must have a chance to use the knowledge gained from books not only to master the knowledge but also to understand why he should study the books. The traditional school, with children strapped to fixed school seats for nine hundred hours a year, and loafing in the streets three hours for one spent in school, is not prepared to develop good health, intelligence, industry, or reliability. The public and the teachers now see that the tremendous current of energy expended for the education of the city child is being short-circuited through the wasted life of the city street. The principal reason for the great change in the ideals of the school to-day is that our city thought is now being dominated by men and women who were themselves city boys and girls and understand their needs and handicaps. They know that the average city home cannot provide a sufficient quantity of wholesome activity at work and play any more than it can provide adequate opportunities for study and academic instruction.

It was the industrial training of children in the home and small shop that made children of the past generation reliable, industrious, physically strong, and contributed much to their general intelligence. The school plus the home and the small shop educated the child. To-day the small shop has been eliminated and the home has lost many of its former opportunities. A much greater part of the education of the child must be assumed by the school of the present generation. It is true we have in the schools a little manual training and are now talking about prevocational and vocational training. But the school still considers the problem entirely from the standpoint of how to do a little of the industrial training with the least disturbance to the traditional programme. What we really need is a complete reorganization of the entire elementary-school system to meet changed social and industrial conditions. Patchwork will not do, and, besides, it is expensive. The school must do what the school, home, and small shop formerly did together.

I am in favor of an elementary-school system that really trains all of its children, and educates the whole child, while it keeps him in school until sixteen years of age. We desire a public institution that will be a study, work, and play school. We want the school to continue to develop culture and scholarship. We believe that when the wasted time of the street is used for wholesome work and play, supplementing the study hours, the school will be more successful in developing culture and scholarship and also able to fit boys and girls for life.

Not only must the wasted street time of the child be eliminated, but the time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and energy of the teacher must be conserved. It is the business of the administration of the school to develop and keep the teacher in the best condition to teach, the child in the best condition to learn, and both in the best possible environment for teaching and learning. A successful work, study, and play school provides the best environment for teaching and learning, and develops in the child the right attitude of mind toward the school. It has been demonstrated that such a school conserves the energy and time of the teacher. When the children want to know what the school has to teach, the teacher's work is comparatively light. In fact, no teacher can by any expenditure of energy educate the child. Each child must educate himself. All that the teacher can do is to provide the most favorable environment and stimuli for the child to educate himself. When children are busy educating themselves, and the teacher is only a wise director of their efforts, the nervous drain of the traditional school disappears.

Financing an ideal school is not a problem. Well-equipped workshops, supervised playgrounds, fine auditoriums, gymnasia, laboratories, and swimming-pools are not extravagant luxuries. These additions to the school plant actually reduce the total cost of the school to the taxpayers. Schools with abundant provision for work and play activities as well as study are extravagant only in the opportunities offered the children. The great problem is to know what kind of a school will meet the children's needs and how to run such a school when you have secured it. You can afford any kind of a school desired if ordinary economic public-service principles are applied to public-school management. The first principle in turning waste into profit in school management is to use every facility all the time for all the people. The modern city is largely the result of the application of the principle of the common use of public facilities that we need for personal use only part of the time. Ample accommodations may be provided in all facilities in the schools, if they are in use constantly by alternating groups. And this may be done at less cost than regular classrooms provided on the basis of the exclusive private possession of a desk and one-fortieth of a classroom by each pupil.

The public now understands clearly that the successful rearing of children is as much of a social and economic problem as it is a pedagogical problem. No longer is the public going to permit the pedagogue to dictate school conditions regardless of social and economic needs.

WILLIAM WIRT.

THE GARY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

IF the school system of the town of Gary, Ind., in its short life of nine years, has become an institution of national significance, it is because it has been built up by an educator, William Wirt, who had a great vision of what a public school might be and who had, moreover, the economic and practical genius to realize his vision. Orthodox school superintendents are amazed that teachers and investigators should flock to a small Indiana industrial town to learn how to organize a modern public school. New Yorkers are amazed that their Board of Education should call in the school-superintendent of a small city that most of them never heard of, and pay him a large salary to advise them in the solution of the great problems arising from the overcrowding of the schools and the new demands for vocational training. Nine years ago there was no Gary school. To-day it is the most visited school in the country. Educators come in such numbers from all parts of the country, and even from abroad, that in self-defense the school authorities have had to set aside special times when the schools may be visited and the principles of their pedagogy and organization explained. Numerous reports from educational experts, journalists, superintendents, have appeared, practically all of them dwelling upon the new and enlarged opportunities which the Gary school offers to American public-school education. The United States Bureau of Education has investigated it, and has published a most favorable report

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the "unique and ingenious synthesis of educational influences" which these remarkable schools represent. Little by little the American public is coming to understand that this public school which Superintendent William Wirt has founded in Gary offers, in its practicality, in the wealth of educational opportunities it offers, and in the financial economies which it embodies, a model for widespread imitation by the cities and towns of this country, confronted as they are with the most perplexing problems of rapid growth and changing social and industrial conditions.

The connection of the United States Steel Corporation with the town of Gary has led to a wide but entirely erroneous impression that the schools of Gary are dependent upon the enlightened business philanthropy of the corporation. As a matter of fact, though the Steel Corporation did found the town upon the sand-dunes by Lake Michigan as an industrial centre for its great plants, its connection with the government and public affairs of the town ceased with the selling of the land. Gary, to-day a well-built city of nearly forty thousand people, with attractive business and residential districts, a public library, churches, electric cars and taxi-cabs, and all the conveniences of a modern city, owes all these things, as well as its schools, to its own energy and is in no way dependent upon the Steel Corporation or the other large industrial companies that have built their mills along the lake. Even though there is a large immigrant population, the town does not differ except in its newness from the other industrial suburbs of Chicago. Gary has had no peculiar advantages in the organization of its public schools. There is nothing peculiar about the organization and support of the public schools except the educational genius of Superintendent Wirt. As far as their financial foundation goes, they have been built up from the ordinary school appropriations of the city budget and the State funds. The city has not made any unusual sacrifices for its schools. There is nothing that is possible in Gary that is not possible anywhere else. The superiority of the Gary school lies entirely in the skill with which the relatively poor resources have been utilized.

When Mr. Wirt came to Gary from Bluffton, Ind., where he had been able to work out some of his ideas on a small scale, he found a small village with one plain school-building, erected to accommodate about three hundred and fifty children. To-day there are nearly five thousand school-children in Gary, housed in five buildings, two of which, the recently completed Emerson and Froebel Schools, are perhaps the most beautiful and magnificently equipped common schools to be found anywhere in the United States. That Mr. Wirt has been able to work out, in so short a time and in a small city with relatively low tax values, a school system which in its wealth of material equipment as well as in its educational results surpasses the achievements of old and wealthy communities, seems almost a miracle. It would be extraordinary even as an experiment. But all who have seen the Gary schools agree that they are not an experiment, but a most successful working out of educational ideas which the most advanced and democratic educators have been long trying to get realized in the American public-school system. They see in the striking success of the Gary schools the proof that we have scarcely begun to scratch the surface of the opportunities for public education in this country.

The school that William Wirt has built up in Gary is not a mere attempt to tinker with the old public-school system. It is not a mere collection of fads, as some of the popular accounts of the Gary school would lead the reader to believe. It is really a new kind of a school, a school reorganized from the bottom up, to meet the demands of the changing social and industrial conditions of the day. It is based on a very definite philosophy, for which Mr. Wirt does not hesitate to give full credit to the great educator and philosopher, Professor John Dewey, under whom he studied at Chicago. The fundamental ideas of this philosophy are two —first, that the public school should be a sort of embryonic community life in which the child would gradually become familiar not only with the knowledge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he will need in adult life but also with the occupations and the organization of the society into which he will enter; second, that learning comes only from doing, that it is idle to learn things that are not used, and that therefore whatever is learned in school must be used in school. School work must be real work, productive in some form that the child can appreciate and not a mere storing up of information and skill against some possible future time.

It is clear that the attempt to apply these ideas will result in a public school very different from the present one. The criticism of the school from business men and college instructors has been constantly increasing. The complaint is that children come from the public schools wretchedly prepared either for higher study or for business and industrial life. They are inaccurate, ill-informed, lacking even in the rudiments of education, without either intellectual orientation or the skill and knowledge to earn a living. Educators have struggled to meet these complaints, but beyond adding various kinds of manual training and commercial studies, both taught in an academic way, the ordinary public school has done little to remedy the situation. Educators have generally failed to recognize these fundamental truths, that knowledge must be used or it will not be learned. The public schools have left the children without the opportunity to apply what they have learned. The Gary school is the first to recognize this truth and provide on a comprehensive scale for the learning through practical work.

Mr. Wirt sees the public school as an extension of the home. On the farm or in the country community the children learned their life-vocation by participating, from an early age, in the work of the household, or the shop, or the farm. They learned how to do things by watching their elders. They got their "vocational" education almost before they knew it. What was possible in more primitive days is no longer possible in these days of urban life. The city child cannot learn in the home; the school must step in and supplement the activities of the household. And it must do much more than merely give the child a little intellectual knowledge. It must really become a little household by itself, a sort of children's community, where the child gets the comprehensive training that will fit it for the hard work of professional or industrial life. The present public school, with its four or five hour session and its Saturday holiday, leaves the city child for many hours a day to the demoralizing and disintegrating influences of the street and alley and crowded home, where the work of the school is practically undone. The result is idleness, juvenile crime, truancy, and the tendency of children to leave school at the earliest possible age. The city, spending so much money on its schools, cannot afford to give the child so much of this "street-and-alley time," as Mr. Wirt puts it. It is not doing its duty to the child or to itself, and it pays a heavy price in inefficiency, ignorance, and crime.

The Gary school is a genuine child's community, the centre of all his work and play. It has an eight-hour day, with plenty of play and varied activities, and a voluntary Saturday school, to which, as experience shows, most of the children come. Instead of a two months' summer vacation, the Gary school runs all the year round, though attendance in the vacation school is voluntary, according to the demands of the State law. The idea is to make the school as inevitable and natural to the child as is his home, to give him the training and the opportunities for interesting work and play that even the well-to-do city home is not in a position to give him. At the same time the Gary school does not monopolize the child. On the contrary, if there are other institutions in the community which have something to give the child that the school cannot, then the school co-operates cheerfully with them. So the child in the Gary school may go home in school hours for music lessons or special training of any sort, or to the church for religious instruction, or to neighborhood houses or Y. M. C. A.'s. Superintendent Wirt's idea is to make the school what he calls "the clearing-house for community activities." It is not only the centre of the child's work and play, but the means through which he comes in contact with the community life.

It is obvious that the school which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plays such a rôle must be much richer in facilities and much more interesting than the ordinary public school, from which the child is glad to escape at the end of the school day. The Gary school is a large and complex institution. The Gary idea of a school-plant is "a playground, garden, workhouse, social centre, library, and traditional school, combined under the same management." Such a school as the new Froebel School in Gary is almost unbelievably rich in resources for work, study, and play. It occupies twenty acres of land, with playgrounds, athletic fields, school-gardens, lawns. The building itself, besides the ordinary classrooms and kindergarten-rooms, contains a big auditorium, with a stage so large that basket-ball games may be played upon it; two gymnasiums, one for boys and one for girls; two swimming-pools; botany, zoology, physics, and chemistry laboratories; music and drawing studios; kitchen and lunch-room; laundry; two branches of the public library; carpenter-shop, cabinet-shop, plumbing-shop, forge and foundry, machine-shop, paint-and-varnish shop, pottery-shop, and printery. And this small city of Gary has not only one school like this, but two, the Emerson School being only slightly less magnificent in its equipment. And it must be remembered that these schools are not high schools, where these lavish opportunities are reserved for only a small minority of the fortunate children of the community, but are primary schools as well, sharing all this wealth with the younger children. Mr. Wirt's philosophy involves a radical rearrangement of studies. He finds it absurd that four children out of five in America should leave school without having studied science or had any opportunities for vocational training. The Gary school represents a great broadening of the scope of the primary and "grammar" school. Years that are practically wasted in the ordinary public school are now utilized in introducing the younger children to physics and chemistry, letting them take up the trades or languages or sociological studies, while their minds are still fresh and keen and their curiosity aroused. Mr. Wirt says that children are natural scientists, and the experience of the Gary schools has shown that the younger children are capable of taking up many studies which the public school has unaccountably reserved, important as the work was for the child going out into the world, for the favored few of the high school.

All this richness of opportunity in the Gary school is possible only because the schools are managed like a public utility. Mr. Wirt points out that if the schools or any department in them are to stand idle for a large part of the time, as is our general practise, the public simply cannot afford the expensive equipment that he would provide. The Gary schools are run, therefore, on the principle of "equalizing the load." The ideal of the ordinary public school, "to provide a desk and seat for every child," he says is as absurd as it would be to provide a seat in the park for every inhabitant. No public service is used by more than a fraction of the people at any one time. The Gary school provides the traditional classroom for about one-quarter of the children. While they are studying, the rest of the school is distributed in playground and shop, gymnasium and laboratory and studio, or at home. Then, by an ingenious redistribution of the groups throughout the course of the eight-hour day, the school is able to give every child participation in all these various activities every day, while all the facilities of the school are being used practically all the time. In this way the Gary school is able to accommodate in one school-building twice the ordinary number of children. The Gary school has two complete schools, each with its set of teachers, functioning together in the same building all day long. In the lower grades the child spends two hours daily in the classroom, an hour in laboratory or shop, half an hour in studio and half an hour in gymnasium, an hour in auditorium, and the rest in study, play, and outside activity. The older child has three hours for formal instruction, and two hours for more intensive shop or studio work. But merely by this intensive use of the plant, by this "rotation of crops" or "platoon" system, as it has been called, the capacity of the schools is doubled. While other cities are struggling with "part-time" problems, forced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to give a proportion of their children a shorter school day, the town of Gary, in spite of its phenomenal growth, already has accommodations for one-third more children than there are children in the town. And all the children are getting not "part-time" but practically "double-time."

This is, perhaps, the really novel stroke of genius of Mr. Wirt's scheme in Gary. For the sums of money saved on school-buildings by this plan are so enormous that an equipment is possible, at no added cost to the taxpayers, which surpasses what even the largest and wealthiest cities have been able under the old plan to afford. It is this that explains how a small and relatively poor city like Gary is able to support with perfect ease these public schools, for whose peers in physical equipment and educational opportunities one would have to go to the high schools of wealthy metropolitan suburbs. The significance of the Gary school for American public-school education is therefore the proof that, with the money now being appropriated for public schools, enormously better schools are possible. It is often said that if the taxpayers would provide more money we could have better schools and better teachers. Mr. Wirt has shown in Gary that we need not wait for the generosity of the public. He has shown that, merely by an intensive use of the plant, economies can be effected which make possible common schools almost as lavish in their resources as we can desire.

This intensive use of the school-plant in Gary is not confined to the day-school. The economies effected permit the operation of a large night-school at little increased cost to the community. Indeed, the night-school at Gary is as remarkable as the day-school. It has even a larger attendance. The people of Gary can say with pride that one out of every three persons in the city attends school. The night-school is a sort of town public university, attended by all classes of the population, from the mill-workers who want to learn English to the well-to-do women who wish to study French or history. All the shops and laboratories are open, and not only are the courses of the day-schools repeated, but advanced courses in all the subjects are given on demand. A citizen of Gary need, therefore, never leave school. Children who are compelled to go to work before their schooling is finished may continue their shop work or studies in the evening. Even boys who are temporarily out of work come back and put in their spare time at their trade or at something that will fit them for a better position. There is no break between the Gary school and the community. The school is the place where the people come who want to use its equipment. The absence of formality, the great wealth of opportunities, providing for almost every kind of an interest, make such a school a really "public" school, perhaps the first genuinely "public" school, in the sense that it is freely used by all classes of the population, that we have yet seen in this country.

Remarkable as the Gary school is from the point of view of material equipment, it is no less remarkable in the democratic and libertarian educational principles which it embodies. It is the first public school to announce frankly an ideal of individual instruction and individual development. The ordinary public school has been organized and administered on the theory that children in large masses, such as our city schools have to cope with, could only be handled by uniform and semi-militaristic methods. Children had to be taught in large classes, curricula had to be uniform, promotions and examinations had to be according to rule. Drill and uniformity were thought to be the only methods by which public-school education was possible. It has always been thought that anything in the way of freedom or individual instruction was wholly impracticable, on account of the costly teaching force necessary to realize such an ideal. Educators have talked for many years about "individual development," but it is only recently that public-school methods have given any indication that children were not exactly uniform in their mental capacity, talents, interests, and future vocations.

Mr. Wirt has shown in the Gary school that it is just these administrative methods which crushed the initiative of the teacher and imposed programmes and rules and curricula upon her, that pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vented the realization of these freer ideals. The Gary school cultivates co-operation and initiative. The teachers also help each other, the younger acting as "apprentice" teacher, in much the same way that the younger child learns from the older and the older learns from the workmen-teachers in the industrial shops of the school. The teachers are allowed great leeway in their courses. They develop their own ideas, shape their own work, share each other's plans. The children are encouraged to develop their own ideas. Each person in the Gary school is thus at the same time, or at some time in the course, both a pupil and a teacher. The auditorium hour, which Mr. Wirt considers one of the most important of the day, is used for the development of expression. If anything interesting happens in any class, this hour gives an opportunity to present it in dramatic form to the rest of the school. The teachers take turns in providing an interesting programme. The children dramatize their history or literature stories, athletic exhibitions are given, musical performances, moving pictures. "Auditorium" is a sort of school theatre, where work of interest, that would be otherwise lost in the classroom, is vitalized and brought to the attention of the rest of the school community.

Great emphasis is laid on expression in the Gary school. There are special teachers for this work, and the lower classes all have what is called an "application" hour, in which they discuss what they have been studying or apply it in whatever practical form the teacher or the children can suggest. The Gary school makes every effort to train individual, expressive personalities instead of the uniformly drilled and trained product of the ordinary public school. Discipline is very free, for Mr. Wirt finds that when children are busy and interested they do not have time to be mischievous and that in the absence of strict rules they will learn naturally how to rule themselves. They move freely about the building with the unconscious air of owning the school themselves. Visiting teachers, though they are often shocked at the freedom, are never able to find evidences of depredation. The Gary school seems actually to have solved a great problem by providing interesting activity which does away with the need of enforcing strict discipline.

Mr. Wirt has shown that these things are possible even in public schools that handle great masses of children. The Froebel School in Gary has twenty-five hundred children in one building, most of them very small immigrant children, yet every child will be able to get an education suited to his individual needs. Each child has his own schedule of work and goes through the school as an individual and not as a member of a "class." This plan does not complicate the administration, for each school has an executive principal, whose sole duty is to look after these schedules, while the instruction is supervised by special officers and the shop work is under the direction of a director of industrial work. The smaller children are, of course, busy in the earlier years with the three R's. But as early as the fourth grade the little boy or girl is allowed to go into one of the industrial shops or science laboratories as "observer" or "helper" to the older children who are at work there. One of the characteristic features of the Gary school is the arrangement of the rooms. Shops, laboratories, and classrooms are not segregated, but mixed together, so as to give an impression of the fundamental unity of this well-rounded education, which should embrace manual as well as intellectual work, the artistic as well as the scientific. All the rooms have glass windows and doors, so that the little child, running about the building, is led by his own curiosity to look in, and discovers what he is interested in before he enters the shop or laboratory. His interest is caught while it is fresh, and the roots of his skill are laid early, in marked contrast to the usual "vocational" training which takes the child only in the last year or two before he goes to work. In the Gary school the child picks up the new knowledge almost without effort. The older child learns, too, by teaching the younger. When the latter takes up the work in a higher grade he already knows the apparatus and technique. He has almost taught himself. The work of the teacher has been immensely lightened. Individual instruc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, far from meaning a great burden on the teacher, means, through the Gary scheme, an actual relief.

This scheme, by which the child is able to select his own work from natural interest and gradually weed out those activities for which he is not fitted, seems to solve many of the most vexing problems of vocational training. For most public schools operated under the old plan the equipment of the necessary shops has been too costly. The schools have not been able to meet the demands of the present movement for vocational training. Mr. Wirt has applied an ingenious idea in Gary which not only provides this training almost at no additional expense to the community, but also gives the children a better training than even the professional trade-school at present generally provides. The children in the Gary school-shops are not engaged in practising "stunts" with wood and metal. They are not merely "rehearsing" for their trade which they will take up when they go out into the world. They are working at their trade now. What they are making are bookcases, cabinets, tables, desks, etc., for the school itself. The printery is printing the blanks and leaflets and cards used by the school. The cooking-class is preparing the daily lunch, which is sold at cost to the teachers and pupils who wish it. All the shops are contributing to the actual upkeep of the schools. And the children are working not under academically trained manual-training teachers, but under regular union workmen, selected on account of their intelligence and teaching ability, who are employed all the year round in equipping and repairing the school-plants. The pupils work under them in much the same way as the old-time apprentices. These workmen-teachers earn their salaries by the work they do on the building, and the children get the inestimable advantage of a vocational training which consists of real work done under a real workman.

This principle is not confined to the shop work. It is the key-note of all the activities of the Gary school, the fundamental pedagogical idea which distinguishes the Gary school from all other public schools and makes it definitely a new kind of a school. The aim is to have nothing done in any department of the school which does not in some way add to the life of the school or in some way to a practical knowledge of the community and society in which the children live. Mr. Wirt believes that all learning comes from doing, that we learn only what we use in some way, that knowledge is simply the tool by which we grapple with life. School life in Gary is, therefore, not a mere preparation for life, but a life itself. The work that the children do is real work and therefore acquires all the interest of any profitable activity whose results can be seen. All the care of supplies, for instance—the school accounting, the secretarial work—is in charge of the pupils of the commercial department. The physics classes study the heating, lighting, and ventilating plants, and various machines like the automobile, and use this practical knowledge as the basis for scientific theory. The chemistry teacher in the Emerson School is city chemist, in charge of the municipal laboratory, and his classes work with him in testing the coal and cement which the school board buys. They work also with him in his sanitary inspection of dairies and food-stores, analyze milk and candies, and act in general as sort of deputy sanitary inspectors. The chemistry class is thus an extension of the municipal laboratory. The botany class takes care of the shrubs and trees on the school-grounds and cultivates the school-gardens. The zoology class has charge of the school zoo, with its foxes and rabbits and birds. All these things are used as living text-books by the children, and thus education becomes an answer to the questions that occur to them and an explanation of the curious things they see happening around them. The history and geography class studies local, State, and city government, town-planning, the life and customs of peoples in ancient and modern times. They read the newspapers and magazines, collect pictures, make their own maps. They study history backward so that it explains what is happening to-day. Even the work in composition and grammar, in most schools the deadliest of all subjects, becomes alive in the Gary school. For the children in all the classes are constantly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expressing themselves, writing up their experiences and experiments under the direction of the English teachers. The chemistry class last year prepared a milk bulletin which was printed in the school printing-shop. The zoology class recently got out, in the same way, a charming illustrated booklet, descriptive of the animals of their zoo. The studies work in together and fertilize each other in this extraordinary way. Educators have always held the ideal of approaching the abstract through the concrete, of working to theory through practise, but the Gary school is the first to realize the ideal in this thoroughly comprehensive manner, where the manual and the intellectual work stimulate each other and fuse together a genuine school-community life where the work is interesting and vital because it is real work and not mere practise.

Yet this varied activity is not achieved at the expense of the old studies. The longer school day permits all the studying to be done in school, and thus saves both teacher and pupil from the bugbear of "home work." Experience has proved that the Gary school is able to prepare a child for the State examinations and for the State university quite as well as the orthodox public school. But the genius of Mr. Wirt enables the Gary school to economize time and means so that the child may get all these advantages in addition to the traditional schooling. Owing to the economies effected by the double-school plan the Gary school is able to afford special teachers for the science work, the athletic and playground work, the music and art and expression, and even for the ordinary subjects in the "grammar" and high-school grades. These teachers are not supervisors, as in most city schools, who teach the teachers. They are trained specialists who teach the children directly. The "departmental" plan which obtains in many high schools is carried in the Gary schools down through the lower grades.

The child in the Gary school also has the benefit of working in the formal subjects with his equals in mental ability. Each class is divided into three groups—the rapid, average, and slow—according to whether the children give promise of completing the school course in ten, twelve, or fourteen years. In this way the bright children are not retarded by the slower ones, and the latter are not hurried ahead and discouraged by the competition of the more able. Each makes his own normal progress under the most favorable conditions. Everything possible is done in the Gary school to break down the artificial competition for marks and promotions. The emphasis is on the work and not on the rewards. The lines between the grades are very loose. Children pass from one grade to another or from one group to another at any time without examinations, but on the recommendation of the supervisor and teachers. The ideal Gary school, like the Emerson School, has all classes from kindergarten through the high school in one building. There is no break between the elementary school and the high school, nothing to mark that "graduation" from the common school which means for so many children the end of their education. This plan emphasizes the unity of the school life, and creates a fine spirit of camaraderie between the older and the younger children. It makes besides for greater economy and efficiency. The shops, etc., which in the ordinary school system are provided, if at all, only for the high school, are in the Gary school available for the younger children, in that helper and "apprentice" system which is so novel and essential a feature of the Gary plan.

The Gary school, in short, is a genuine community for children, providing for every kind of a child, and providing the flexible training that he individually needs. It is difficult to think of any excuse except contagious disease for keeping a child home from such a school. And the child gets his education not by cultivating his memory, storing his mind with information and practising work against some future time when he may need the knowledge and skill. But the boy or girl is prepared by doing real work which counts in the school. The work and study is so devised that the children are constantly using what they learn. And each child, well-to-do or poor, gets a well-rounded training, physical, intellectual, manual. By cultivating all these aspects of education equally the Gary school

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

avoids specialization and yet makes possible intensive work for those who desire a special training. It is as good an avocational school as it is a vocational school.

In the Gary school American educational opinion is coming to realize that it has an incomparable instrument for solving most of the perplexing problems that are arising from the new demands in education, and the changing social and industrial conditions. The "double-school" plan not only solves the "part-time" problem, but saves money which may, and indeed must, be spent for greatly enlarged facilities. For the most ingenious point about the Gary plan is that unless the money saved in school-buildings is spent in these enlarged facilities the "part-time" problem is not solved, for the double school cannot be operated without them. The scheme of comprehensive school repair-shops run by trained workmen, whom the children assist as apprentices, shows the method of providing an incomparable vocational training at very small cost. The flexibility of schedules and curricula, the co-operation of outside community agencies, provide for a measure of individual instruction greater than any public school has dreamed possible. The freedom from formal discipline, the "helper" system, the abolition of "home work," lighten the effort of the teacher. The cultivation of initiative in both teachers and children makes for a genuinely democratic school. The longer school day keeps the city child from the demoralizing streets. The varied attractions and interesting activities of the school prevent a large part of that alarming school "mortality" which makes only one child in five ever even reach the high school. But perhaps the greatest advantage of all, from the practical point of view, is the economy of the Gary school. With all its wealth of facilities, it is no more costly than the old type of public school. Few communities can afford to remain ignorant of a school which not only provides the most comprehensive and practical education to-day but does it at less cost to the community. The mere economy of Mr. Wirt's idea would force its imitation even if the democratic philosophy, and sound and fruitful educational principles, which he has applied in these schools did not. The experience of Troy, Sewickley, Kalamazoo, Passaic, New York City, and other cities and towns where experiments have been made with the Gary scheme proves its feasibility for imitation in almost any American town. Mr. Wirt has been engaged in New York in showing how old buildings may be remodelled and equipped with shops and laboratories, and their capacity thereby doubled. The large sums of money thus saved in the cost of new buildings that would otherwise have to be erected, may then go into providing playgrounds and school equipment, and the salaries of special teachers.

Fourteen congested schools are now in successful process of reorganization. Two schools have been running for nearly two years on the Gary plan, and it is inconceivable that they will return to the old limited and narrow scheme. The Gary plan is shown to provide a flexible framework for the public school which permits experimentation and meets the need of the individual child.

It is true that many of the details of Mr. Wirt's Gary scheme are being worked out in other schools in the country. But nowhere has there been such a complete synthesis, and nowhere such a consistent application of the best modern educational ideas. The Gary school has the unique advantage of being a successful institution. It actually works. It is neither a fad nor an experiment. Most visitors to these schools come away with the conviction that there is scarcely an institution in the country that the American public can less afford to remain ignorant about than the Gary school, built up by William Wirt. To produce citizens with the manual skill, scientific knowledge, democratic attitudes, individuality, historic and social orientation, that the Gary school tends to cultivate, is exactly the business of the modern public school. One can scarcely doubt that the Gary school is bound to become the American public school of to-morrow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE was an attempt made in this department a few months ago to set over against one another half a dozen different efforts to define a gentleman, some of them based on the external qualities of birth and breeding and some of them founded on the more essential characteristic of kindly feeling and of delicate understanding of the feelings of others. One result of the assembling of these definitions was to bring out sharply the divergence of the views taken by the British on the one hand and by us Americans on the other, our kin across the sea tending to insist rather on birth and breeding, while we on this side of the Western Ocean are prone to dwell on the more vital quality of human sympathy. Perhaps this is simply another instance of the irreconcilable antithesis of the aristocratic and the democratic ways of looking at the social problem.

Definition by Anecdote

One reader of the paragraphs in which these definitions had been collected was moved to wonder whether it was possible ever to frame a satisfactory definition of a gentleman, an entity so many-sided as to refuse inclusion within a precise formula. He wondered also whether it might not be possible to indicate the distinction of the true gentleman more adequately by the citing of instances of conduct under trying circumstances, which would exemplify the essential characteristic of the type without circumscribing it within a rigid form of words. After all, a fact, a concrete example, is often of more value than the abstract theorizing which seems sometimes only to revolve on itself in a vacuum—like those globes we sometimes see in the windows of opticians wherein a silvered weather-vane turns unceasingly in the sunlight.

Just then, by virtue of what Horace Walpole called serendipity—the unexpected good fortune of stumbling on the very fact needed when no effort was being made to seek it out—this inquirer was put in possession of an anecdote of a distinguished surgeon of New York, who left us poorer by his death as he had made us richer by his life. He stood in the very forefront of his profession, recognized by all of his associates as a man of the highest character, as a practitioner of the most ample equipment and attainments, as one who had advanced the boundaries of science, as one who was skilful, kindly, generous, and conspicuous for his willingness to give freely for the relief of suffering—conspicuous even in a profession where this giving of relief is a constant practise.

He had—so the story was told—gone to bed late one night after an arduous day of labor in which he had performed successfully several difficult and dangerous operations. At two in the morning he was awakened by a telephone-call. The man on the other end of the wire apologized for disturbing him at that hour and explained that he had been a pupil of the great surgeon's a few years before and that he was now practising in the congested tenement-house region on the lower east side. He had suddenly been summoned to attend the wife of a poor little tailor and he had found that she had acute appendicitis, necessitating an immediate operation, which he did not dare to undertake himself. He had tried to summon expert help, but all the other surgeons to whom he had applied had been otherwise engaged. And he appealed to his former teacher to come to his aid and to save a human life.

Without a moment's hesitation the surgeon agreed to come as soon as he could; and within an hour he was at work. He found the case imperative and complicated; and by the light only of a kerosene lamp and with the assistance only of the young doctor who had telephoned him, he did what was needed. But it was dawn before he was able to pack his bag and make ready to go home after having saved the woman's life. While he had been operating he had been conscious of the presence of the husband, the little tailor, hovering anxiously in the doorway; and as he went out the man stopped him with profuse thanks, saying that he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only a poor man but he wanted to pay what he could. Then he handed his benefactor a half-dollar. The surgeon put it in his pocket and shook hands heartily, saying "Thank you so much!" just as though he had received a check for five thousand dollars.

And What Is a Lady?

IF it is difficult to define a gentleman, it is even more difficult to define a lady, because the gentler sex is always more evasive and more exigent of a subtler analysis. It will not do to declare a definition of a gentleman and then to dismiss a lady as only the Female of the Species. The lady is that, of course, but she is much more than that. Nor would it do to assert that as the gentleman had to be first of all a man, panoplied with manliness, so a lady must be womanly and devoid of unfeminine Feminism. Here the dictionaries fail us, although they may agree in their tale. No doubt, a lady may be "a woman of good family and of established social position, or one accepted as such." No doubt, again, she should be also "a woman of good breeding, education, and refinement of mind and manner." Yet these descriptions do not take us very far and they do not pierce to the centre.

Here again in the hour of need we may turn to the anecdote which supplies the concrete illustration of the essential fact. And it would not be easy to find an anecdote more significant than one which has been told in New York in the course of this terrible war. A Frenchwoman, engaged as a teacher in an important school of the city, was so ardent an advocate of the cause of her country, that when she heard a casual acquaintance make a slighting remark about France, she up and boxed his ears. This, you may say, was all the evidence needed to prove that she was not a lady, in any exact use of the word. But even if under temptation she fell from grace on this one occasion, none the less did she possess the indisputable instinct which is the vital factor.

Riding in a subway car in the uncrowded noon hours, this Frenchwoman could not help seeing that a woman seated opposite to her was in distress. Finally, when this woman began to sob, the French lady crossed over and sat down beside her, and said: "You seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything for you?"

With a strong German accent, the weeping woman replied: "Nobody can do anything for me. This letter has come to-day; and my eldest son has just been killed in the trenches. That makes three in the past month, and I have no more."

The Frenchwoman put out her hand. "Nobody can help you," she answered—"except by sympathizing with you. And perhaps you will be willing to accept my sympathy when I tell you that my only son is now in the trenches. I have not heard from him in six weeks, and at any moment a letter may come to me, as it has just come to you, telling me that I have no longer a son."

The German woman dried her eyes and took the hand held out to her. She looked into the face of the unknown comforter, and said: "So you are a German, too?"

And the Frenchwoman unhesitatingly replied: "Yes."

It took a woman to make that noble answer, and perhaps it could have been made only by a woman of France, a country where the social instinct is cultivated from the cradle.

The Germ and Juvenile Fiction

I WONDER if, when he is arraigned before the bar of heaven, the man who "set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies" will not have to yield precedence to a yet more malevolent sinner? This sinner can be indicted on many counts. Of the murder of countless innocent pleasures, of complicity in forcing up the cost of living, of robbing man of much of his normal courage, the germ will surely be found guilty, and it remains to be seen whether or not the annihilation of juvenile literature will be added to these crimes.

The germ has probably harbored an animosity against this innocuous form of expression since the days when, lonely and unrecognized, he watched the cave-man chiselling tales upon the rocks to please his progeny. To-day, at the zenith of his power, he is in a position to avenge the years when he was unhonored and unsung, and only the utmost ingenuity on the part of those who write for children can turn his inevitable entrance into their field to anything but defeat.

Juvenile fiction has always been, in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large measure, didactic. Its mission has been to sugar-coat the teachings of its particular day. It was Puritanism rampant that created an Elsie Dinsmore and kept her sitting at the piano until she fainted, rather than play secular music on Sunday. How those of her generation thrilled when her championing friend, in defiance of the worldly father who had kept her there, cried: "Dinsmore, you're a brute!" How natural it seemed, when the Sabbath was made a martyrdom, to read that little Willie, aged eight, was found on his knees among his playmates "witnessing for Christ," lest one hardened soul among them be tempted to go to the brook on that hallowed day.

These figures have grown as dim as the tenets for which they stood, and others must arise who can as convincingly demonstrate the new religion we are teaching our children—the religion of prophylaxis. Early and late we strive to instil into them the idea that "it is good to be devout; it is necessary to be hygienic." Fiction, unless it resists the normal trend, must come to our aid and gracefully dress up our arid doctrines. How much easier to enforce the principle that duty toward one's neighbor precludes the possibility of sneezing except into a handkerchief, if we had a counterpart of Elsie carried from the schoolroom half-strangled by sneezes, suppressed because her handkerchief had disappeared! Think, too, how little Willie might "witness" for the public health if he were pictured struggling to the brook, though still weak from typhoid, to warn his companions of the scourge that lay in its cool depths!

Cannot some inspired writer of the day give us a Sanitary Series in which not one rule of health is transgressed? How will it avail us to keep Doctor Holt where the family Bible used to stand if we continue to admit Miss Alcott, Kirk Munroe, and countless others who serenely ignore the malignant microbe? We send our neighbor's child home because he coughs once, and then present our Johnny with the well-beloved "Little Men," in which Mrs. Jo takes Nat, the street fiddler—feverish and spent with coughing—into the very bosom of her home and allows the baby to lick the cough-syrup from the spoon, "after Nat had manfully taken a dose." Our little Mary is trained to see that for the family weal she must be quarantined with a cold, and yet she sees the Five Little Peppers sociably giving each other the measles. Your Robert goes off to his ultra-modern summer camp inoculated against typhoid, carrying a whole first-aid outfit, and yet you tucked into his suit-case a copy of "Camp Mates," where everything is made as delightful as it is unsanitary.

The day will dawn when we shall weary of the extra vigilance needed to counteract such influences and then the prophylactic hero and heroine will be evolved. At this point the triumph of the germ begins, for only a super-imagination could endow these paragons with charm. Children will tire of such sterile company, and the cry, "tell us a story" will ring more and more faintly down the ages.

If all children liked fairy-stories and tales of fantasy, the day might yet be saved, for elves, gnomes, and sprites dwelling in a dream world and having power to transcend every law are too far above our mortal plane to suggest comparison. We might even turn the tables on the germ by making him a hero. As a sort of supernatural beast his fearful depredations on the human organism might be made to read like an Arabian Night's Dream.

But alas for this remedy! Children care far less for mythical creatures than for faithful replicas of themselves; and these they prefer when they are humanly naughty, a little dirty, and—speak it low—not *too* careful about germs.

Concerning Beef and Art.

ALL short stories of action depend for their appeal upon the fact that they somehow represent (however incidentally) what the Darwinian generation called the "struggle for life." Moreover, one highly successful editor theorizes further in classifying short stories as possessing either the love interest or the "survival" interest: survival in war (which gives us the old-fashioned romance of adventure) or survival in business (which gives us the more modern romance of dollars and cents, the first of which seems to have been Balzac's "César Birotteau"). According to this successful entrepreneur of modern magazine fiction, the story which stages for millions of readers the drama of business-survival satisfies a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more popular demand than does the tale of love-survival: for, while love enters into many lives, business enters into them all, and has been less exploited and offers a greater variety of complications. And very many women as well as most men are attracted by the romance of the dollar, for they are interested in affairs without, in some cases, knowing very much about them. By this view the American woman is eager to add to her understanding of business and is especially anxious to know how she can sympathize with or actively assist her helpmate (actual or future) in his perplexing problems of how to succeed.

Looking backward, one wonders at the lateness of the development of business fiction—assuming that this editorial theory is, indeed, correct. America did not, after all, invent business. Venice and Genoa spun romances of trade and banking if they did not evolve the business story as a *genre;* Portugal and Holland and England and France present us, in their history, with all the glamour and tawdriness of foreign trade and colonization; Spain, too, when all is said. Was it because writers of the Middle Ages and of the earlier colonial-commercial periods deemed trade and all its concerns as beneath the dignity of letters that they passed by the enormous possibilities of this great field, unsurveyed and uncharted? That can hardly be, for the real dignity of the novel (if we except the aristocratic fictions of the period of "Astrée" and courtly love) came only with the arrival of Sir Walter Scott. In the eighteenth century at least the novelist was likely enough to blush for his trade, and serious writers and philosophers were one with the parsons in reckoning fiction as a low form. It is indeed a baffling problem.

For my part, I am struck by this fact of our contemporary novels and short stories, even of the most popular sort: their neglect of one of the greatest "survival" motives of them all—food and drink. Painting in Holland's best epoch feared not the kitchen, nor even the heroic ox, massive and pendant. Chardin's great art was popular in eighteenth-century France, and Chardin made much of vegetables and copper pots. Nor was food and drink neglected in the books of the eighteenth century, in Fielding and Smollett at least: the heroes of Fielding and Smollett never hesitated to tell us what they ate, and they ate and drank with a truly British heartiness.

Very naturally the literary tendency toward eating and drinking is even more marked in that era of economic well-being for the English middle classes which was the sequel of the Napoleonic wars; according to Miss Agnes Repplier there are, in the Waverley novels, ten venison pasties to every kiss, twenty to every burst of tears —so large a watery element while tenderness ruled the roost in British fiction, and Henry Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" served as a model for so many novelists who may or may not have read Rousseau as well. In his descriptions of eating and drinking, "Scott stands," Miss Repplier observes, "midway between the snug, coarse, hearty enjoyment of Dickens and the frank epicureanism of Thackeray, and he easily surpasses them both." Often I have felt that it is because the characters of this great trio eat and drink frequently and, except when in distress, heavily besides, that they endure and even to-day are more vital than most figures of Meredith and Hardy and other later, subtler novelists. But few of our contemporaries (except antiquaries like Mr. Hewlett) offer us readers any conclusive evidence of their characters' good appetite, or, if their heroes do eat and drink, they do it with no such gusto as did Louis XI in "Quentin Durward," and the cruel waiter in "David Copperfield." Eating remains one of the common bonds of proletariat and bourgeois, bourgeois and plutocrat; yet eating and drinking in our fiction has become a sociological phenomenon rather than a social fact. This in spite of the obvious truth that, by the "survival" formula, eating should be figured even ahead of love and war and business, since all these contests of the body and the spirit rest upon it as the basic fact of every day.

Eating has been relegated to cook-books and banished from serious prose and verse alike. Only Chesterton remains—monumental in his loyalty to British beef and beer as the formula of British character and British art. Modestly, but yet insistently, I submit to editors the suggestion that they are neglecting one of the basal and basaltic pillars of the popular art which they have done their best to make a science of, or anyway a prosperous trade.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FREER COLLECTION FOR THE NATION

IN a vague way there is a general knowledge among those interested in the development of art in the United States that the nation, through the Smithsonian Institution (National Gallery), is the owner of a great collection of Oriental art objects, brought together and presented to the public by Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit. The range and contents of the collection, its purpose and opportunities—in a word, its meaning—are less clearly understood, notwithstanding that the collector has loaned generously to various exhibitions and permitted special students access to his treasured accumulations.

The government authorities having not long ago designated the site, on the Mall, for the building which the donor himself provides to house the collection, donor and architect together are now planning the details of the museum that is to open new fields of study, to which limits may hardly be set.

Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Mesopotamia, Persia, China, Corea, Japan—the history of the ancient world recorded by itself, preserved by Mother Earth and in temples, palaces, tombs, and the treasure-chests of Celestial generations: a history written in terms of art and of domestic and political life, in objects of daily use enhanced and exalted by the imaginative, the creative, mind and skill of the artist and the artisan. This history the museum is to open to scholar and artist, to specialist and public, proffering to all the elevating influences of ancient attainments by diverse peoples, for the encouragement and expansion of kindred sympathetic workers here—where an all-inclusive diversity is yet to be assimilated, amalgamated, and to find its true expression in art.

"A thing of use made beautiful" is a favorite definition of a work of art with Mr. Freer, and he has sought to form "an intellectual collection of beautiful objects." Such, indeed, it is, evoking visions for the higher capacities, as well as pleasing the eye with an object of the moment and suggesting beauty to the craftsman. Æsthetic delight, the pleasure of historical review of man in early civilizations, and stimulation to greater beauty in the intimate surroundings of life—all potential in a single institution. And right here it may be said that with all the broad inclusiveness of the collection, it is consciously and definitely limited, with a view not needlessly to duplicate facilities elsewhere offered, a fact answering questions sometimes heard as to why the collector has not gone, not indeed further, but more widely afield.

The glass of the ancient Egyptians, in which their attainments were high, stands forth in hundreds of examples, and their wonderful sculpture in limited representation. Babylon contributes a pottery vase, or receptacle, resembling the so-called pilgrim-bottle form, of remarkable and unforgettable cream and deep-gold surface and delicate structure. Nineveh hands down water-carriers of heavier body, with crude incised decoration and a coarse green glaze of dense color quality. Developments both of the glaze and the decoration appear in considerable variety in numerous other Mesopotamian exhibits which aid in bringing the ancient Asiatic land back to sight.

And while the form and substance, the color and decoration, serve to recall the people and the early potter's art, the marvellous beauty that has since been thrown around the objects, like the most precious of bridal robes, by the chemistry of nature—the soft iridescence that glows under a silvern or a golden sheen, or glisters in the fulness of a radiant sunset—this ennobling tribute of time to man's handiwork leads the observer into a fairyland of surface beauty where truly "the unsteady eye glides giddily." Garden seats, carved and perforate, gleam in rainbow lights or under the great silversmith's burnishing; unearthed from the ancient levels of Rakka, they scintillate beside huge jars of regal proportions, modelled of similar clay and by impartial nature similarly enhanced with the surface hues of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the precious metals. The chromatic splendors of Haroun-al-Rashid's city are revivified. There is, indeed, among these potteries a mosque tile which there is reason to believe came from the great caliph's palace, although Mr. Freer will not so declare.

So the highly interesting fictile productions of the Near East run on, ever various in form, at once delicate and gorgeous alike in their original coloring and the illimitable range of nature's palette; happily mutable, since "naught may endure but mutability." Enduring in charm and testimony, alluring, provocative—and inviting modesty in the unduly exalted in modernity. Birds and roses, as the folk of Rakka represented them, are followed by faces of the people of Media handed on by Rhages. Hembodji presents a red enriching the ruby, that some would like to think a precursor of the sacrificial red of Cathay. Iranian lustre pictures princesses watching piscine play in garden ponds, while birds trill on neighboring branches. Moslem prayers for the greatest good, which is power, the virtue that is strength, perpetuate the piety of the devout. Austere Tibet enters with plastic products like none of its neighbors' works.

A notable assembly of Persian and Indo-Persian miniatures includes portraits of all the great Mogul emperors by Persian artists, and examples of the masters of the schools of miniature-painting established by the Moguls, who brought teachers from Persia and Italy to revive the art of painting in India. Only one or two of these miniatures have ever been shown in this country.

The shores of the Ægean and Mediterranean are not omitted. Greek pottery is to be found, and a bowl brought up by a fisherman's grapple in the Bay of Naples. Pottery of Spain exemplifies the craft and decorative motives brought by the Saracen to the Iberian peninsula.

Manifestly a limited paper may not have even the appearance of an attempt at the exhaustive; the more so in this instance, since the extent of the collection is so great and the very idea of its founder is that it shall stimulate study. He does not presume to the final word, but tells modestly in his descriptions for the government, and the catalogues which are to serve as the foundation for handbooks to be issued by the Smithsonian Institution later, what is known at this time, and looks "fifty years ahead" for study to declare or correct what may now only be conjectured. Especially in the Far Eastern branches is present scholarship only in the gray of dawning. The day must arrive when Western sinologues working with the learned of China itself elucidate for the Western world that nation of the dark backward and abysm.

One of the things the Freer collection will do at Washington—in fact, is doing now through the collector's friends and the museums and exhibitions to which he loans certain objects—is to create a feeling of fellowship and understanding toward the Chinese and their history. The vogue of Chinese porcelains and textile fabrics of the great reigns of K'ang-hsi, Yung Chêng, and Ch'ien-lung at last led to a Western realization that the span of those reigns of regal brilliance was in a general way coincident with the periods of elegance, in France, of Louis le Grand, Louis Quinze, and Louis Seize, and evoked a feeling of kinship with Cathay that had been wanting. (It perhaps should be said here that the Freer collection scarcely touches porcelains, the collector devoting himself to the older fictile branch, pottery, and porcelaneous stoneware—the latter phrase, I should confess, a phrase he does not favor, preferring the inclusive term pottery.)

The Freer collection will link earlier great Chinese ages with other familiar periods of European history. When Charlemagne on the Continent and Alfred the Great in England were striving to educate themselves and their people; when Alfred was founding an English navy, and on the Continent monarchy was breaking up and feudalism beginning; when the Normans established themselves in France and Paris was a minor city —China, under the grand dynasty of the T'ang, was producing the fruits of a great civilization, the art of a highly cultivated people, an art modern, in striking aspects, as though of to-day; and it then was the flower of centuries of development. Was it De Quincey to whom a Chinaman was an antediluvian being renewed and a young Chinese an impossibility? What a trick of imagination!

Here, painted on silk in wonderful richness of color and sureness of line, are portraits of beauty not ancient and exotic, but the beauty, intelligence, and grace of the drawing-room of to-day. One feels sure, looking at that countenance, those eyes, that should a T'ang lady join to-day's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

company, conversation would be spontaneous and comprehending, the millennium bridged. Powerful landscapes, picturing great natural features, similarly impress themselves, evoking a feeling not that the spectator is looking upon something foreign, needing interpretation, but is listening to one speaking in his own language. Color vibrates, composition melts into nature; birds, animals, and men dwell in the living world.

The collection, by inclusion, with the prior state of various museums by exclusion, reveals an interesting personal fact—that Mr. Freer was the first of Western collectors to believe that these ancient masterworks of painting had been preserved and were still to be found in the interior of China—that vast mystery, of which scepticism had come to have its doubts, looking upon "the interior" as a covering phrase for dubious *provenances*. Mr. Freer, who had already explored in Asiatic Turkey, betook himself to the interior of China, and had many rewards. He was able to confute, not to say confound, erudite Japanese collectors who had believed firmly that they and they only had originals, while copies were offered Europeans. He found that the peculiar Chinese, knowing their coasts subject to ravage, had really kept their treasures in the interior, substituting copies at coastal places, which the astute Nipponese had not unnaturally believed originals, as they knew at least the exact places from which they came.

With the portraits of the T'ang people, so modern and Western and intellectually free in their features, a part of their manner of life—surely a part of their thought—comes also to view in the collection, as does that of the people of other ages in the fabled, teeming land. The bronze and pewter mirrors, symbolically ornamented, pewter hair ornaments, gilded toilet articles finely incised, musical instruments in bronze or lacquered wood, stone beads, jade or agate rings, silver earrings jewelled,—tell their own stories of the living. Glass tongues, bronze weights for the burial clothes, and bronze ornaments—sometimes gilded—for the caskets, carry the tale to life's rounding in the final sleep.

Jade sceptres of ancient might and authority have a patina rich beyond description; jade knives of the Stone Age, used later as badges of official rank, are wondrously colored with the dyes of time. Bronze halberds and battle-axes of prehistoric wars lie beside bronze axle-caps for the chariots and bronze bits for the horses, beside bronze sacrificial vessels for the ritual of the dead. Bronze coat-hooks or clasps in great number, showing ingeniously varied decoration, moulded, incised, inlaid with gold and silver and with turquoise, and similar hooks of silver and of iron, of bone and of shell, give many hints of personal adornment. Paintings, carvings in stone, and gilded castings of bronze present the conceptions of the gods and the altars at which the gods were worshipped. Textiles of later ages show the gorgeous possibilities of apparel, wall decoration, and floor covering open to and utilized by a beauty-loving and highly accomplished people.

The bronzes go back as far as the Shang dynasty (1766–1122 B. C.), the textiles come down to the reign of Ch'ien-lung (1736–1796 A. D.). What the Chou did (1122–255 B. C.) may be compared with the works of the Han toward the end of the prechristian era and for half a century of the new epoch, and these with the productions of the Wei half a thousand years afterward, which only recently have begun to come to light as railway-building proceeds in the ancient realm. All these prior to the glorious three centuries of the T'ang rule, which was followed after a lapse of little more than fifty years by the Augustan age of the Sung, who gave way in the thirteenth century to the Mongolian dynasty of Yuan, predecessor of the Mings (true Chinese), who in the seventeenth century succumbed to the recently deposed Manchus.

But it is a hint only, not even an attempt at a capitulation, of what the collection offers that I can here put out, largely in response to many questions heard where those interested in the fields of art circulate—for, while the name of the collection is a familiar of conversation, knowledge of its details has been somewhat confined and a desire for some further general information is frequently expressed. The collection is in some sense a sort of condensed encyclopædia, to be consulted in parts or in timely manner by those interested, according to the particular subject with which they are concerned. Before leaving China, however, which is represented by many potteries, the wonderfully beautiful examples of the Chün-yao of the Sung period must be men-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioned; and it may be fitting here to let it be known that the two superb flower-jars of this ware now owned by the Metropolitan Museum were relinquished by Mr. Freer to New York's great institution.

Corean potteries, with their variations from Chinese forms and glazes, and their peculiar slip and inlay decorations, are found in the collection in generous number, which is trebled by the aggregation of the diverse Japanese potteries, that differ so radically from the Chinese works and vary so greatly and charmingly among themselves. Japanese sculpture also is stored here; and Japanese paintings, in screens as well as *kakemono* and *makemono*, carefully selected, are present in rich profusion.

The collection contains further, among other unenumerated objects, some noted treasures of gold and rare biblical manuscripts. These manuscripts have been made available to scholars through reproductions, at the instance of the University of Michigan, which published them by consent.

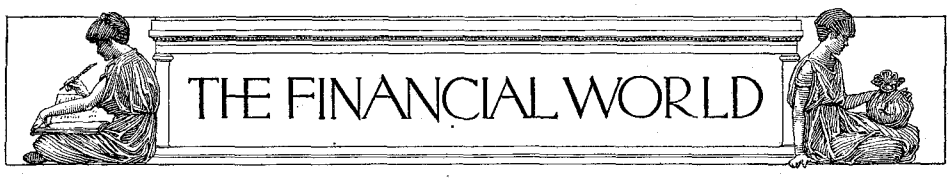
The American section of the collection, so far as it is known to the public (which is very little), has been the cause of some puzzlement, owing to the fact that the names of only four men stand out in it and they in many repetitions. Instead of seeking a solution, the personal equation may be accepted in answer. There is an essential unity in the appreciation of the beautiful, and in the creation of it, a thread of identity in the ideas, however various the forms and media of their expression. Mr. Freer believes that the painters Abbott H. Thayer, Dwight W. Tryon, Thomas W. Dewing, and James McNeill Whistler represent the same spirit, the same feeling for the beautiful, incarnate in the works of ancient Oriental art which he has assembled. And, in order that a thorough study or appraisal may be enabled, he has acquired manifold productions of each man, that he may be judged in whole, not in part. In the case of Whistler, of course, etching and lithography come in addition to painting, and his famous "Peacock Room," now at Detroit, will be a part of the Washington museum. Each of these painters is to have a gallery to himself in the museum. A single gallery is to contain the works, one each, of such other American artists as the collector has determined upon. There will be also, as a part of the decoration of the museum, another American work of art, the sister sculptures by Augustus Saint-Gaudens known as "The Library Groups," designed for the Boston Public Library, the groups upon which Saint-Gaudens was engaged at the time of his death. They are in bronze and are now loaned to the Detroit Museum of Art.

Mr. Freer has taken a leaf from the book of the Oriental collectors, who will not show their treasures all or many at a time. The exhibition in the museum will change, only relatively few of the available objects being on public view at one time. All, however, will be accessible at all times, and may be brought from their tills to special study-rooms which are to be provided as a distinctive feature of the building. Each object, moreover, aside from its catalogue or handbook description, is to have—already has—its individual envelope of reference, filed in a cabinet, containing supplementary information about it, details or incidents, and notes or comments that may have been written upon it by competent scholars who have examined it. Mr. Freer's art library goes with the collection, to be immediately at hand for the student's use.

The national home of the collection will be fit, modest, handsome, practical. The uncertainties of leaving the housing problem and future care to well-intentioned but not necessarily well-informed agencies possibly subject to political influences have been so far as possible provided against, with the same kindly and interested foresight which, with the aid of President Roosevelt and the late Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, intelligently precluded unpleasant contingencies by finding a method of transferring title of ownership within the lifetime of the collector, at the same time permitting him to improve the collection progressively. With a felicity not shared in so full a degree by all art-collectors, Mr. Freer has studied his subject in all its branches, including consideration of the permanent abiding-place of the objects laboriously brought together. He built two galleries at his Detroit home, one experimental, the other an improvement on it. Further experimental structures have been lately erected and plans actuated, in the preparation of the final designs. The advantages of the collaboration of collector and architect, the collector being thus exceptionally equipped, are obvious.

DANA H. CARROLL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



POSSIBILITIES OF AN "ECONOMIC WAR"

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

THAT the forward movement of the Allied armies, which began in earnest, on both Western and Eastern fronts, at the moment when Germany was dashing her armies into pieces against the trenches of Verdun, marked a new chapter in the war and probably a distinct advance toward its termination, all neutral observers have agreed. Political and military critics outside of Germany, notwithstanding the caution born of many previous errors in prediction, have recognized at least analogies with the closing-in of the Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and English armies on Napoleon's various battle-fronts in 1813. Few of the experts ventured to predict that this formidable movement of last July foreshadowed early ending of the war; that was a matter of hope rather than expectation. But the feeling that the end was now at least in sight on the longer horizon had become very general.

A Feeling That the End Is in Sight

This being so, it is a highly interesting fact that less talk was heard regarding terms of peace than when, a year ago, the whole military situation was in a state of deadlock. From the German side, conditions acceptable as a basis of peace had been twice stated under official authority—once in August, 1915, when the Imperial Finance Minister intimated to the Reichstag that Germany's enemies must pay through indemnities what Germany had spent for war; and again in the early days of 1916, when the Imperial Chancellor, though discreetly abandoning talk of an indemnity, set forth (somewhat vaguely) the control which Germany intended to retain over enemy territory which her armies held, and the limitations she proposed to place on England's maritime activities. To these proposals, statesmen of the Allied Powers had answered with what amounted to contemptuous rejection, and had stated, though only in the most general terms, their own irreducible (and unacceptable) minimum.

IN line with the precedent of history, tangible peace proposals of the Allied Powers would hardly be expected until after a serious military reverse of Germany. Germany's own tentative proposals of a year ago were a sequel to German successes. Looking back again to the wars of a century ago, we shall find that only after the disastrous retreat from Russia did the Allies, in 1813, offer an armistice to Napoleon and propose a basis of permanent peace. This happened while the French army still occupied Saxony and Prussia, and while it still held a formidable position in the field. The terms then formulated would have left to France a good part of her conquests since 1789. Rejected by Napoleon, the proffered terms were altered six months later, after Napoleon's severe defeat at Leipzig, to considerably less favorable proposals. Yet even these left her own original boundaries to France; and, although again rejected, they were the basis of the Peace of Paris, after Napoleon's first abdication in 1814. Afterward, with an added cash indemnity, they

The Analogy of Previous Wars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formed the basis of the final settlement after Waterloo.

Apparently, however, unless the fortunes of war should again change dramatically, none of the half-way proposals of 1813 will be made on this occasion. The precedent of an armistice with peace negotiations, while the hostile army still held possession of huge areas of conquered territory, is interesting; but it serves chiefly to bring into strong relief the peculiar circumstances of the present situation. In 1814, the Congress of Vienna had for the most part only the problem of rearranging boundaries and sovereignties which had been in a state of constant alteration during the previous century. But the terms of peace which would follow defeat of Germany, and the territorial reconstruction of Europe which would naturally come next, would have to do primarily with sovereignties and boundaries long defined and recognized by the common consent of Europe. It is also possible that international animosities, at the close of the present war, will be a more troublesome factor than they were in either 1814 or 1815.

Problems of the Great Settlement

WITH Germany defeated, the surrender of Belgium's territory to its sovereign and people would be an obvious sequel. Possibly, though perhaps not quite as certainly, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine to France would follow. But the political problems of the settlement would then have been only tentatively approached. What of Poland? What of Constantinople, with Turkey forced to the wall and with Russia victorious in the field, yet with England's attitude still governed by the future interests of Egypt and the Suez Canal? What of the Balkans, when Bulgaria's adhesion to the Central Powers must be weighed against the claims of ravaged Servia? What of the German colonies, now practically all in England's hands? What of the vague but passionate declaration that this war must put an end to "militarism"? Never before in history, whether in Europe or in America, was militarism, in the sense of preparation for war, so far in the ascendant.

In 1814, with Napoleon in Elba, the clashing interests of the victorious powers brought the Allies themselves to the brink of war—England and Austria signing a secret treaty with France itself, to resist by force of arms, if necessary, the declared aspirations of Russia for the possession of Western Poland, and of Prussia for the possession of Saxony. Can such conflicting interests be harmonized on this occasion without dispute between the victorious powers? The suggestion, not unfamiliar in random popular discussion of the present day, that "the Hohenzollerns must go," would scarcely cut a figure in the terms laid down by a victorious coalition; the political downfall of the two Napoleons was effected by their own people, not by the enemy. Yet even so, the lessons taught by history as to the attitude of defeated nations toward sovereigns who had plunged them into disastrous wars reminds one that there may be unexpected incidents in the general settlement, and on the side of Germany, and that those incidents may have their bearing on the attitude of the negotiators.

Reconstruction, Financial and Economic

WHAT may have been outlined already, in the way of exchange of views through the channels of diplomacy, the world is not likely to know until war is definitely over. But the Allies will also have to face on this occasion, in vastly more serious shape than the Allies of a century ago, the problem of financial and economic reconstruction. That problem in the coming settlement must in many ways underlie political readjust-

(Continued on page 46, *following*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

99 Per Cent Efficient, Say 11,000 Owners

Motor	*99.9%*	*Electrical System*	*99.5%*
Transmission	*97. %*	*Rear Axle*	*99.7%*
Clutch	*98. %*	*Frame*	*100. %*

YOU'VE heard, time and again, what a wonderful hold the Hupmobile has on its owners. Eleven thousand of them now tell you why. The net result is a tribute such as no car has ever had.

Classified and tabulated, these thousands of opinions result in a rating of 99 per cent for Hupmobile efficiency.

We have encouraged the owners of the present model Hupmobile —11,000 out of our total ownership—to register their criticisms, complaints and comments.

Owners' estimates varied, of course. But the net result, out of the 11,000, was an overwhelming vote of complete satisfaction. It figured down to an exact 99 per cent of efficiency.

We never expect to come closer to the goal. No human effort can. We don't think any car other than the Hupmobile ever attained this high peak of popular approval.

Doesn't this explain why better than 50 per cent of all Hupmobile owners buy the Hupmobile year after year?

Isn't it plain why the Hupmobile public has not been won away by multi-cylinder promises?

Performance, of course, is the one and only answer.

In high gear work, for instance, these 11,000 owners know that the Hupmobile daily duplicates —if it doesn't actually outdo —cars that have more cylinders, or cost more money.

In pulling power, and quick getaway, they see nothing under another name that they do not have.

In flexibility, they find themselves relieved of gear-shifting to an amazing extent.

In the Hupmobile service system, they know they are getting more than any other car offers: expert inspection, adjustment and care each month for eight months by trained Hupmobile experts at Hupmobile service stations, paid for with coupons supplied ***free of cost.***

Do you wonder, then, that 11,000 owners vote the Hupmobile 99 per cent efficient?

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan

The Mark of Superior H *Motor Car Service*

Standard Hupmobile Performance

GOES to a speed of 25 miles an hour, from a stand, in 10 seconds.

Throttles to a man's walking pace, on high gear, without bucking or jerking.

Picks up, without gear change, instantly and smoothly.

Climbs the average low-gear hill, on high gear.

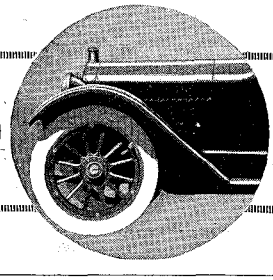
Pulls through sand and mud, on high gear.

Develops great pulling power on high gear.

Registers a minimum of vibration, at any speed, on any gear.

5-Passenger Touring Car $1185 *Roadster $1185* *7-Passenger Touring Car $1340*

Prices f. o. b. Detroit



Hupmobile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 390)

ment. Nothing could better illustrate the formidable part which it may be destined to play than the fact that, while the lips of statesmen are sealed regarding the political and territorial aftermath of war, the Allied Powers have come voluntarily into the open with a plain and definite declaration of the most extraordinary sort, regarding their purposes as to economic relations with the present enemy on return of peace.

This declaration was made public as a result of the so-called "Economic Conference" of June 17 at Paris, to which delegates were sent by all of the Allied governments. It set forth, in considerable detail, the general programme which the delegates recommended to their several governments in regard to economic relations with the enemy, first during the actual period of war, next, during the period of post-bellum reconstruction, and finally during the permanent period of peace. The first pledge of the Allied delegates is unquestionably rightful and magnanimous. Needs of those countries which have been "victims of destruction, spoliation, and abusive requisition" should be recognized at the start, with the view of restoring "to such countries as a special privilege" their ruined or sequestered "raw material, industrial and agricultural machinery, live stock, and merchant marine."

This promise to unhappy Belgium, Servia, and Poland is in line with the highest motives that prevailed, first in Russia's challenge to Austria's reckless behavior regarding Servia, and again in England's entry into war when Germany invaded and plundered Belgium. It is not the less honorable to its authors in that it has no word to say of an indemnity to be paid by Germany to Belgium—a penalty merited on the face of things, as no other similar penalty in history has been merited by the brutal cynicism with which the German Government trampled on treaties of neutrality, violated international pledges regarding conduct of modern war, and extorted blood-money tribute in the millions from non-resisting Belgian towns, at the very moment when only the generosity of neutrals was preserving the Belgian people from starvation.

Trade War Proposed by Allies

BUT this was not the really noteworthy part of the Allies' economic programme. In general, the proposals (tentative in so far as they had to await approval of home administrations and legislatures) seemed to be directed toward the blocking of any effort by the Teutonic powers after war to gain possession, for their own production and export trade, of the markets of their present enemies. The declaration left it more or less a matter of conjecture how far the programme was offensive and how far defensive. The language employed lays stress on the defensive side. Measures were to be taken which would "assure the independence of the Allies" in matters touching "financial, commercial, and maritime organization." The contracting governments were "resolved to take without delay the necessary measures to rid themselves of dependence on enemy countries as regards raw material and manufactured articles which are essential to the normal development of their economic activity."

This would apparently indicate something like permanent protection to home industries—at least so far as concerned exclusion of, or discrimina-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion against, importations from Germany or Austria. A considerably longer step is suggested by the statement that, in the period of economic reconstruction, and in order to protect their commerce and industries "against an economic depression resulting from 'dumping,' or against any other unfair method of competition," a period should be fixed by the Allies "during which the commerce of the enemy powers shall be subjected either to prohibition or to a special system which shall be efficacious."

Even this proposal, however, is restricted to the period of transition from abnormal war conditions to the normal state of peace; the next looks to the longer future. Among what are designated as "permanent measures of mutual aid and collaboration," it is stated that the present Allied governments "may have recourse to subsidized enterprises under the direction or control of the governments," or to "payment to encourage scientific and technical researches," or even to "permanent prohibitions." Finally, as to future relations of the Allied Powers with one another, the conference declared itself united "in preserving for the Allied countries, in preference to all others, their natural resources during the period of commercial, industrial, agricultural, and maritime reconstruction," and agreed for that purpose "to establish special arrangements which will facilitate an exchange of resources."

A New Precedent in Modern History

NO series of proposals quite like this has ever before been formulated, either during war or in sequence to it. The declaration has called forth comment as widely divergent in interpretation as in criticism. It has not even been made clear how far the agreement was a voluntary act of all the delegates; it has certainly not been easy to foresee what action would be taken on it, for instance, by the French

(Continued on page 78)

An Investor's Experience

Recently an architect came to one of our offices and made a large purchase of bonds for an estate of which he was executor. "I know that your House investigates rigidly and purchases only safe bonds for your offerings to the public," said he. "You may remember that several years ago I was interested in the erection of the..... Building. We wanted to issue bonds, and offered the loan to you. You refused it, after investigation, on the ground that the loan was too large to be safe—which I must admit was true. Although your refusal interfered with my plans at that time, it proved to me that you maintain high standards of safety. That is why I come to you now when I want to invest instead of borrow."

CAREFUL investigation is the first duty of the responsible and reputable investment House, and is, after all, the chiefest safeguard of the investor. Every issue of bonds offered by us has been thoroughly investigated in all its details, and purchased with our own funds, before being offered to the investing public.

This is only one of the many reasons for the record of this House—34 years without loss to any investor.

We now offer, for the investment of your funds, thoroughly safeguarded first mortgage serial real estate bonds, secured by high grade, new buildings and land in New York, Chicago, and other large cities, yielding 5½%.

Write today for Circular No. I-678

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1882 — INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDING — CHICAGO | 150 BROADWAY — NEW YORK

DETROIT—MINNEAPOLIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Increasing Investment Value of

Standard Oil Securities

Send for pamphlet giving list of Standard Oils which have piled up a sufficient surplus to justify nearby distribution of profits to stockholders in the shape of a stock bonus or large extra cash dividend.

Ask for ***23-SC,*** *including Standard Oil statistical handbook and booklet explaining*

"The Twenty Payment Plan"

SLATTERY & CO.
Investment Securities
(Established 1908)
40 Exchange Place New York

Farm Mortgages with TWO-FOLD Security

Mortgages issued under the Belcher Plan have a TWO-FOLD Security: (1) land conservatively valued at more than twice the amount of mortgage; (2) our positive guarantee of payment of both interest and principal. 6% Interest; Central Texas Farm Lands as security. Let us explain the **BELCHER** Plan to you.

W. C. BELCHER LAND MORTGAGE CO.
Incorporated 1885 Fort Worth, Texas

Oregon Farm Mortgages

The safest possible investment. Illustrated booklet tells why. Write for it and for list and plats of current loans. We know our field.

CRONAN MORTGAGE COMPANY 905-12 Spalding Bldg. Portland, Oregon

6% NET

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

for August—A publication of diversified intelligence on subjects in the financial field—The old and new Erie. The course of Bond prices since 1907, interesting to both amateur and professional. Copy SZ mailed free.

J. FRANK HOWELL
52 Broadway - - - New York

(Continued from page 47)

and English parliaments. By some European critics it has been assumed that the programme was urged primarily by the Continental Allies—Russia and Italy in particular—who wished to be guaranteed against falling again under Germany's financial and commercial domination. But there have also been intimations that the programme formulates the British ministerial assertion of last December that "so far as commerce is concerned, Germany is a beaten nation, and it is for us to see that she does not recover." Against this second theory, the Paris proposals have been defended as the erecting of a necessary safeguard against the commercial chaos pictured as a result of Germany's desperate economic situation after the war.

Is it Discrimination against the United States?

FROM yet another point of view, it has been alleged that England's proposed participation in this sweeping protective policy embodies a clever move by Bonar Law and his English "Tariff Reformers" to fasten on England, in the stress of war, a tariff system which English voters had steadfastly rejected in time of peace. Even at Washington, the Paris declaration has elicited the pointed inquiry whether or not the pledge of the Allies to preserve by mutual arrangement the resources of their countries "in preference to all others" pointed to discrimination against the United States. Thus confused are even financial Europe's assumptions as to purpose.

All that can as yet be said with assurance is that the whole procedure reflects, not reasoned conviction based on experience, but the vague apprehension—arising from uncertainty as to what will actually be the world's economic or political situation when war is over—which has colored even our people's judgment as to their own country's situation on return of peace. When experienced men refuse to risk prediction of the probable economic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

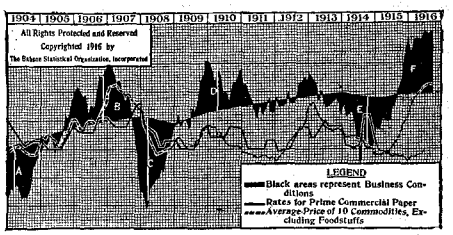
sequel to this war no one need wonder at panicky demands to prepare for anything. The compact to resist the imagined inroads of commercial Germany, on return of peace in Europe, is at least as logical as the political demonstration for an American army large enough to resist her imagined military inroads. The two suppositions are indeed not at all dissimilar; for whereas the one would seem to look for military aggression on an unprecedented scale from a nation with a shattered army and a depleted population, the other apparently assumes an equally unprecedented commercial competition from a country stripped of raw material, denuded of surplus capital, drained of its able-bodied laborers, and saddled with a depreciated currency.

NO doubt, such results as these are conceivable possibilities. But how far are they probabilities? Germany herself appears more doubtful of her power to cut this formidable figure than are her adversaries. It was one of the highest practical experts of industrial Germany who predicted, only a few months ago, that a year and a half would be required by Germany and Austria, after peace, "merely to re-supply their own countries with the things that have been used up during the war." If, as seems economically probable, wages in the countries now at war will be kept up by the shortage of labor and the unexampled pressure of taxation, and if, as one may reasonably assume, industrial Germany will suffer from those handicaps at least as severely as any other nation, and certainly more than England, then it must be admitted that there is another side to the argument.

Needs of the Central Powers after the War

History gives two striking instances of heavily increased export trade from a state emerging from a devastating war; the case of England after 1815, and the case of France after 1871. But England after Waterloo was the only country in the world equipped to meet

(Continued on page 50)


1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916
All Rights Protected and Reserved
Copyrighted 1916 by
The Babson Statistical Organization, Incorporated
LEGEND
Black areas represent Business Conditions
Rates for Prime Commercial Paper
Average Price of 10 Commodities, Excluding Foodstuffs

Knowing What's What

Present business conditions are "uncertain" only for the man who can't anticipate the future. Babson Reports will give you facts you need.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write to Department I-23 of the

Babson Statistical Organization

Engineering Building. Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in the World.

THE UNLISTED SECURITIES REVIEW

Published Monthly by DAWSON LYON & CO. Investment Stocks

VOL. 1

UNUSUAL INVESTMENTS

described in the current number of

THE UNLISTED SECURITIES REVIEW

contains suggestion for diversified investment to yield 7.80%. Unlisted stocks and bonds oftentimes offer more unusual and attractive investments than listed securities. The Review contains a list of about 75 unlisted stocks, their quotations, dividend rates, etc. Other interesting features.

Send for Copy and Circular 63

DAWSON, LYON & CO

INVESTMENT STOCKS AND BONDS

42 WALL STREET NEW YORK

Good Investments in

Public Utility Preferred Stocks yielding 5% to 8%

and enhancement possibilities of

Common Stocks

Outlined in our

CURRENT LETTER "S"

Copy sent on request

Williams, Troth & Coleman

Investment Securities

60 WALL ST. NEW YORK

Direct Wire to Columbus and Phila. Markets

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECURITY VALUES

and their

FUTURE

We have prepared a special analysis of the present market and conditions.

Anyone interested in securities can secure a copy of this letter. It should be read most carefully.

The analysis will give a clear idea of the present situation and what the future holds for security values.

Write for free copy.

C. R. BERGMANN & CO.

Investment Securities

66 BROADWAY - NEW YORK

Telephones: Rector 6860-1-2-3-4

Alexander Dana Noyes

Financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, a writer of books on finance, and a man of judgment in daily contact with every phase of the market, contributes to

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

each month an important article under the title of

The Financial World

He writes in language that the layman can understand, and his opinions command the respect of the highest financial authorities. These articles are making SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE an important factor to the financial interests of the country.

(Continued from page 49)

the urgent and immediate need for manufactured goods on the part of its exhausted neighbors, and the England of that day had not only suffered no formidable loss of men at the battle-front, but had installed the newly invented steam-power while the war was going on. Not only had the waste of men and material by France in the war with Prussia been insignificant when compared with that of every belligerent in this war, but the thousand-million-dollar indemnity which she had to pay within two years made the sale of her own products to her more prosperous neighbors an immediate and absolute economic necessity.

Will Legislatures Back up the Declaration of Paris?

ALL these considerations will in due course get a hearing, when the declaration of the Paris conference comes up for debate before the legislative bodies. That discussion is bound to bring forward three considerations, which apparently received scant consideration from the delegates at Paris. In so far as the proposed agreements are defensive, not offensive, they would amount to confessing fear of the very nation which (supposing the defeat of Germany) had just been conquered. That attitude would at least be novel and anomalous for a victorious Coalition. In so far as they are offensive and not defensive, they would be public declaration of economic war, to be made a source of future bitterness, acrimony, and renewed political intrigues, at the very moment when the disastrous military war had been happily concluded.

But in the third place, the legislators will be apt to remind the delegates of the fact that, while what England, France, Italy, and Russia would gain from the exclusion of German trade would be highly problematical, what they would lose would be certain. Back of all questions of "dumping," "commercial invasion," and "balance of trade" stands the quite undeniable fact that Germany, with her thrifty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

population and her enormous import requirements, is one of the most profitable markets of the world. It will hardly be supposed that exclusion, partial or complete, of German products from the Allied markets, would not provoke retaliation in kind on the part of Germany.

How the United States Would Reap from Both Sides

IF so, then the upshot of such attempts to obstruct by arbitrary edict the normal movement of commercial intercourse would necessarily be to transfer such opportunities, in the rich field of Germany's import trade, to exporters from neutral markets which, like the United States, are already threatening Great Britain's commercial supremacy. Not only so; but a decision of the Allied markets to dispense with German goods would quite as inevitably compel their own recourse to the American producers on a scale of exceptional magnitude. Even if, under such conditions, English and German exporters should endeavor to find in the American market compensation for their loss of Anglo-German trade, the salient fact would be the further immense advance in commercial prestige by the United States—at the expense of the European markets, yet by the deliberate act of the European powers.

It is not easy to imagine England, at any rate, embarking on so suicidal a commercial policy. When all the surrounding circumstances are considered, it is surely more reasonable to suppose that the English delegates, at any rate, endorsed the Paris proposals as in the nature of a threat to Germany of what may happen if her government does not presently come to terms and end the war. This was clearly the purpose of the recent very bungling application of the "Trading with the Enemy Act," by England to merchants doing business in the United States. The threat of drastic measures even after peace may similarly

(Continued on page 52)

6% Farm Land Bonds

For Amounts of $100 $500, $1000 and Larger

Serial Payments.

The security is indestructible.

The income is dependable.

Land Values are moderate and steadily increasing.

Loans made on our own conservative valuations.

The farms are located in a section of the United States favored by fertile soil, ample rainfall, long growing season and excellent shipping facilities.

Send for Land Bond Circular 942 SC

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865)

10 So. La Salle St., Chicago

THE STREET BOND HOUSE

OAKLAND STREET IMPROVEMENT BOND CO

Tax Free 7% First Lien

BONDS

ISSUED BY

Cities of California

FOR THE

Improvement of Streets

First Lien on real estate assessed for 5 to 10 times the bonds, taking precedence over mortgages, judgments, and all private liens; *superior to mortgages as a lien* and as to the amount of real estate security; issued under a State Act, and validity approved by best legal authority.

Offered in amounts of $100, $500, $1000, and upwards. Principal payable January, 1919 to 1925; interest payable January and July.

Write for Circular S. 5, and prices

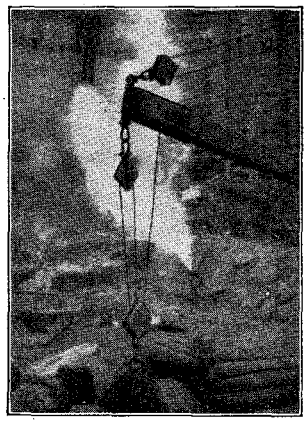
Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co.

Syndicate Building, Oakland, California

OAKLAND STREET IMPROVEMENT BOND CO

THE STREET BOND HOUSE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He Who Builds

The man who is going to build should definitely know two things:

First: **Exactly what he is going to get for the price he expects to pay.**

Second: **The outside limit of cost for the completed structure.**

THE Hoggson Magazine tells why you should know these things, and how you can know them.

SEVEN essential elements must join to produce a successful building. Do you know what they are? The Hoggson Magazine describes them.

IT is the first non-technical magazine published for the man who expects to erect an exceptional building of whatever nature. It is practical, helpful, and, withal, enjoyable.

AND don't overlook the Service Bureau, composed of a large organization of experts, which is prepared to assist our readers in all building problems. This service is complimentary to our subscribers.

One dollar per year. Twenty-five cents per copy

The HOGGSON MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of harmony, efficiency and economy in building

485 Fifth Avenue, New York

(Continued from page 51)

be a tentative war measure, designed to force the enemy to peace. The military policies of the Hohenzollerns have more than once been halted or diverted by pressure from the commercial interests of the empire. It is not improbable that it will be that influence, rather than the Socialist party's demands and accusations, which will force the government to sue for terms of peace. If Germany were to do this at an early date, her negotiators could insist with some grace on revision or repudiation of the Paris programme.

SCRIBNER SERVICE FOR INVESTORS

READERS may obtain, through the Service Bureau of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, without cost, authentic literature pertaining to various types of investments. The following booklets and financial periodicals, prepared especially for investors and prospective investors, are recommended by SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE:

Babson Service: *Babson Statistical Organization.*
Bond Glossary: *J. Frank Howell.*
Conservative Security Review: *C. R. Bergmann & Co.*
Facts About Street Improvement Bonds: *Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co.*
First Mortgages on Farms: *Cronan Mortgage Co.*
Motor Stocks: *Slattery & Co.*
Public Utilities Securities: *Williams, Troth & Coleman.*
Selected Investments: *Peabody, Houghteling & Co.*
Straus Investor's Magazine: *S. W. Straus & Co.*
The Belcher Plan: *W. C. Belcher Land Mortgage Co.*
The Oldest Safe Investment: *S. W. Straus & Co.*
"The Twenty Payment Plan": *Slattery & Co.*
The Unlisted Securities Review: *Dawson, Lyon & Co.*

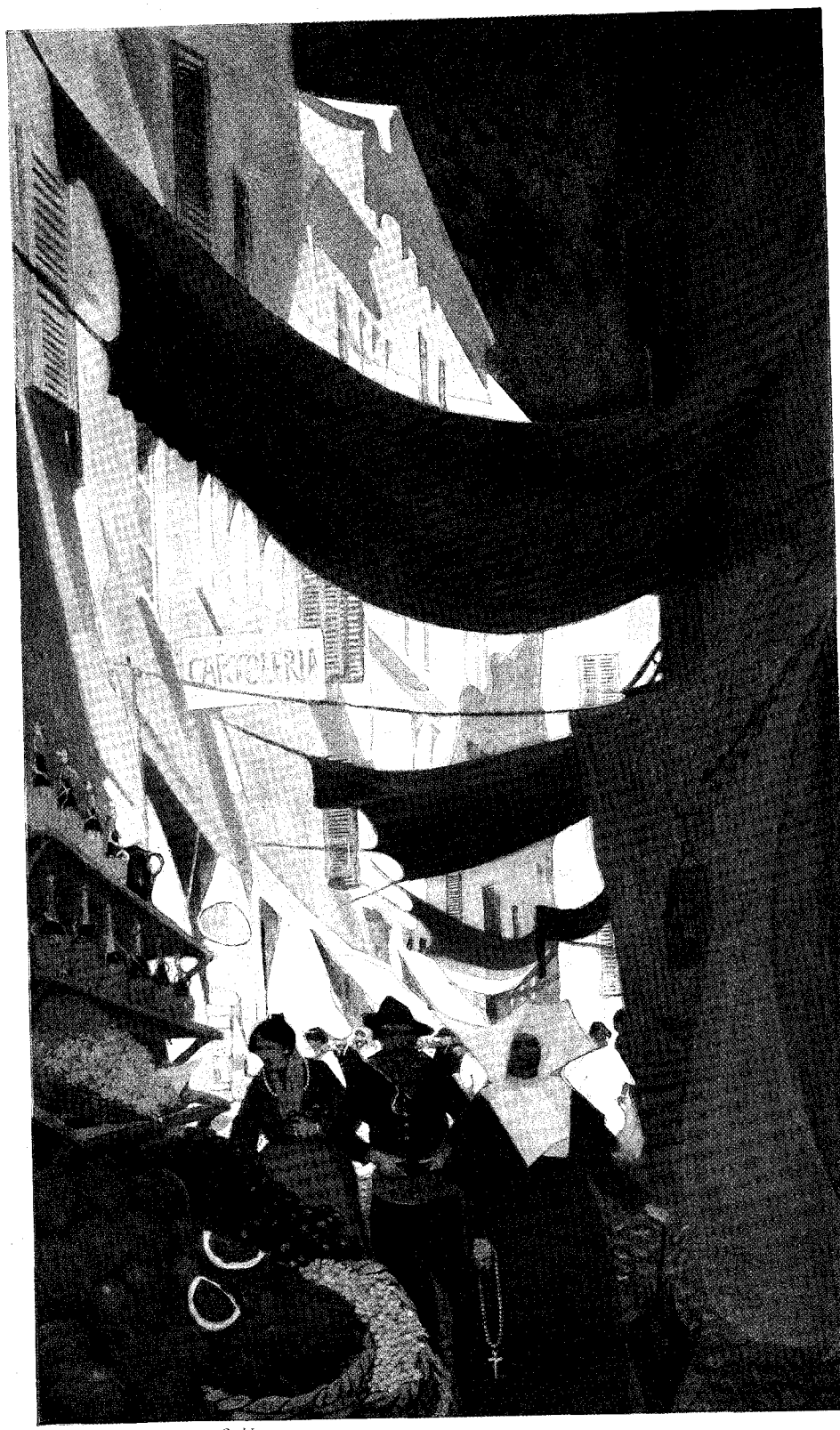
Cut out this announcement, check the literature desired, sign, and mail to the Service Bureau, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

VIA VITTORIO EMANUELE, ALASSIO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED